

BERKELEY L. BUNKER:

LIFE AND WORK OF A SOUTHERN NEVADA PIONEER

BUSINESSMAN, FUNERAL DIRECTOR, MORMON CHURCH LEADER, LEGISLATOR, U.S. SENATOR, AND CONGRESSMAN

Interviewee: Berkeley L. Bunker

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Description

Berkeley Lloyd Bunker was a native of Nevada, born in St. Thomas in 1906. The Bunker family pioneered the southern part of what became Nevada as members of an early-day Mormon colonizing effort. Some of the Bunkers served with the famous Mormon Battalion, lived in Utah's "Dixie," and settled in Nevada towns, including Bunkerville, which is named in honor of Berkeley Bunker's grandfather. As faithful members of their church, the male Bunkers served their obligatory missions; Berkeley Bunker also became an evangelist "street preacher" on one such expedition through the southern United States.

Berkeley Bunker received his education in southern Nevada and then entered business there. As an energetic young businessman, he gained prominence sufficient to win election first to the Nevada legislature, serving as a member of the state assembly from 1937 to 1940 (chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and later Speaker), appointment to the U.S. Senate from 1941 to 1942, and election to the U.S. Congress from 1945 to 1946. In 1946 Bunker was defeated as a Democratic candidate for U.S. Senator, and at the age of forty he resigned from active political campaigning. He was then active in the family mortuary business in Las Vegas for many years.

Included in this biography are insights into Bunker's formative years as a Mormon farmboy in southeastern Nevada. Bunker believed that the decisive influences on him were that he was taught to be religious, hard working, and disciplined. Vividly he recites his growing-up years, his riding, farm work, athletics, et cetera.

Bunker remained active in the Mormon Church as a missionary and later as a bishop. In his oral history is a discussion of his missionary years and an analysis of the church's political power and of the Mormon Church and the Negro.

But it is the political discussion which dominates Bunker's narrative, and perhaps merits most attention from scholars. This oral autobiography has lively profiles of leaders such as Harley Harmon, Archie Grant, Roger Foley, George Marshall, Richard Kirman, Eva Adams, Norman Biltz, James Scrugham, Vail and Key Pittman, and most importantly and lengthily, Pat McCarran. More recent leaders discussed in detail include George Franklin, Floyd Lamb, Grant Sawyer, and James G. "Sailor" Ryan. On the national level, Arthur Vandenburg, Kenneth McKellar, Robert Taft, and Harry Truman associated with Bunker in the U.S. Senate. Berkeley Bunker's oral autobiography is characterized by sharp observation of individuals and insights into the Nevada social and political fabric.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass
June 14 - June 16, 1971

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler’s meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Berkeley Lloyd Bunker is a native of Nevada, born in St. Thomas in 1906. The Bunker family pioneered the southern part of what became Nevada as members of an early-day Mormon colonizing effort. Some of the Bunkers served with the famous Mormon Battalion, lived in Utah's "Dixie," and settled in Nevada towns including Bunkerville which is named in honor of Berkeley Bunker's grandfather. As faithful members of their church, the male Bunkers served their obligatory missions; Berkeley Bunker also became an evangelist "street preacher" on one such expedition through the southern United States.

Berkeley Bunker received his education in southern Nevada, and then entered business there. As an energetic young businessman, he gained prominence sufficient to win election first to the Nevada Legislature and later, appointment to the U. S. Senate and election to the U. S. Congress. Often embroiled in intra-party controversy, Bunker eventually was defeated and retired from politics. For

many years, he has operated a mortuary in Las Vegas. Professor Jerome Edwards's introduction assesses the importance of Bunker's reminiscence to Nevada and national historians.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Mr. Bunker accepted graciously. Three days of recording sessions, all in his office at Bunker Brothers mortuary in Las Vegas, followed. Mr. Bunker was a careful and discreet chronicler of his life history through the interview, which lasted from June 14 to June 16, 1971. Mr. Bunker's review of his oral history transcript resulted in no significant changes in either style or content.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library preserves the past and present for future research by tape recording the recollections of people who have been participants and witnesses in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections departments of

the University Libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Berkeley Lloyd Bunker has generously donated the literary rights in his oral history to the University of Nevada, and has requested that the volume be closed to research during his lifetime.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1976

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

This oral autobiography of Berkeley Bunker (1906-) ranks as an important contribution to the study of Nevada history. Since Bunker has not held elective public office for thirty years, it is easy to forget his place in Nevada politics. From 1937-1940 he was a member of the State Assembly (Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and later Speaker), from 1941-1942 U.S. Senator, from 1945-1946 U.S. Representative, and in 1946, defeated Democratic candidate for U.S. Senator. Then, at the premature age of forty, he resigned from active political campaigning.

Some of the valuable things about this biography are its insights into Bunker's formative years as a Mormon farmboy in southeastern Nevada. Bunker believes that the decisive influences on him were that he was taught to be religious (he was raised in a house of Bible reading and prayer), taught to be hard working, and taught discipline. Vividly he recites his growing-up years, his riding, farm work, athletics, etc.

The religious upbringing did not desert him, and Bunker remained active in the Mormon Church as a missionary "assigned to the Southern thirty counties of the State of Georgia" and later as a Bishop. As a non-Mormon, this writer was fascinated by his discussion of his missionary years, his analysis of the Church's political power and of the Mormon Church and the Negro.

But it is the political discussion which dominates Bunker's narrative, and perhaps merits most attention from scholars. This oral autobiography has lively profiles of leaders such as Harley Harmon, Archie Grant, Roger Foley, George Marshall, Richard Kirman, Eva Adams, Norman Biltz, James Scrugham, Vail and Key Pittman, and most importantly and lengthily, Pat McCarran. More recent leaders discussed in detail include George Franklin, Floyd Lamb, Grant Sawyer, and James C. "Sailor" Ryan. On the national level, Arthur Vandenburg, Kenneth McKellar, Robert Taft, and Harry Truman associated with Bunker in the U.S. Senate and furnish more profiles.

Since 1946, Berkeley Bunker has been active in the family mortuary business, which provides a lively chapter. His oral autobiography is characterized by sharp observation of individuals and insights into the Nevada social and political fabric. It is a worthy addition to the Oral History Project.

Jerome E. Edwards
Associate Professor of History
University of Nevada, Reno

EARLY LIFE AND SCHOOLING; FIRST CHURCH MISSION

This is the personal history of Berkeley Lloyd Bunker, born August the twelfth, 1906, St. Thomas, Clark County, Nevada.

Edward Bunker, Sr., my grandfather, was born in the state of Maine. He was one of the younger children of a family of about eight.. His parents were old when he was born—older, at least—and when he reached middle age, they had reached a point in life where they had to be taken care of. The family owned a farm, and the parents deeded the farm to one of their sons, Edward Bunker, Sr., my grandfather, with the understanding that he would stay on the farm and take care of his parents until they passed away.

Edward Bunker became restless, and with the consent of his parents and one of his brothers, he deeded the farm to his brother with the same stipulation, that he would take care of the old folks until they passed away, and the farm would be his.

My grandfather had the urge to travel, and he traveled in New England for a reasonable length of time, when he found those teaching the doctrine of the Mormon church. So

he joined the Mormon church and went immediately to Nauvoo, Illinois, where the Mormon church was building the Nauvoo temple. Grandfather Bunker had very little money, but he hired (what he termed in his history) out his board and room—that is to say, he paid for his board and room—and through the advice of the authorities of the church, he went to work helping to build the Nauvoo temple.

It was never his privilege to meet or know Joseph Smith, the original pioneer prophet of the church, although Grandfather Bunker became intimately acquainted with Brigham Young in Nauvoo [and] after he left Nauvoo, the winter quarters, in Salt Lake City, and in southern Utah.

Grandfather Bunker married [Emily Abbott] in Nauvoo shortly before the members of the Mormon church were driven out of Nauvoo, crossed the river, and started their trek West. Brigham Young took his families in their wagons and encouraged all the members of the church to do likewise and cross the river in the middle of winter

and start West to escape the mob that was relentlessly punishing the city and punishing its inhabitants by physical means and gunshot.

Grandfather traveled West to what I believe to be winter quarters when war broke out with Mexico. The United States government asked Brigham Young for volunteers to go to old Mexico and put down the rebellion. Brigham Young asked for five hundred volunteers to go from winter quarters to old Mexico to put down the rebellion. Grandfather Bunker left his bride of not many months (at least, not less—not more than a year, I presume) in the care of her mother and went with the Mormon Battalion, and marched from the point of origin to old Mexico, up to San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and crossed over the mountains into Reno, and followed the Humboldt River out as far as Elko and back into Salt Lake City.

From Salt Lake City, he went from there to winter quarters to get his wife. And on his way back, they fell into very bad days, and almost reached a point of starvation. He said they boiled their saddlebags for some nourishment. And along the last of the journey, they harvested some corn that had been left by either Indians or whites who had planted it previously, and that was about all that saved their lives,

When he arrived back at his point of origin to find his wife, she had given birth to his child during his absence. Grandfather Bunker immediately set out to travel West with the pioneers, bringing his bride to Salt Lake City, and from there, went to Ogden, Utah, where he settled.

Grandfather Edward Bunker was a man of small stature, but a very wiry, strong individual, physically. He was very aggressive and a very hard-working individual. He was able to acquire a farm in the city of Ogden (at that time, it was, of course, all country). But

the farm that Grandfather Bunker owned, if it were presently intact, would be in the heart of the city of Ogden, Utah. He was one of the first city commissioners of the city of Ogden, was prospering and doing very well when Brigham Young asked him to fill a mission.

He left his family and went to Scotland for a term of three or more years where he filled a mission for the Mormon church, when he came back, he was assigned to bring a group of Scotch people across the plains. They had limited money; therefore, they had handcarts to carry their earthly possessions, and Grandfather Bunker was in charge of the handcart company and walked from the Mississippi River to Salt Lake City. He prospered, and he was counseled at that time to take another wife. A very reputable man had passed away and left a widow with two or three small children. Grandfather Bunker was counseled to marry the widow, Sarah Lang, which he did. This is an interesting aspect of his life, one that non-Mormons will not understand [and] probably not appreciate. But this second wife had been sealed to her first husband in the Mormon temple, and therefore could not be sealed to Grandfather Bunker. But that made little difference. Inasmuch as he was counseled to do so, he married her and raised a very respectable family from this union, as well as a very respectable family from his first wife, who was living. And they were very happily married.

Brigham Young, so the story is told, asked Grandfather Bunker, while he was living in Ogden, to dispose of his interests in Ogden and go to southern Utah, which was at that time called Dixie, and help settle the southern territories of Utah. Grandfather Bunker became the bishop of Santa Clara and presided over a group of Swiss people who could not speak English. They were very industrious, hard-working, high type, moral

individuals. But Santa Clara was not the most ideal place to live because of the limited land available and the summer flash floods that came repeatedly and destroyed their crops and even parts of their homes.

Grandfather Bunker, then, having two wives, married my grandmother, Mary McQuarrie. Mary McQuarrie was a Scotch girl who had joined the Mormon church in Scotland and emigrated to Utah. She was a fairly large woman, and one of very, very sweet disposition. They lived in humble circumstances, Grandfather making a mud, or adobe, hut or home for his third wife.

And after he had been bishop of Santa Clara for what I think to be about eight years, he was released. Brigham Young promised him, when he left Ogden, that if he would follow the advice of the President of the church, the Mormon church, and go to southern Utah to settle, that if he would go willingly, that his posterity would grow up to be faithful members of the Mormon church and respectable American citizens.

By this time, Grandfather Bunker, having marched in the Mormon Battalion, filled a mission abroad, crossed the plains in a handcart company, and after had been what might be termed in not an uncomplimentary phrase, being uprooted from a very comfortable settlement and not being too anxious to go, having settled in several areas in southern Utah before he settled in Santa Clara, when he was released as bishop, he more or less had the pioneer spirit, or the wanderlust. President Brigham Young told him that he was to never move out. If he ever wanted to move, he was to move on West and not move back toward Salt Lake City.

So when he was released from his presiding position in Santa Clara, he and a group of other families located on what is now known as Bunkerville, Nevada, on the

banks of the Virgin River. This settlement was started by what is known as the United Order, in Mormon terminology. (The United Order is where all things are in common, and you draw out of the storehouse that which is needful for your family. This has no semblance of likeness to Communistic principles. It is entirely different.)

There were the Leavitts, and the Bunkers, and, I believe, the Abbotts and other members of pioneer stock who settled in the community of Bunkerville. The story is told that the Leavitts being a very prominent family, and the Bunkers being a very prominent family, they couldn't decide on what to call the new town, whether to call it Bunkerville or Leavittville. So they flipped a coin and Grandfather Bunker called the turn, and it was called Bunkerville, and it's carried that name from that day until this.

They practiced the United Order for several years, and then, as was to be expected, it proved not to be as practical as was hoped, and they concluded to disband that particular phase of the settlement. But it should be noted here that when they disbanded the practice of the United Order, the order paid them a dividend of fourteen percent on the investment of everything they had put into the United Order. This would indicate that the practice was not a failure, by any means.

One interesting story of the type of man that Grandfather Bunker was: it was hot, and the rocks were heavy, and because of this, they had to rest their teams periodically. And Grandfather, as the leader of the group, later becoming the first bishop of Bunkerville, he used to tell the group, he said, "Well, boys, everybody stop their teams, and while we're all resting, let's go pick up rocks and take them off'n the land."

During the trek in the Mormon Battalion, Edward Bunker, Sr. had seen some very rough

land and some very attractive land. One parcel that he thought was particularly adaptable to cultivation was located south of the border in old Mexico. So after he had been released as bishop, he took two or three of his sons and their families and went to old Mexico to investigate the possibilities of making a settlement there. He stopped in Arizona with the teams and wagons and hired out in the lumber industry to pay his way (and he more than paid his way), but while he was in old Mexico, he passed away. He was buried on foreign soil.

The remainder of the family came back to Bunkerville. It should be noted here that on all their trek and during the march of the Mormon Battalion, they never fired a shot. As far as the enemy was concerned, the uprising had been put down, and the trek was more of an experience in marching than it was in fighting.

Grandfather, before he left for old Mexico, had settled Grandmother Bunker, Mary McQuarrie Bunker, in Bunkerville, Nevada. They had a rather large family. And my father, Martin Allen Bunker, Sr., was the oldest child in the family. Having three wives, and polygamy having also been stopped by the authorities of the Mormon church, Grandfather Bunker had to divest himself of two of his wives, which he did. He didn't divest himself of the responsibility of caring for them, as far as goods was concerned, clothing and food, farms, and teams, and wagons, but as far as living with the three wives, it was stopped at the manifesto issued by the President of the church.

Grandmother Bunker had a farm in Bunkerville. She had sons and daughters, and they eked out a living. I say "eked out"—they didn't have any money; they weren't rich, and they weren't poor. Their clothes were ordinary but sufficient to their needs, and

they had ample food. But money was scarce. They grew up in Bunkerville, and as far as honesty, integrity, and industry, and loyalty to God and country, in my wide experience traveling throughout the length and breadth of America, I've never known a more God-fearing, hard-working, loyal family than the family sired by my Grandfather Edward Bunker, Cr.

I think probably I should mention the fact that Grandfather's first wife's name was Emily, Emily Abbott. And he actually had three families, and they grew up, and then while transportation facilities were limited, our contact with the other members of the family, as I grew up, was somewhat limited as to the first wife and the second wife's children. But later, on the second generation, we became very well known and very close after the automobile had come into being.

Grandmother Bunker was one of those rare individuals who had a happy faculty of caring for others. She was a very gracious woman, very kind and very gentle, but a very good disciplinarian. She was the midwife, or one of the midwives, in Bunkerville and had a very rare gift of helping the sick.

My father had a craving for education, and he gathered enough money together to go to school in St. George. And while they called it a college, it was probably little more than a very good high school. He had a rather good singing voice and took a prominent part in the productions in the college at St. George. While he was living in St. George, he met and married Helen Euphamie McNeil, my mother.

My mother's parents joined the church in Scotland and came to Utah. My grandfather, Archibald McNeil, on my mother's side, was a[n] experienced stone quarry expert. He was foreman of the quarry that carved the stone for the tabernacle in St. George and much of the stone that built the temple in St. George.

My grandfather was very active in the affairs of business. My grandmother (although I never met either) never mastered the English language sufficient where she could be easily understood. She spoke with a very heavy brogue. They- lived and died in St. George, Utah. My mother's brothers followed, by a large measure, the mining industry, and she being the only girl, we had very little contact with my mother's people as I grew up. When my mother and father were married, they moved to St. Thomas, Nevada.

I think it should be mentioned here, before I tell about my early life in St. Thomas—the fact that my father filled a mission for the Mormon church of some three years in Minnesota and Wisconsin. He was called on a mission by the bishop and the general authorities of the church. He owned a saddle, and a man in Salt Lake had a horse that was in Bunkerville, so my father rode the horse with his saddle to Salt Lake City, Utah, sold the saddle for forty dollars, and took the forty dollars and spent all of his mission with that money. My grandmother never had enough money to send him to help him. But his brother, John M. Bunker, my uncle, sent him five or ten dollars during his stay on a mission. He traveled without purse or scrip, which is traveling without money. When he needed money or another suit of clothes, he was an expert farmhand and hired out for a few days or a few weeks in the wheat fields of Minnesota to get enough to see him through his mission.

My grandfather had taught his boys to work. When I mean work, I mean work hard, early morning and late at night, physical work, shoveling, chopping, following a team with a scraper or plow, or doing whatever needed to be done—riding, from early morning 'til late at night on horseback, sometimes with a saddle, sometimes without a saddle. This

was ingrained so deeply in my father and his brothers' character and makeup that they lived and died, men of great character and industry.

The Mormon mission and the limited schooling my father had in St. George, in what was then called the college, awakened in him a thirst for knowledge, education. This terminated his formal education in St. George, but all his days, as long as his eyesight was such that he could, he was an inveterate reader. He read the Bible and the Mormon scriptures religiously, and was what I always considered to be, and yet consider to be, an authority on the scriptures. He knew the Bible characters by name and personality. And he knew the doctrine of the Mormon church as well as any man I ever met, with the exception of the general authorities of the church. I remember at our home in St. Thomas, where we had kerosene lamps, after the chores were all done and the evening meal was over, long since the shades of night having gathered about us, my father would read the newspaper and the Bible to us by the light of a kerosene lamp and the warmth of a wood stove in what we called our front room. He'd read to the children and to my mother.

Our home life in St. Thomas was what I would call very, very desirable—not desirable as far as it is measured in today's standards—but desirable then. We were neither rich nor poor. We had more than enough to eat, sufficient to wear, and money enough to enjoy some of the niceties, although we never had running water or electricity in our home. I suppose two or three of the characteristics that I learned in my early life was, [one] I was taught to be religious. We went to church religiously. The Sabbath day was the Lord's day, and we never hauled hay on Sunday. The only thing we did on Sunday that we had to do was to feed the stock and irrigate. We took

our turns in irrigating. It didn't make any difference whether it come in the middle of the night or the middle of the day. You had to water when your turn to take the water came. And as a result, I was taught to pray. T never remember a time in my life when I didn't pray. We prayed as a family because we always ate in the morning, and we always ate together in the evening. So prayer became a very important part in my life, and I can't tell when it started because I never remember, it started so young.

I suppose my life was not any particularly different than others. It was the patriarchal order for the head of the house to pray, and I remember distinctly that we'd all kneel down around the table, and my father used to always pray. And his prayers would be rather long and involved. He had much to talk about to the Lord. and as a young man, I remember we were—kids were sometimes more interested in eating than in praying. But his prayers had a very profound effect on us, and it grew up to be very much a part of our lives.

I remember one distinct thing that I ought to put in here, that I don't remember my mother being called on to pray much. The children always asked the blessing on the food, and my father always offered the family prayer. But one time my father was called on the jury in Las Vegas and was gone, and I remember distinctly I was a little nonplussed to know who was going to lead the family prayer. And when we all kneeled down, I was surprised to know that my mother could pray better than my father.

So I would say that prayer was one of the things I learned in my youth, and next, I learned to work. I mean by that real hard work, physical work, to chop weeds in the heat of the sun, and to follow a team behind a plow, or to scrape in the fields, or to pitch hay, or tromp hay, or go on the threshing

machine when the red chaff wheat would just bite you like mosquitoes. But you'd buck straw, and you'd milk early in the morning, and you'd milk late at night, and you'd milk your neighbor's cows when they were sick, and you'd do everything that needed to be done. So I learned to work. and from that day until this, I've loved to work. Even now, I love to work mentally, and I love to work physically. I garden just because I like the feel of a shovel and a hoe. I suppose—I wasn't very fond of it when I was young. Chopping weeds was a real bore to me. But it paid off in later life because a long day is a good day.

Then the third thing I learned from my parents, particularly my father, was discipline. He was a kind man, but a firm man. When he said to do something, he meant that's exactly the way he wanted it done. I remember one time we had a good many milk cows, and he left my brother and I home to take care of the cows while the rest of the family went to Overton for a Mormon stake conference. And my mother was ill and she stayed home, and we were to take care of the cows so they didn't get in the neighbors' fields. And being young and having good horses, we thought it would not be amiss to go down to the Virgin River and swim, which we did. But it was very obvious to my father, when he got home, where we'd been because the color of the Virgin River water was not all over our clothes, but it was all over our horses. And I'll always remember the hame strap discipline I received, not only this time, but other times. And I was very careful as I grew up not to cross my father. When he told me what to do, that's exactly what he meant for me to do. And I learned discipline. So I think this has proved very valuable in my life.

We attended school in St. Thomas until we went to the seventh or eighth grade, and then we rode eight miles on a school bus to

Overton. I went through the sixth grade in St. Thomas, and then went to seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh grades in Overton. I graduated from the Las Vegas High School in 1926. About this time, the government had purchased the land in St. Thomas for the building of what is presently Hoover Dam, then Boulder Dam, and we moved and left our home and farm in the hands of my oldest brother.

There are two or three things during my lifetime, the early life, that I'd like to mention. The earliest I think I remember was when I was five years of age. My younger brother, Wendell Bunker, was born in St. Thomas. Now, we knew something was wrong. We didn't know exactly what it was, I recall, because my father took my brother Vernon and myself (Vernon was two years older than I) up to my Uncle Robert and Aunt Libby [Elizabeth] Bunker for us to spend the day. Along about, I suppose, three or four o'clock in the August evening, my father came for us and said we had a little baby brother, and he'd like us to come home.

We were playing with a very, very dear friend, who is still a very dear friend of mine, Lester Syphus, about our age, between myself and Vernon. And as we went home, we were all barefooted, which was very ordinary for us then, and we decided that before we went in the house to see this new baby, we'd better all stop on the ditch bank and wash our feet. Now, washing of feet is not a practice of the Mormon church, and I don't know why we decided to wash our feet only, but we did. And I'll always remember Lester Syphus sitting on the bridge before our home, washing his feet before we'd let him in to see our brother.

Another interesting experience—and I don't remember the year; I don't remember how old I was, but I distinctly remember going to the field as a very small boy with my

father and my brother, Vernon, and one of the Gibson boys, who lived a block away. We were all on the hay rack, going to the field, and we got a block away, turning right, going down the lane to the field by Bishop [Robert O.] Gibson's home, when my mother came out of our home, waving an apron and saying, "The house is on fire!"

We immediately ran back, and I'll always remember the bucket brigade that went from the ditch to the home. And when it was all over, we had saved a piano and a five-dollar bill and the clothes we had on our backs. And I'll always remember the terrifying experience of my mother standing on the ditch bank (we couldn't get any closer to the home) and my holding to her apron, and tears flowing down her cheeks. It was a sad day in my life. And that evening, and that night, and for several nights thereafter, we went to the home of our very dear friends, Sam and Mabel Gentry, and stayed until we could put some boards together on our home and get back in again.

We were a farm people, essentially, but St. Thomas was the rail point [for] some copper ore that was freighted out of the mountains across the Virgin River. We had a farm and raised hay and grain and melons, and whatever farmers raised—hogs, cattle, and chickens—and we had an eight-horse team that freighted copper ore out of the mountains. And we had about a hundred head of cattle that ranged on the rangeland in the Moapa Valley, the Virgin Valley, and out on Gold Butte, Tassi [Arizona] and Willow, and Whitney ranch. We had some very fine horses, both saddle horses and work horses. And we'd either grow our horses to ride and work, or buy them. Mostly we raised them ourselves.

I distinctly remember one day, noon, in St. Thomas (I was small), and of the eight horses we had, six of them carte up the lane from

the freight line with their harnesses on. And it was easy to determine the fact that they'd been in flood water. I had to stand on the fence to uncollar them and unharness them, but I unharnessed them and fed them. And I knew something was wrong and my mother knew something was wrong, but we didn't know what it was. And late that evening, about dusk, my father and brother came and told us that the eight-horse team had been caught in a flood, crossing the Virgin River. And the flood had been so swift and so strong that it took the horses—instead of them crossing the river, it just turned them right down the river. I remember there were some of the horses, not all of them, but they were right what we called the "wheel horses," a big gray stallion and a big black horse. These horses, of course, were caught in the stream. And my brother, Martie, Martin Allen Bunker, Jr., was an expert man with horses and teams, and he got down and cut as many of them as he could loose, and then he cut the big gray stallion loose, and he got on him, swam him to shore, and then he'd gallop him up the river a few blocks and plunge him back into the flood and swim him out to where another horse was. And he'd cut the horse loose and then swim the stallion back to shore again until he got all the horses loose but two. And two of the horses were drowned in the river.

I remember going back after the flood had subsided, and there were the two horses, one of them halfway covered with sand, and the other with his head under the sand, where they had both drowned in the river. And the wagons were [buried] up halfway over the beds, two wagons and a feed cart. And it took them, it seemed to me, like weeks and weeks to get the wagons out of the river.

We bought a team of mules to take the place of the two horses we lost in the river, and we had to cut our team from eight to six

because two of the animals were [injured]. One was ruptured in the belly. The finest mare we had was ruptured in the belly, the lead mare. We never could work her again. And one of the best sorrel horse[s], who was what we called a "pointer," who jumped the chain to keep the wagons in the track, had a bad ankle, and we could never use him again. We bought a team of mules from someone up the valley and put them on. One of the mules was lazy—that is to say, he'd work as long as there wasn't much to pull—but when the pulling got tough, he'd balk and wouldn't work. When they were breaking him, they used a chain on him; if you rattled a chain, he'd work pretty good. So I remember riding to the Grand Gulch mine on one occasion, and every time we'd get in the sand where we had to have this mule pull hard, my brother'd put me on the mule with a chain to rattle to get him to work.

Probably our greatest entertainment was riding. tip the Virgin River, about five miles, you'd cross from the Moapa Valley over to the Virgin Valley and go up the river. Out on the mesa, there was very good feed in the early spring—didn't do so good in the winter, but in the spring, it was very good. And we had a few horses; we called them mustangs. Actually, they weren't mustangs because they weren't wild. They were wild because they hadn't been broken. But our sport was to go up in the spring and get these colts and bring them in and break them. And I distinctly remember bringing them down the Virgin River with their colts. The water would be high, and we'd have to put up our legs high on the horse so we wouldn't get wet, and the colts would have to swim. And then we'd bring them in and corral them and brand them and break them and teach them how to be under a saddle and under our command. These were great days.

We didn't do much swimming. We did more wading than swimming, swim in holes in the Muddy River and swim in holes in the Virgin River. The Virgin River was swift, and it was just a matter of splashing around because there wasn't much water to swim in, but it was entertainment. And we'd have picnics in the mountains.

One thing I think we might mention with interest, in driving a team or riding a horse on the Virgin River, you had to be extremely careful for quicksand. Quicksand is a sand that has water in it, and if a horse doesn't cross it very rapidly, he bogs down in it, and then he can't get out. And you have to be very careful; you go along and find the sand very firm, and all of a sudden, you'd be in the quicksand, and you'd have to whip your horse pretty hard to get him across it before he'd get caught in it. It was always a source of great concern to me. I remember distinctly we used to lose a good many grown steers and cows because they'd get in the quicksand in the Virgin River.

One of the great days in the Moapa Valley was the twenty-fourth of July. That was Mormon Day. That was the day the pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley. And they started with shooting off Giant powder. I remember as a kid, it used to scare me to death. The young men would go up in the wash above town, and they'd hang these sticks of Giant powder up. And it would just literally shake the town! You'd think you were in a war. And that was the start of it. And nobody could sleep. Everybody was up. It would start just before daybreak, and everybody was up. We had races for the kids, and we had swings, and we had ice cream, and they always barbecued a beef.

Now, to barbecue a beef, you'd cook it the night before, put it underneath the ground, and you cover it up and kinda bake it. And then along about a little after noon the next day, you bring it out, and, all the women

would bring their desserts and the salads and everything else, and the men would open this meat up, and you could just eat all the meat you wanted to.

And we'd have horse races. Everybody had a good horse. Every kid had a horse. I remember distinctly one Fourth of July. My brother and I always rode horses in the races. We won some and we lost some. I remember they offered a dollar watch for the fellow that won, that rode the winning horse. And they had a gray mare there that the boy that was goin' to ride her wasn't there, and they couldn't find him anyplace. They asked me if I'd ride her. And I said, "Well, sure, I'll be glad to ride her," I said. I'd ride anything that didn't buck me off, and I got bucked off my share, too.

But I rode this mare, and I won. And I remember, if today, they'd present me with a five thousand-dollar diamond ring, I wouldn't be half as proud of it as I was that dollar watch, an Ingersoll watch that ran, and I could carry it in my pocket. That was a treasure when we were kids, was a pocket watch. My oldest sister's husband, Othello Hickman, worked in a store in Monticello, Utah, and for our birthday or for Christmas, he'd send us a very fine pocket knife, 'cause we'd always lose 'em. But I remember that was the pride of my life!

And my brother, Martie Bunker, would always give us a dollar, a silver dollar, every twenty-fourth of July. Now, a silver dollar looked like a fortune to me, and I'd go with my silver dollar, and my brother, Vernon, would start with a silver dollar. An ice cream cone cost you a nickel, and it'd go a long ways. But we'd go ride horses for friends in races, and they'd pay us for it, so I'd never cash my dollar. I'd always come home with money that I'd won, [or] that the people paid me to do something for. And my brother was just the opposite. He never come home with a dime. It's just the different makeup in people.

Money, for him, was to spend. To me, it was to save. And that's just the way we grew up. Now, it doesn't say that he's a spendthrift, but when we were kids, he was very free with his money, and I guess I was a little stingy.

The twenty-fourth of July—. And then we'd have an oration. I remember distinctly we'd have a program, and somebody would give an oration. And I remember distinctly one day my brother, Bryan, was to give the oration. He gave something about the flag of our state—or, I don't remember what it was. Anyway, it was about as eloquent a thing as I think I ever heard when I was a kid.

Everybody went to the twenty-fourth of July! Everybody went. And the people would dress up in costumes sometimes, and occasionally, they'd do an old-style dance. The only problem we'd ever have was somebody would get some whiskey, and some renegade would drink. And in St. Thomas, it was a ritual for the Indians from the reservation in Moapa to come to St. Thomas to the twenty-fourth of July. They'd always bring in their race horses. And they thought they had some pretty good race horses. But their race horses were just not equal to the race horses from the valley. Every year they'd bring something they thought was real good, real good, but they never brought a horse that could outrun our horses in the valley.

I remember one year they had a special race where they said every kid in town at a certain age could train a horse and run in this race. So we had a bay mare that had the distemper. (Distemper's a cough in horses.) This mare had the distemper quite bad, and we were treating her because we run her. She had good conformation, a good build, and good stock. And her mother was a pretty good runner. After she got better, we'd take her up and teach her to run. And they had a pacer, a gray pacer, in the valley that they thought was

a real race horse. And we thought he was, too. We didn't have any idea we'd win.

But I remember we entered this bay mare, and she won this race by two or three lengths. And it was a delight of our life, to think that we had a mare that could win.

Horse racing was a great thing for the valley. I remember one time, Bill Gann—. (Bill Gann still has people around southern Nevada; he died several years ago.) He was a colorful character. He was rough, but he was good. He was a good man. But Bill always had good horses. He had a horse that was a very fine race horse, and he wanted to match him with anything in the valley. And so they matched him with a brown horse we had in St. Thomas by the name of Fritz. Sam Gentry owned Fritz, and Parke Westover trained him. And they bet four cows and four calves, and they didn't want to run on ground in St. Thomas because that would be partial, or in Overton because that'd be partial. So they met in Kaolin; that was halfway between. They staked it off, and they put four cows and four calves in two corrals. And I remember everybody in the valley was there to see which one of those horses—whether Bill Gann won, or Parke Westover won. They were down to the line, and Bill's horse looked to me like he was three feet higher than the little brown horse. But Parke Westover's a pretty foxy rider. They got a fair start. But the little brown horse was just too speedy for the big tall horse, for the distance they were running. And he won. The little brown horse from St. Thomas won by—just barely won—but he did win—win fairly. If they'd've gone another hundred yards, the other horse would've overtaken him. But it didn't make any difference to Bill Gann. He came back just a-laughin' and hollerin', and he said, "It's a lot of fun and a good race, and there's your four cows and calves." And that's what they bet.

The only unpleasant things about our celebrations was if people got to drinking. Some few would get to drinking, and then they'd get rowdy, and we'd have some problems. Or, sometimes they'd get cards out and start to gamble, just on the side, and it would be very unpleasant. But generally speaking, it was a very, very wholesome affair, our twenty-fourth of July celebration.

We celebrated the Fourth of July, too, but not with the vigor we did the twenty-fourth of July, because we live pretty close to the coming of the pioneers into Salt Lake Valley.

Our recreation was all from school and church. We had a very fine recreation program in school, not only in St. Thomas, but in Overton. School plays, musicals, sports of all kinds. As a student in school, I was in some plays, most of the plays. They were put on in Moapa Valley.

In the early settlements of Mormon communities, they didn't build a school, they built a church. They either built a school or a church, and they used one building for both. In St. Thomas, we had the Relief Society Hall that we went to school in and had our plays in. And then later, in my day, my father sold one quarter of a block of land, one quarter of a block, to the school district, and they built a school in St. Thomas. We held church in that school. And we never did build a church in St. Thomas. We held school and church in the schoolhouse until the town was abandoned.

We had all four, five grades in one room. And one would recite and the other would study; and one would recite, and the other would study. And our main recreation was athletics. We played baseball, recess baseball, and basketball, and track, but we didn't play football. Football hadn't come into the area. But we had a very delightful association in our school. And we had some very outstanding young students, too.

In the school in Overton, we had some very, very wonderful teachers. One of the teachers that I distinctly remember, now deceased, was Mr. Wadsworth of Panaca. He was the principal of the school. He'd had an accident on a horse after he was grown, and one leg was a little shorter than the other, and he walked with a limp. But he was a good disciplinarian and a very, very fair and fine teacher and principal.

Now, I remember one thing he said to me once. He said, "Berkeley, there's nothing in this world that's quite as delightsome and wholesome and desirable as a good girl, providing the boy is good." He put that on. I always remembered that, "providing the boy is good." He had a happy faculty of getting along with people.

One of our coaches that was a man of great ethics and morals was Eldon Wittwer from Bunkerville, who was our coach, and a very, very fine man.

I remember distinctly I studied agriculture. I don't know why, but I guess that's the reason I did, because it was something I was doing. We used to grow either a corn crop or a pig crop, or a calf—either livestock or farm commodities—and we'd be judged on our accomplishments. And then we'd go out in the valley, and I remember Samuel H. Wells had some very fine, blooded guernsey cows. I remember our walking from Overton to Logandale to judge these cows. That is, we actually judged 'em on whether they were a good milk animal or not. I remember he had one cow that was particularly well bred. He didn't tell us which was the best cow, but after we'd got through judging, he'd looked over our papers, and he said, "Well, you've been pretty well schooled because you picked the best cow in the group." And we had a very good teacher. Now, while the agriculture subjects that I took in high school never did me any good because

I didn't follow agriculture, nevertheless, I had a great appreciation of it.

Another thing—we have a local school here that's named after a very fine teacher, Lewis E. Rowe. Lewis E. Rowe taught school in Overton, Nevada. My father had a good singing voice, and he taught us how to sing. We'd get around the table after dinner, and we'd sing the church songs out of the church songbook. My brother and I would sing. He had a fairly good tenor voice, and he'd harmonize, and I'd sing along. And so I grew up kind of liking to sing. And Mr. Rowe came to the valley, and he was a very unusual man. First place, he was an artist. He had an artistic hand; he could draw most anything. But he also had a happy faculty of drawing kids to him. And he molded this together in glee clubs and in art clubs. He would play fine records for us, and he'd tell us, now, we'd have to pick out how many instruments there were in the records—a flute, a French horn, and—. (I didn't know a French horn from a bale of hay. In fact, I knew all about a bale of hay, but I didn't know anything about a French horn.) But when Lewis E. Rowe got through with me, I knew about a flute, a French horn, a bass horn, [and] all the string instruments there were. He taught us a lot, and he gave me an appreciation of music.

After he left, Mr. Sproul came to teach school in Overton, and he was a fine musician, played the trumpet. He molded together a very fine band, school band, and he prevailed on me to buy a trumpet. I bought a cornet, and Lou Fleming bought a trombone, and one of the Anderson boys bought a saxophone. And when we'd have a play, the three of us (me on a trumpet, Lou on the trombone, and the Anderson boy on the saxophone) [would] get on the front of a car, and we'd go around town playing to drum up trade for the plays or the

games. We'd even go down to St. Thomas and drum up people to come.

Our outings—I remember we had an outing up on top of the mesa. And it was a long walk. (Wasn't a long walk for us, but it'd be long for me now.) We walked from the school up on top of the mesa and carried the water and the weiners and the wood. And the whole student body went up. And then we'd go out to the gypsum mine where the terrain was colored and there was water, cool water. We'd go out there on picnics. And we'd have swimming parties at the Kaolin lake. They had a lake where they dammed up the water and run it into. [Laughing] And I'll always remember that. I was never much of a swimmer because we didn't have a place big enough to learn to swim. I remember I was in the Kaolin lake once, and they had a little island out. And the boys that lived in Kaolin were extremely good swimmers. And I thought I could go out to that little island. I got out, and couldn't swim it, and I went under. And I know sure, I'd've drowned, but Orville Lee, who later became our neighbor in Las Vegas (we raised our families side by side), he was a great swimmer, and he pulled me out.

It might be of interest to somebody who may perchance read this to know that the bane of my life in school was mathematics. I stumbled through algebra, got by. I got through geometry by the grace of divine Providence, and the help of Orville Lee, my very dear friend.

Our basketball stars in Overton was my brother, Vernon Bunker, Orville Lee from Kaolin, Reed Whipple from Logandale, Lester Mills from Logandale, Elwood Perkins from Overton, and Alton Leavitt from Overton. Those were some. I suppose one of the best athletes we had was Gene Perkins, who later lost his life in a very unfortunate accident after

he was married and had a family. I remember when he came home from his mission. He was a very fine basketball player, but they had an age limit, and they wouldn't let him play any more. So we lost him. But the real athletes came out of Virgin Valley the years I was going to school, such as Lee Adams, Merle Wittwer, Cheney Pulsipher, Vince Leavitt, Charles Leavitt, Lee Waite, and others that I know that I just don't bring to mind now. They used to come over from the Virgin Valley and play the Overton High School in the afternoon, then play the town team at night, and beat 'em both. They were great athletes. We had some good athletes, too, but it runs, kind of, in cycles. There're times when one school would have better athletes than the other.

Then when we came to Las Vegas, we had—I think the team that went to the state [tournament] was Jack Sande and myself as guards, Fermin King and Fred Whiteneck as forwards. And Evie Davis was probably the best athlete we had (he was a forward). Cy Wadsworth was the center. And then the last year I went to school, there came into our group a very young man who had promise. That was the young Whiteneck boy, Fred's younger brother, Lawrence Whiteneck.

Lawrence Whiteneck—I remember we were in Milford playing ball. We were getting beat. And I'd caught the flu, and I was about half sick. So I told the coach, I said, "I'm just about fagged. I just can't go any more."

And he said, "What'll I do?"

And I said, "Why don't you put that young Whiteneck kid in? Why don't you put him in?"

And he did. He was with us. And while we didn't win the game, the Whiteneck boy showed great promise—not because I thought he could, but I just couldn't play any more. I was sick. But it was interesting to know

that Lawrence Whiteneck went from the Las Vegas High School to the Washington State University and played varsity basketball for three solid years, and was one of the finest basketball players on the West Coast for the three years he was in college. He was a product of Las Vegas High School. And his father was principal.

John McDonald was one of our star distance runners. We took the relay, and John was our star. He was a tall redhead fellow, and very bashful, but he ran like a deer. We had a very good track team and a pretty good baseball team, but we didn't play football. Our forte was basketball and track.

In the summer between my junior and senior year, I hired out to the West End Chemical Company to be what was termed a swamper, or work on the bull gang, to do extra work. I wasn't a very large boy, but I knew how to work. I was charged with the responsibility of doing odd jobs with various other people, and I remember distinctly that we had myself and two or three other boys from the Virgin Valley and Moapa Valley, and they sent us down in the canyon to make a dam, fill sacks and make a dam. So we just took it for granted they sent us down there to work. But they sent us down to test us, to see whether we'd go down there and sleep, or not, and they watched us from the top of the mountain. And when we came back up, they said, "Well, I guess you fellows can stay and work because you didn't 'soldier' on us." (They called "soldier us" was to—"laying down.") Work wasn't easy to find, and when the layoff came, why, the head of the truck department called me over and said, "Bunker, you're a good worker. I'm going to keep you on." And I drove what they call the candy wagon—that is, the supply truck—a Dodge pickup truck from the West End Chemical Company in

Las Vegas from the time school was out until I resigned to come to Las Vegas to go to school.

Attending school in Las Vegas was a rather traumatic experience because I came from a very small, almost a hundred percent Mormon school, to a large, almost a hundred percent non-Mormon school. I wasn't the only Mormon student, but we were decidedly in the minority. There was a lot of jokes about the Mormons, but never really any ridicule, and I could never tell but what I was treated largely like anybody else. I was able to be in the dramatics class, and acted in most of the plays that were put on; I played basketball, and was on the track team. Our school went to the state tournament in 1926, basketball. We didn't win the state, but we stayed at the Sigma Nu fraternity house. And all these years, I've had a warm spot for the fraternities at the University of Nevada because the young men there were so very kind to us.

I'd like to mention that my high school graduation year in Las Vegas was eventful and entirely delightful. There was a group of young people in the school that were good students, good athletes, and very fine young people, and it was a joy to attend school with them. They have grown up to be very fine citizens, many of them here yet in the community. Our high school principal was H. A. Whiteneck, a large man, a good man, a very fine school man. Our dramatics teacher was Miss Scott. And she taught me a lot about stage presence and getting along with people. Our English teacher was Miss Wilson, and she taught us of the works of Chaucer, and caused that I memorize, along with other students, some considerable of Chaucer's works, which I can still stumble through, thanks to this very gracious, talented woman.

After leaving the farm, it was my responsibility to find employment. I worked part time in a clothing store, the Beckley

clothing store in Las Vegas during my senior year, before and after school, and then some after I graduated. And then, from there, I went to work for Otis J. Smith in the Troy Steam Laundry as a laundry driver. From there, I went on the inside to learn the trade of marking laundry with a pen with indelible ink. But that [wasn't] exactly what I had in mind in life, and I was waited on by the bishop of my church, and he asked me if I would consent to fill a mission for the church. This had always been a secret desire of mine, and I told him I'd be glad to, although my parents were now of retirement age. But my brothers and sister said they'd take care of the folks if I would go on a mission.

So I filled a mission for the Mormon church in the states of Georgia and Florida. I arrived in Quitman, Georgia, in 1930 and was assigned to the southern thirty counties of the state of Georgia. I was what might be termed an itinerant preacher, going from one community to another, and one farm to another, proselyting people, and asking if they'd be interested in knowing something about the Mormon church. Most of it was done by tracting, going from door to door, but much of our work was done by actually preaching at night. We preached (and this was during the Depression) in farm, after farm, after farm, in the evening by candlelight or even by firelight of the fireplace. Then on Saturday, we'd go to the cities or the small towns and preach on the street because everybody went to town on Saturday. I remember one day, we held five street meetings one Saturday afternoon, from one town to another, because one of our friends had a car and drove us.

Then I became a supervisor of missionaries in south Georgia and was then transferred to Jacksonville, Florida, and had charge of the missionary work for the Mormon church

from Jacksonville south to Miami. And I traveled the east coast and the west coast of Florida and was there about two years and four months.

[I remember] three distinct features of the South: number one, the terrain. I was born and raised in the hills of Nevada where you could see for miles and miles and miles, and when I got to south Georgia, walking (we always walked, always hitchhiked and carried a little stick grip in our hands, enough for a week's supply of clothing and literature)—when I got to the South, I was always like I was in a house because I couldn't see over the trees, woods. Every place we went, there were woods! We'd walk down the highway, and thered be woods, trees, all over. Took me six months to get used to this. And then when I got used to it, I got to love it. The first distinguishing feature, then, is the trees, and the grass, and the water—water every place, lakes and rivers. The difference—the thing that I had a hard time getting used to was the water in the South runs slow. In the West, it runs fast. And I thought all water ran fast. And when I'd see those rivers just barely creeping along, I'd think they were backed up by the sea. But that just wasn't true. The terrain was not sloping in the South like it is in the West.

Then fish. Fish was everywhere! They'd catch *all* kinds of fish. Kids'd catch fish. Colored people'd catch fish. White people'd catch fish. And they were very, very tasty to eat.

The terrain was the first distinguishing feature, and the second distinguishing feature was the food in the South. Hot biscuits for breakfast, hot biscuits for lunch, and hot biscuits for dinner. I had never eaten grits. (Grits is ground corn.) Grits takes the place of potatoes and rice, although they ate considerable rice in the South. But we'd have grits and eggs, and grits and bacon, and I got

to like them. People say they don't have any taste. Well, that's true. Grits don't have any taste, but you have to put pepper and salt and butter on 'em, and they taste very well with red-eye gravy, or bacon, or ham gravy. Chicken—you ate chicken *every* Sunday. And it was good chicken, well-cooked. And the vegetables were just something out of this world! Black-eyed peas and rice. They had a special dish in the South that I could eat for dessert, and that was where they cooked chicken and rice together. They call it chicken, but they seasoned it nicely, and it was delicious. Then, of course, sweet potato pie, and pecan pie, and collard greens and turnip greens. I never was too fond of collard greens. I think they were just a little too bitter for me. But turnip greens, if properly cooked, were delicious.

Corn bread—corn bread is made two ways. One is baked inside the oven, more like a cake, and the other is baked on top of the stove. I liked 'em both, but I particularly liked that kind that was baked on top of the stove if it were baked thin.

I was raised on milk and butter and cheese and cottage cheese, and when I got to the South, they had very little milk because people just didn't have cows to milk. They just didn't do it. I remember our staying with a family out in the country once, and they had some piney-woods cows and calves, and [I] said, "Thy don't you milk those cows?"

And they said, "Well, you can milk them. We—they've been broke to milk, but we just don't usually milk."

And I said, "Well, why don't you let me milk 'em?"

And he said, "Well, you—if you want to."

So we put the calves up one night and part of the next day, and turned the cows out in the woods. And when they came back in, we put the cows in and I milked the cows, and then

I taught the Saints how to make milk gravy. We'd've never made it in the pioneer Mormon settlements if we hadn't had milk gravy.

But the greatest thing about the South was the people. They were kind, hospitable. They didn't believe what you taught, but they'd invite you in to speak. We'd go to a farmhouse, and we'd walk for miles around, say we were going to have preaching over at the Hand's family tonight, would you like to come over, and they'd come and listen. And they wouldn't be members of the Mormon church, but they'd say, "Well, why don't you come and stay all night with us and preach over at our house tomorrow night?" And we'd go, and we'd stay with 'em, and they'd feed us.

Eat—we *never* lacked for anything to eat. In the South during the Depression, they used to figure it'd take a pig a person, an adult person. They'd kill a pig a person. If there were eight in the family, they'd kill eight pigs. They made their own sausage, their own ham, their own chitlin's, their own tripe, their own bacon. I don't suppose there's much of the pig left when they got through curing it. But it was delicious.

Then another thing that was particularly delicious about the food were the sweet potatoes and the yams. I remember walking into farmhouse after farmhouse when I was a young chap on a mission, and we'd get in there about four o'clock in the afternoon, probably, and wouldn't have dinner 'til six or seven, and preaching at eight or nine, in the summertime, and the woman of the house, the lady of the house'd say, "Would you like a baked yam?" And we'd take these yams and eat 'em cold, and the candy'd be coming out of 'em. And they tasted so very, very good. String beans—all kinds of beans.

There's another distinguishing feature about the people of the South. They knew the Bible. They knew the Bible better than,

I suppose, any group in America, the farm people would. That's all they had to do in the wintertime, was to study, and they studied the Bible. And you'd get in a discussion with 'em, and you had to be real sharp on the Bible to hold your own on points of doctrine.

I remember distinctly one time being at the Chadwick home in south Georgia when the father of the house, who couldn't read or write, but nevertheless he'd had his wife read to him, and he knew the Bible very well, and he said, "The world is flat."

I said, "No, the world's round."

He said, "No, it isn't round. It's flat."

I said, "Well, where do you get that?"

And he said, "Because in the Bible it says 'the four corners of the earth.' So it has to be flat."

Well, I changed that subject right quick because I was their quest, and I didn't want to debate an issue that, as far as I was concerned, was settled, so we let the world be flat. But we'd discuss points of doctrine, and they knew what they were talking about. And I suppose that gave me a thirst for studying the scriptures.

Another thing that was very interesting about the South is they'd pick you up in their car and haul you. I remember once, elder Bennett Cottam of Escalante, Utah, and myself were hitchhiking. (And the clouds in south[ern] Georgia are not like the clouds in south[ern] Nevada. When it clouds up there, it means business; it rains. When it clouds up in Las Vegas, it just does it for a pastime.) But it was clouding up and we were, probably, ten or fifteen miles from our destination. We were walking, hitchhiking. We hadn't had a lot of luck. And it was clouding up, and I knew it was going to rain. And my friend was rather tiring and was not a very good walker. I could walk fast and walk along, but he was built a little like a Percheron horse,

and it was difficult for him to walk. And so we knew we were going to get wet. And a lady drove up with two or three children, and she stopped and she said, "Where are you young men going?"

I said, "We're going to the next town."

And she said, "What are you doing out here, anyway?"

And I said, "We're Mormon missionaries, and we're going in there. We have members there, and we're going to stay with them."

She says, "You're going to get wet. You're going to get wet."

And I said, "yes, we are. Would you please give us a ride?"

And she said, "Well, I'll tell ya." She said, "I'll take that fellow with you because he has a Christian face, but you'll have to get a ride on your own."

We weren't supposed to break up, but I said to my companion, I said to Elder Cottam, "Elder Cottam, you get in her car and go with her, and I'll wait."

And I'll always remember that, that she didn't say I *didn't* have a Christian face. She just said that he did have a Christian face. He was a rough-hewn farmer from southern Utah, and he looked as wholesome as corn bread. Anyway, he got a ride and didn't get wet. And I walked about two miles and it started to sprinkle, and a colored fellow came along in a wood truck. He stopped, and he said, "Boss man, you goin' to get wet."

And I said, "Yes, sir, I am. Would you give me a ride?"

And he says, "Well, sir, I don't have much covering over this truck, but," he says, "if you want to get in here beside me," he said, "half of you'll be dry."

I got in the wood truck, and he and I rode to town. And when I got to town, it was true—I was half wet and half dry. But I will always remember that incident.

Sometimes we'd get a ride and sometimes we wouldn't, but, ordinarily, we would get a ride. I remember distinctly Dwight C. Stone, a very fine, artistic young man from Victor, Idaho, was my companion, and I was the senior companion. Dwight Stone was an artist. He was a musician. (He later became county assessor in Victor, Idaho, and I think still is.) But he played the violin and sang well, and we used to sing together.

We were goin' to hitchhike to Quitman, Georgia, and we caught ride after ride after ride. And ordinarily, we'd get a ride right on, but we didn't this time. And we got to Thomasville—no, Valdosta Georgia, and started around to Quitman. It was late. It was dark. And we said, "Aw, we'll get a ride." So we walked out halfway, and we got to a point where it was just no use. We couldn't walk on in, [and] there was no lights around, so we knew there was no farms there, so we said, "Well, we'll just build a fire and stay here all night," and that's exactly what we did. I kept the fire while he slept for a while and kept turning over and warming one side and warming the other, and then he'd keep the fire while I slept. And we stayed there, out all night. And the next morning, right after the sun came up, somebody came along and gave us a ride on into town.

Now, I don't think we needed to stay out all night. We did it more for a lark, to say we stayed out all night. But we didn't have a place to stay; there's no kidding about that. We had to stay out because we didn't have a place to stay. The only thing you have to be careful of in the South out in the woods [is] you get redbugs in you, and they bury right into your skin. And I remember distinctly how we'd get the redbugs—or, the bedbugs, and we'd have problems with them.

I remember one time I was with A. J. Leavitt, Ashel J. Leavitt, from Bunkerville,

Nevada (he and I were companions), a very fine missionary. We'd preach on the street, and I—my voice—I ruined my voice on the streets of Georgia, trying to speak too loud and too fast and too often. And even now, I have to be careful or my voice cracks when I am speaking in public. But A. J. Leavitt had a voice like a foghorn. He could speak loud and long. But he had a tender skin. He couldn't stand bedbugs for nothin'! And they didn't bother me. I guess my skin was tough. I remember we were staying in a home once, and while we have no complaint, they were very wonderful people, they told us when we went to bed that there were probably bedbugs. I said, "No, they won't bother us," and so we went to bed, and I slept right through. But the next morning, about sunup, I got up, and there was Elder Leavitt outside in a car. He got up because he couldn't stand the bedbugs, and I could.

The way we'd get contacts, in my day as a young missionary, was to go from door to door. And we'd had one of two experiences: one, to get the door slammed in our face because we were Mormons, or the next, we'd run into a radical preacher, and then we were off to the races because they knew the Bible well, and there was no point in arguin' with them, because we couldn't change them, and they couldn't change us, so the only thing to do is to make a graceful exit.

One of the most interesting facets of missionary work in that day—it isn't done any more, but in my day, as a young missionary, we used to preach on the street. We'd go to a town, and we'd choose a corner where people were walking by, downtown, either by a dime store or some grocery store where people usually buy. If there was a town where there was a light where people had to stop, why, we'd select there. For instance, we had the permit to preach on the street in Jacksonville, Florida,

where the Kress store was. And people'd be going in and out of the store, and there was a red light, and all we had to do was to speak when the streetcars weren't going by. We'd go to these small towns and speak, and we'd just go out and take our tracts, our literature, out of our grip (stick grip) and a couple of copies of the Book of Mormon, and two of the missionaries, myself and one other (if there were four, we'd have four; and all the missionaries can't sing, you know), and we'd get out and we'd sing a song. We'd start to sing a song. Well, that, in itself, was enough to draw a crowd—not because we sang well, but because the noise we were making would astonish people. They'd gather around, and then we'd always open with prayer. One of us'd offer a prayer. They knew who we were, so one of us'd speak. He'd speak for maybe ten minutes, or seven minutes, whatever he felt was right, develop a theme, and then, the other one'd speak. And then we'd have prayer. While one was speaking, the other would be out giving out literature, and then we'd get some contacts, people who seemed interested in what we said.

I remember once we were in Blackshear, Georgia, and I was alone, and it was Saturday afternoon. I wasn't supposed to be alone, but I didn't have a companion. I thought, "Well, I'm not going to let this Saturday go by without preaching on the street." And I went up town, and a Holiness preacher was speaking in the place we usually spoke at, and so I just went up and listened to him, very attentive. When I got through, he came over and he said, "You're a Mormon, aren't you?"

And I said, "Yes, I'm a Mormon missionary."

He said, "Are you going to hold a meeting?"

And I said, "Yes."

And he said, "Well, you've been kind to listen to me. I'll listen to you."

I didn't sing, but I opened with prayer, and then I started to speak, and we were right by the railroad track, and they were switching. The fellow in the cab of the engine could see me and see what I was doing, and he just kept going up and down, up and down, ringing the bell in the engine. And I had to give up. I couldn't buck that bell. It was too close. But we—he and I—had a good laugh about it, and we went on. Nobody ever got mad at each other.

And another time we were speaking in Alma, Georgia, two of us, and it was a delightful afternoon, and we must've had a hundred people backed up against the wall of a dry goods store. And we were layin' it on, so to speak. I was speaking, and the fire broke out—fire siren started. And when we got through with the fire siren, we had two people left. One old fellow said, "The damn fools. Ever'body knows what a fire is. We might learn somethin' if we'd've stayed here." I think he meant learn somethin' about the Bible. I don't know whether he would or not.

But nevertheless, at times we got very good attention, and sometimes we didn't. I never really thought a street meeting done anybody any good but the person that preached, because it takes a lot of courage, believe me! It takes a lot of courage, intestinal fortitude, to stand on a street corner and preach because you're with a hostile congregation to start out with that don't believe what you're preaching, so you stick to the Bible. And while the people of the South were very, very charitable, [and] it was a rich and rewarding experience, the church, the Mormon church, don't preach on the street any more because it isn't a very fruitful way to get contacts.

When I came home, I had a rather good opportunity to enter college in Logan, Utah, the then agricultural college. But finances were pressing, and jobs were extremely difficult to get. When I arrived home, it was

difficult to get a job, and I almost joined the CC Camp when the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce found me a job in Boulder City, managing a dime store during the construction of Boulder Dam.

It might be interesting to give at least a thumbnail sketch of life in Boulder City. I lived with one of the officials of the company, a very fine family. I rented a room and ate out. The company, the Six Companies, had a store of their own, with groceries and clothes, and you had to have an act of Congress to get a job in that store. I thought maybe I had enough pull to get a job in the store, but I didn't. But I knew most of the officials in the store. We held our store open from the usual hours, and then open one or two evenings a week. And in the evening, I'd go around and visit the other stores that were open—not dime stores, but the Six Companies kept their store open most every evening. And they traded in scrip. Six Companies didn't pay their men in money; they paid their men in scrip.

It was an interesting and a fascinating city. It was a dynamic, moving, almost electrifying experience to live in that town! Men worked hard, and they lived hard—not bad, but hard. They'd come to Las Vegas for their recreation. They'd have some recreation there. I remember distinctly we used to have Friday or Saturday night dances in the Legion Hall. They had a very fine orchestra, and I'd go to the dance, and knew enough girls to make out a delightful evening.

But it was a tremendously rich experience to live in a community where people were so dynamic. They were going to build that dam and build it quick and it just permeated the whole area.

The city itself was sealed off. I remember distinctly we came down one night for a staff meeting, and there was all the girls in the office (there must've been four of 'em), and I

was in with them, riding with one of the girls. And there were five or six of us in the car, and I remember two of us were out in the back, and when we came to the gate to get in, they made us all get inside of the car, wouldn't let us go through. I never will know why they had such a strong surveillance, unless it was for union activities, or for various reasons. But nevertheless, they were very careful who went in and out of Boulder City.

But it was a very rich and rewarding experience to live in such a dynamic community. Built right out of the desert, wasn't a blade of grass, or a tree, or a house, or a tent, or anything when they started, and it has grown to be into one of the most delightful cities in Western America.

I was there only a few months and resigned. Well, I actually didn't resign because the store closed, and I came back to Las Vegas and found a job with the Moapa Valley Creamery, driving a milk truck. I drove the milk truck from—started out at four o'clock in the morning and finished up at six o'clock in the evening (I had a couple of hours off in the afternoon) and worked for seventy-five dollars a month and got paid once a month.

It was about this time that the oil companies were expanding in Las Vegas, and my very dear friend and benefactor, Frank Gussewelle, offered me a job in a service station at Fifth and Fremont. Frank Gussewelle and Otis J. Smith, for whom I had previously worked in the laundry, opened a Texaco service station. The partners were Clifford Smith, son of Otis Smith, and George Bremner, a high school classmate of mine. We graduated [from] school together. Later, George left and Cliff left, and we had one manager after another, and then I had an opportunity to open the Mobil station a block below. I opened the Mobil station as

the lessee. But it wasn't as good a location as the Texaco station, and when the manager of the Texaco station decided to go back to Texas, he came down and told me that he was leaving and asked me if I'd be interested, and, of course, I was. And I went back to my former haunt at Fifth and Fremont, leasing the Texaco station.

It was from this vantage point of business that I was called to be bishop of the only Mormon congregation in Las Vegas. During my term as bishop, the Mormon congregation was divided, and we then had two Mormon congregations in Las Vegas. It has now grown to thirty-three Mormon congregations in Las Vegas, which is just a sidelight as to the growth of the area.

While I was working for the dairy, I started keeping company with a former classmate of mine, Lucille Whitehead. I had known Lucille and her parents and brothers and sisters since Overton. They originally lived in Overton, Nevada, but her father became county assessor, and they moved to Las Vegas. And when I came to Las Vegas, I took up my acquaintance with her. We were not real close in high school, although we were very dear friends, but not in a romantic sense. Lucille went to college in Reno, and taught school, and had a very fine job in the courthouse; and when I came home from my mission, she was here in Las Vegas and we started to keep company. This worked into something very serious, and, of course, we were married and lived happy ever after. We were married and lived happy ever after. We were married in St. George temple December twenty-ninth, 1933.

It might be well that we discuss in a little more detail the operation of the gas and oil business at Fifth and Fremont at Las Vegas. After leaving the Mobil station a block below because there was a better opportunity with

the Texaco station, I leased the Texaco station, and we had a very thriving business.

Incidentally, there were four service stations on the four corners. Standard Oil was across the street, and then catercorner from us was Union Oil with a new station, and the Signal Oil was across the street from us on Fremont. The three stations were highly competitive, Standard Oil, of course, was a company-owned station, and they brought in well trained men, young men, to run it. And the Union Oil Company was a company-owned station, and they brought in very aggressive young men to run their station. Union Oil was comparatively new. The Signal Oil was not as aggressive as the other three. My operation was independently operated, and I hired my own help, and stocked my own merchandise.

One interesting aspect of the operation of the service station was many people at that time had engine trouble crossing the desert because of the extreme heat. Some was because of spark plug trouble, and we set up a practice of testing people's spark plugs free. As a result, during one summer, we sold more spark plugs than any service station on the West Coast, and all because we had some very aggressive, able young mechanics that were able to help people in their mechanical troubles.

The heat was oppressive both ways, going to Los Angeles and to Salt Lake—that is, as far as [Las Vegas] was concerned. It was about this time that dry ice came into being, and we conceived the idea of having a pasteboard carton manufactured and small pieces of dry ice weighing about twelve to fifteen pounds placed in this carton, and put it on the windshield where the wind would blow over it, and it was supposed to cool the car. I think it was more psychological than anything else, but we sold more dry ice than we could buy.

We had it trucked out of Los Angeles, and then we'd cut it locally with a saw. We'd put it in a large container where it was insulated. And if we sold it within a reasonable length of time, it didn't evaporate. But it was very perishable.

We bought out of Los Angeles. L. E. Anderson, Andy Anderson, whom I've mentioned previously, was a young college man from, I believe, Iowa, very personable, a very fine, high type, ethical manager of the tire department. He started out his career in Las Vegas as the budget manager of the tire store of the Silver State Texaco service station, which I owned at that time. Later, Mr. Anderson went with Goodyear, and now has the Goodyear franchise in southern Nevada, and is a very prominent citizen.

We were on the corner, and people would travel at night. And I remember that we had to have the station opened all night long. While more business was done during the daytime than it was at night, on holidays the cars would stack up one behind each other to get in to buy gas. And we sold a tremendous volume of gasoline, oil, tires, and accessories. In the wintertime, where the auto courts wouldn't fill up, I remember the auto courts used to give our salesmen, our service station attendants, a small commission if they'd direct people to their auto court to stay. And I remember some of the boys would make, not a handsome profit, but a little spending money on directing tourist traffic to various motels to stay.

There are two interesting observations that I'd like to make while I had the service station at Fifth and Fremont. One was when Franklin D. Roosevelt came to Boulder Dam to dedicate the dam. They brought him in to Las Vegas in a car, and he drove right up by the service station. Instead of putting him on the train (he couldn't walk by himself), they took him

up on Charleston Mountain in a car. They got up on the Charleston Mountain, and the road wasn't so good, and they had to turn around and come back. And I remember there was a great hubbub in the country because these Nevada hayseeds had taken the President of the United States out in the country where the roads weren't so good. But the President seemed to enjoy it immensely.

Key Pittman was the senior senator at that time, and very close to the President. And he, of course, knew Charleston Mountain like the back of his hand. The President was never in any danger, but the metropolitan presses played it up on the front page and gave Las Vegas a lot of publicity.

Speaking of Boulder Dam, I think it might be interesting to mention the activities of the city the day the Boulder Dam legislation was passed in the congress. I remember distinctly I was working in a store on Fremont Street, First and Fremont Street, and when the news was flashed by telegraph, that the bill had passed and the dam was assured, everybody either closed their doors or stood on the sidewalk where they could watch the front door. And anybody that had a car got in the car, and they drove their cars up and down Fremont Street from the depot, Union Pacific depot, to Fifth Street, and turned around and came back. And it was just one mass of cars with their horns blowing!

I remember the First State Bank was right across the street from us. Ed W. Clark was president of the bank, Cyril S. Wengert was cashier of the bank, and Leland Ronnow was assistant cashier. And a man by the name of Ferguson, who was a bootlegger, and notorious, very well-known in the community, he propositioned Ed Clark that he'd like to bring a keg or a barrel of bootleg whiskey up on Fremont Street and just let people help themselves.

And, of course, Mr. Clark, being the highly ethical individual that he was, told Mr. Ferguson he didn't think that would be the right thing to do. And certainly it wouldn't, because we were all crazy enough without any whiskey! It was a day of real spontaneous, genuine celebration. And while Las Vegas has never had a real depression, the passing of that legislation was probably the start, the spark that caused Las Vegas to take off on its tremendous growth that it has enjoyed from that day until this.

Another interesting event I'd like to mention while having the station—I remember distinctly I was working one evening because my wife was having a party of some married ladies at home, and I thought I'd go back and work. As I've mentioned before, I worked long hours because I like to work, and we were busy. We had a radio, and we turned the radio on, and that was the time when the King of England was abdicating his throne for his lovelife, Wally Simpson. And I remember distinctly walking over to Eddy Ciliak's hamburger stand and listening to the radio when the word was flashed around the world that the King of England had abdicated his throne for the woman he loved. And I don't know whether—well, I remember we had a radio, but I was sure my wife didn't have it turned on because of the party. And I called her up and told her what a fool this man was to give up his throne for a woman. She didn't appreciate that because she thought it was really the chivalrous thing for him to do.

It might be of interest to say the type of people that were traveling through Las Vegas at that time. There were two types of people that were our customers. There were [the] men who worked on the dam. They'd live in Las Vegas, and they'd drive to and from the dam, and they'd haul four or five men with them. They'd leave early and come home late.

We used to have charge accounts with some of these men. And I think it's interesting to note here that out of all the people I had accounts with, of the rugged individuals who worked on the dam, I don't think I ever lost any money on that group. They bought good tires and good oil, and their gas bill was sizable because they drove out every morning and back every night. Then the other type of people were those that were traveling through the countryside. They'd be people from all over the United States. And I distinctly remember, after the dam was along, where you could go by and see its construction, one lady came in from New York. I think they charged her something to see what she had seen. And we must've had ten or twelve cars parked around waiting, and this woman was so incensed at what she had been charged to see that she went to every car and told them that it was a total gyp, and they ought not to go there.

I didn't take issue with her because I didn't want to get in a quarrel, but I thought at the time that all she was doing was just rousing people's curiosity so they would go, and I think that's exactly what happened, because from the time the dam started until this very day, it has proven to be a tremendous tourist attraction. And people would drive out to see what was going on out to Boulder Dam.

And then, of course, we had a sizable local trade. I remember distinctly that the Texas Company made credit cards available to a lot of local people that traded with us. But we were not without serious competition. It might be interesting here to mention one of my compatriots who was in the oil business, my very dear friend, Ralph Purdy, who presently is one of the top salesmen for Cashman Cadillac. Ralph owned a service station down the street a couple or three blocks, and it was the Pop Simon station. Pop Simon was the man who brought the

Texas Oil Company in to Las Vegas and then later gave up the franchise because he went into the mining. Pop Simon, P. A. Simon, was a very, very aggressive businessman. He owned the corner on, I think, North Third and Fremont. He still owns it. His wife, Peggy, is the owner today. Ralph Purdy owned that station, or leased it, and ran it, and he was a very fine competitor—not so much a competitor, because we were both selling the same brand of gasoline. But that relationship and friendship has maintained itself over the years, and that's a long time ago.

The experience of merchandising in oil and accessories and gasoline and tires was very challenging and very rewarding, too, very rewarding. I remember the first thousand dollars I saved. I took it in and showed it to Mr. Wengert, that I had that much in the savings account, and he was quite impressed because of my frugality. Cyril Wengert played quite an important part in my life, on counseling and advising on various business enterprises that I went into later. Incidentally, Cyril S. Wengert was one of the finest gentlemen I ever met. He was a banker's banker. He was a handsome man, with a very fine physical bearing, a very infectious smile, but an astute banker, an astute investor. He became very wealthy and later sold the First State Bank (he and his associates) to the First National Bank of Nevada.

2

WORK FOR THE CHURCH; THE SECOND SOUTHERN MISSION

After returning from my [first] mission and being married, I was active in the church in various capacities. I distinctly remember at the time I was married, I was superintendent of the local Sunday school. And from there, I [was] a bishop's counselor to Harold Brinley. J. Harold Brinley became the bishop, and my brother, Bryan L. Bunker, became a counselor for President Willard L. Jones.

The entity of the Mormon church in the early days of Clark County was known as the Moapa stake, named after the Moapa Valley. It encompassed all of Clark County and Littlefield, Arizona (of course, the Virgin Valley—the Moapa Valley's in Las Vegas), and all of Lincoln County, encompassed a congregation in Pioche, one in Panaca, one in Caliente, and one in Alamo. And periodically, they'd call various ones to fill what we used to call a home mission. That was an assignment to go visit the various congregations, one or two congregations, over the weekend on Sunday, and speak in their preaching service.

I remember going to Littlefield and Mesquite and Bunkerville from Las Vegas, and I remember distinctly on one occasion, [Ira J.] Earl, now deceased, who was the first LDS bishop in Las Vegas, and myself were called to visit Panaca and Caliente on a given Sunday. We spoke in Panaca in the afternoon and Caliente in the evening, and then drove home that night.

Willard L. Jones was the first stake president in the Moapa stake. (it was divided from the St. George stake in the early days of Moapa Valley.) My uncle, John M. Bunker, was a counselor to him, and so also was Luke Whitney of St. Thomas, one of our neighbors. President Willard L. Jones was the president of the Moapa stake. Now, a stake in the Mormon church is comparable to a diocese in the Catholic church, have many congregations under their jurisdiction. I think President Willard L. Jones held this position for about twenty-seven years. When it came time for him to be released, why, my brother, Bryan L. Bunker, was chosen to be the stake president,

and the headquarters of the stake was moved from Overton to Las Vegas, Nevada.

At the time of this change, J. Harold Brinley, a schoolteacher who later became superintendent of the schools, was the bishop of the Las Vegas ward, the only ward in the city. Reed Whipple, who was a prominent banker and city commissioner, was his first counselor, and I was his second counselor, and Sam Davis, Sr., was the ward clerk. At the change in the stake presidency, my brother, Bryan L. Bunker, chose J. Harold Brinley as his counselor in the stake presidency, and Reed Whipple as the clerk in the stake presidency, and I was selected as bishop of the ward.

My first counselor was Walter Long, who was a schoolteacher and presently lives in Las Vegas and retired now from teaching. He was my first counselor, and my second counselor was manager of the J. C. Penney store, a man from Mesa, Arizona. I was bishop for about a year and a half when my calling was interrupted by politics and I was appointed to the United States Senate, and Reed Whipple became the bishop of the ward.

To preside over a ward of a Mormon congregation is a very interesting and rather exacting calling. I remember distinctly that we had the charge of the widows, and there were several, and we had charge of the poor, and there were some that had less means than they needed to get along with. I remember distinctly a family moved from Utah to Las Vegas because of health conditions of the mother of about six or eight small children. She was a jeweler, and a man who was willing and able to work, but there just wasn't enough work to take care of those children. They didn't have a place to live, and we had funds in the church to help provide for them, and some commodities, and I remember our providing for this family. I remember her sister, the mother's sister, was there with them, but she

was very retiring [by] nature and had a heavy lisp or a brogue and wasn't given to mix with society very well. The father of the family's income didn't take care of them, so I made arrangements for various families to hire this extra woman to babysit for their children, and that augmented their income.

I remember distinctly that we concluded that it would be a fine project for the male members of the Mormon congregation to build this family a home. The Westside, then, of course, was practically all white. The colored people at that time, the Negro population, the black population, lived largely on North First Street. And while it wouldn't've made any difference if the colored people had been there, we built a home in the Westside of Las Vegas. We purchased the lot and bought the lumber. The church bought the lumber, and the members actually donated their time, and we built that family a home. I remember what a rich and rewarding experience that was. While I didn't build it, the entity in the church that built it was known as the "elders quorum." But I'll always remember what a fine experience that was, to build something. They had a lovely family of little girls and little boys, and [laughing] these kids used to sell papers on the street to help out in the living. And the church, of course, gave them food. I remember my ordering milk to be delivered at their home.

After their oldest boy had grown to be a man, he came back to Las Vegas, and I remember his saying to me (while I wasn't the bishop then, I was still active—very active in the church)—he said to me he'd like to go out to the welfare farm and work because he remembered how good the church was to his family. And he went to the welfare farm and donated his efforts as a carpenter (he was a very fine carpenter at that time) in some building we were doing. He said he wanted

to just pay interest on what we'd done for his father and mother.

And then very recently, probably as recent as a month ago as of this date, I met the father of this man in St. George, Utah. I was going through the St. George temple. His face was very familiar, but I couldn't quite place him. And then, we were there for about an hour and a half together, and finally it dawned on me who he was. And so after it was over, I walked up, and I said, "Did you live in Las Vegas?"

And he said, "Yes, of course, I did."

And I said, "Then I know who you are."

He said, "Well, I know who you are." He said, "I haven't noticed you." And he told me what had happened to his family, that they'd later moved to St. George, the St. George area, and acquired a small plot of ground, and he had done watch repair work, and he'd raised a splendid family. I remember that distinctly.

Now, they weren't the only people. I remember Christmastime the widows that myself and my counselors took foodstuffs to. And some families who were not too well fixed, we took some very fine Christmas foods to these families. And if there was ever any joy in giving, it was manifest in this particular area.

I was called—I remember they had a wedding chapel on South Fifth Street, not far from my home. My wife worked in the county clerk's office, and she would issue wedding licenses. I wasn't anxious to perform weddings because that wasn't my responsibility in the church. I'd perform a wedding for a Mormon family. But there was one manager of this wedding chapel that insisted on calling me, and calling me all hours of the night. And I'd get up and go over and perform a wedding ceremony, and his wife was a very fine musician. She played the piano well and sang very well. And I remember one night he called

me, and he said, "There's a movie star coming to be married. And," he said, "I want you to come over within the next thirty minutes."

And so I went over, and presently, here came the movie star, and the manager's wife was up. She played and sang before the marriage ceremony was performed, and I remember that particular ceremony. I performed a good many—more than I wanted to—for this particular manager. But performing marriages was not all the duties or responsibilities of a Mormon bishop. In fact, it's a very minor responsibility, taking care of the unfortunate, and listening to the problems of the members of the congregation, and trying to help them.

Probably the saddest experience of my tenure as a bishop was the death of the Thomas Myers family. I think there were eight children. And Thomas Myers was a very unusual man. His wife, Doris, was a Thornton girl from southern Utah. Tom had been in the war, and he had eight children, very, very lovely children, beautiful girls, and the boys were very fine looking young men. They had a gas business (that's tank gas, propane gas, you know, the type that's inflammable), and the pop-off valve popped off and let some gas escape, and it caught, ignited, and blew up. The father and the mother and four of those children were killed in that explosion. And I remember distinctly going to the Las Vegas Hospital and praying fervently for some of those children to get well. One was a little baby, and one was a—I think her name was Linda—was probably as beautiful [a] girl as I'd ever met in my life. She was married [to] Gerald Leavitt, and she was home at the time, and she was burned over sixty or seventy percent of her body. And I distinctly remember asking Dr. Stanley L. Hardy the chances for her to get well, and he said, "Well, anything can happen with God. But this girl

is burned so bad that the prospects of her recovery is very remote." And she, of course, passed away, [and] the father, and mother, and four children.

And I remember they were all taken to the Garrison mortuary. (It was one or two doors below my service station.) And they'd burned so bad that the embalming fluid, after they embalmed, kept weeping through. The skin was burned, and you couldn't stop the embalming fluid from coming through, and as a result, there was dampness. And Mr. Garrison said, "Well, Bishop Bunker, I can tell you one thing you can do, if your church will let you. And that is, you can wrap them in very fine cotton and stop this, and it'll protect their clothing."

I remember that we had them, all six, laid out, and we were to dress them. Myself and my counselors were there. And Lavisa Earl, Ira J. Earl's wife, was the president of the Relief Society, and she and three or four other very faithful women, together with we men, gathered together, and we dressed and helped casket this family.

Thomas G. Myers, who later became a bishop in Las Vegas, and then became stake president in Las Vegas, was the oldest child. And I'll always remember how mature this young man was. He was a very young man then, but how mature he was when this terrible tragedy struck that family! And it was just about the time, just before this, the ward had been divided, and I was one of two bishops then, and we both held the service. We held a public funeral for them with all I remember we got funeral coaches from as far away as Kingman, Arizona, and had six people in one funeral, which was a—a sad, sad affair. And I'll always remember in Woodlawn cemetery when they all gathered together and dedicated the graves of these six people. It was late in the evening, and it was a—with a

heavy heart that everyone left that grave. And I remember half of the congregation gathered in the first ward to pray for the Myers family before all of them had passed away.

One of the prominent businessmen who has played a tremendous part in this area came to the rescue of the family and took up a contribution in the community to establish a Thomas G. Myers Foundation. And that notable man was Robert B. Griffith, whose life has been woven into the warp and woof and the history of southern Nevada to a great extent. Mr. Griffith came forth and established a fund to help take care of this family.

My responsibility was to be actually the father and the spiritual leader of the group. While I wasn't bishop long, I had a rich and rewarding experience that ran from almost the sublime to the ridiculous. The sublime moments being deeply spiritual, moving moments that I've mentioned, and then the ridiculous was to try to get young people to be more serious-minded about church.

The development of the Mormon church in southern Nevada has been almost phenomenal. It started out from a very country area where the church workers would drive in a white top buggy from one community to another. I distinctly remember, in Moapa Valley, the women of the church driving from Overton to St. Thomas in a white top buggy to do their church activities with the young people, like the primary children, and various activities, the MIA.

My father was one of the officials of the Moapa stake, serving on the high council for many, many years, and later became a patriarch in the church. Later, he and my mother were called to work in the St. George temple, and they spent the latter part of their lives working in the St. George temple.

It's interesting to note that out of the Moapa stake eventually came the Las Vegas

stake. And the Moapa stake became a stake of their own, and then the Las Vegas stake, and then later, the Lake Mead stake. Originally, there was no Henderson and no Boulder City. And Kingman was not part of our jurisdiction, but later Kingman became a part of the Las Vegas stake. Then the Henderson stake was organized, and later, the Las Vegas stake was divided, until presently there are—let's see, there's eight stakes, eight stakes where at one time there was one stake in southern Nevada. Presently there are eight, with so many new people moving in. And then, Las Vegas has proven to be a very fertile field for conversion [to] the Mormon church. Many people join the church because of the missionary activities of the church. It's estimated that between twenty-five and thirty percent of the population of Las Vegas are members of the Mormon church.

One interesting aspect of church activity is the general acceptance of the Mormon faith by members of other churches. The Protestants, the Baptists and Methodists, and the Catholics have all—all been very, very friendly.

I've always had a very special affection for the Methodist church because [the] principal of the high school I graduated from was a prominent Methodist, and we held our baccalaureate service in the Methodist church. The bishop from Los Angeles came and gave the baccalaureate address. And I'll always remember, I sat by the side of Byrde Rhodes, who is now Mrs. A. J. Rafel, and Emily Lake, whose family were very, very prominent pioneers, and whose brother, Spud Lake, was a law enforcement officer in Clark County for years. I sat between these two very lovely girls at the night of our graduation baccalaureate service.

I could never detect any real anti-Mormon sentiment among the young people. They used to kid us a lot about being Mormons,

but I remember I kept company with a girl who was a Protestant, and she'd go to my evening services, young people's service, and I'd go to her Epworth League service. And we had a delightful experience. So I'm no novice when it comes to attending the young people's organization of the Methodist church.

The Mormon church has prospered in southern Nevada. It has some very fine buildings, and the future looks very bright for it presently. I remember the building—the first building that was built was the little white church that was later moved to Boulder City, on South Sixth Street, just a block below the old Sears store. [They] built a little church there. And there's where my farewell was held when I went on a mission to the Southern states.

When I came home, they were building the new building out at Ninth and Clark Streets. When we built the new building out at Ninth and Clark Streets, it was in the Depression, and people thought we were crazy for going so far out there. I think Judge A. S. Henderson was the only man who had a home out in that area. Nothing was built out in that general area, and we built a church. And we ran short of money. And I'll always remember one particular fund-raising event we had. The members of the Rotary Club of Las Vegas said they would be glad to come over and make a contribution to our building. And so we proposed to cook a dinner, and they'd come and make whatever contribution they wanted as individuals. We had the social elite of Las Vegas. Of course, Mormon women are good cooks, and they put on a real good feed. I can see them now, members of the Rotary Club, coming into the Mormon church. I think that was the first time many of 'em had been inside a Mormon church, but they came and gave liberally as individuals. And that was one financial shot in the arm that helped us

build the church. It was a monument to our efforts because we had very little money. But that was really the taking off place from there to where we are today.

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From a political aspect, I don't know that the members of the Mormon church ever voted as a bloc. One individual who was a member of the church might have captured their fancy, and they may have voted for him. In the early rise of the church, the Mormons voted as a bloc because—for protection, probably—as in Nauvoo. Well, when they came to Salt Lake City, the leadership of the church advised the members of the church that they should not vote as a bloc, not all belong to one party, because it would mitigate against them, and it would be Mormons against non-Mormons. And so he encouraged some of the members of the church to join one party, and some another. And each individual could join the party of his choice. So some members of the church were Democrats and some were Republicans. And the competition was fairly keen. I remember my father was a very ardent Democrat. And Harley [A.] Harmon, Sr., was a very prominent Democrat in southern Nevada politics. My father put the Mormon church first and the Democratic party second. And when Mr. Harmon would run for office, my father would get out and stump the county for him. They were very, very warm personal friends. But on the other hand, some of the members of the Mormon church were very ardent Republicans. I remember Bishop Robert O. Gibson, the bishop of our ward in Las Vegas, was elected to the assembly on the Republican ticket, and served as a Republican. So we did not all see eye to eye in politics in the Mormon church.

But the members of the Mormon church were always encouraged to take an active part in politics, and more particularly, to vote. That was their obligation, was to vote.

So I came by my Democratic affiliation naturally because my father was such an ardent Democrat. He was a candidate for county commissioner at one time, was not successful, but he did run. And I remember distinctly in their touring the county, the Democratic candidates came to Las Vegas on their journey to Bunkerville. We had to cross the Virgin River—we had to ford it—that is to say, you had to drive across when the water was high. My father took a hay rack, a flat hay rack, over to the river and backed it up against the bank, and they'd drive the car on the hay rack and tie it down. And then he and the team would pull that car or cars across the river, and they'd take off from there and go on to Bunkerville. That's some of our early political activities. But I don't think the church as a whole ever voted as a bloc on any one particular issue.

* * * * *

In August of 1955, a member of the first presidency of the Mormon church called me by phone and asked me to preside over a mission of the church. My brother had just returned from presiding over the California mission for four years. He and I were partners in business. And I accepted, as members of the church do, for a call in the church. This was a full-time call without pay. My brother came back and managed our business, the mortuary, another interest, and in September, my wife and daughter, Anne, who had just graduated from the eighth grade, drove to Atlanta, Georgia, to take up our residence and to preside over the Southern states mission. We spent a week in Salt Lake City

in an orientation conference with the general authorities of the church, and took our oldest daughter, Loretta Bunker, to the Brigham Young University. She'd graduated from high school at the age of seventeen, and I'll always remember leaving her on the campus of the Brigham Young University as a very young tender girl who'd never been away from home, and driving away toward the South to leave her so far away from home. It was a very tender and a touching moment, but things worked out very well.

Our responsibility was to preside over the religious activities in four states of the South, namely the state of Georgia, state of Alabama, the state of South Carolina, and the state of Florida. We had charge of all the congregations in the South that were known as branches of the church, and they were organized into districts. Then we had in the neighborhood of two hundred young men and women who were called full time for a two-year term to spend their time proselytizing in the South. And these young people, as well as elderly, married couples (probably as many as ten married couples) would come to Atlanta, Georgia, by train. We would meet them. And the church maintained a large Southern mansion. We'd take them to the mission home and assign them out to the various districts in the four states. They were organized into districts, and we'd send them to one of the states, either Alabama, Florida, Georgia, or South Carolina. And they were presided over by a district leader. And it was our responsibility to visit and interview these men and women once every three months and hold a conference with them.

We also had eighty-five congregations of the Mormon church spread throughout the four states. We'd gather these congregations together in a quarterly conference once every three months and have a preaching service,

and an orientation meeting, and a meeting of instructions of the leaders.

And when a district of the church becomes sufficiently strong in leadership and membership, then it's organized into a stake of the church, and the stake of the church reports directly to Salt Lake City, and we had no more jurisdiction or responsibility of supervision over the entity of a stake after it was organized. And while we were there, two stakes were organized, one in Atlanta, Georgia, and one in Orlando, Florida. This took about twenty of the branches away from us and left us about sixty-five or sixty Mormon congregations that we visited.

It was a full-time assignment on a temporary basis. We were there from September of 1955 to May of 1959. The church provided us a car and transportation and a home to live in. We paid our own way as far as groceries and insurance, our personal insurance (of course, the church insured the automobile and paid for its upkeep). We had an office staff of four missionaries, and we'd rotate them. They'd work in the office about six months, and then we'd send them out in the field to proselyte. Usually, it was two girls and two boys, or three girls and one boy, or three boys and one girl—whatever we had. We had to choose them from those in the field who were called to work full time. And then some local Southern young men and women were called to fill missions within the mission, and we used them in various capacities.

To train missionaries is a rather exacting responsibility because you're charged with their well-being. If they get homesick, which some of them do, of course, the only remedy for that is hard work. But all missionaries are just like all people. Some are industrious, and some are frivolous to a measure, and it takes constant supervision and encouragement

to keep young people at their best where they're out in the mission field. And then, some get sick, and some have accidents. And there is some very rewarding experience in missionary work because these young men develop fast and come to the top in leadership. And a man is measured pretty well—I mean, you can measure a man on a mission. If he's an outstanding missionary, he'll probably be an outstanding leader and a success after it's over.

Just a case in point, one missionary that came from Salt Lake City had spent four years in the service. He was an outstanding young man, mature, more mature than nineteen-year-olds, which they're sending now. He had never really found himself, but he wanted to go on a mission, and accepted the call and came to the mission field. It was evident that he had leadership possibilities, so we put a lot of responsibility on him. And before he left, he was a counselor in the mission presidency, which had to do with the supervision of all the two hundred missionaries. This young man came home and entered the medical school at the University of Utah after he was honorably released, and then went to Baltimore, Maryland, where he specialized in neurosurgery, and now is the leading physician in Salt Lake City.

Another boy, a young chap from Logan, Utah, who came on a mission and was outstanding in leadership—he came back and entered the medical school at the University of Utah, and after he was graduated as a practicing physician, he went in the service and spent his time in the Orient. Then [he] came back and entered practice in California and is a very promising and an outstanding physician in California.

Those are just two in point. Another young man from Canada, who was an inveterate worker, just a self-motivated man,

came back and went back to Canada, and went from Canada to Australia, and made a lot of money in Australia in sales work, then came back to Canada, entered the insurance field and is highly successful.

Now, those three men are just typical of the leadership that is developed in the Mormon mission. Now, not all are leaders, some get homesick, and some don't fit into the work, and a few resign and come home, but they're very, very few. I think of all [the time] that I was there, only three left the mission field without filling their complete mission. I was there three and a half years, almost, and we had about two hundred missionaries (or more) all the time I was there.

And there's some sadness in missionary work, too. One boy, very promising young man from just below Provo, Utah, developed a cancer. We sent him home to Salt Lake City for observation, and they confirmed his problem, and he didn't live very long. But he was a very, very promising, wonderful young man. It's sad to see a man of that age, about twenty years of age, die of cancer before your very eyes. And some would get appendicitis and be in the hospital, and a dozen other things. But by and large, the great majority—the *great* majority of the young men and young women that were called on an LDS mission are stalwart defenders of the truth and very able young men and women.

The elderly couples were called to work among the congregations of the church. You start a small congregation and you proselyte, get new converts, and build 'em into a congregation, and when you get enough congregations, then you make them into a stake. From a branch, you go to a ward, and from a district, you go to a stake, and then you report directly to Salt Lake City. The four states that we were in charge of has now been divided into three missions.

We'd fly some from Atlanta to Miami, and Atlanta to Orlando, but ordinarily, we'd drive because we'd visit missionaries on the way, and stop at various points in the South. The district conference—all the missionaries in that district and then all of the members of the church in that district would gather together. Like we'd hold a conference in Moultrie, Georgia. And we'd have all day Saturday with the full-time missionaries, We'd hold from eight o'clock in the morning 'til about two o'clock in the afternoon, and then we'd release the missionaries from their responsibilities, and they'd have a diversion afternoon, and they'd play softball or touch ball or basketball, or whatever they'd like to do for recreation. Then Sunday, we'd start out at nine o'clock in the morning, and we'd hold a meeting from eight-thirty or nine 'til ten, and then we'd have a two-hour preaching service from ten 'til twelve. Then usually, all the members of the church would bring lunch. They'd spread the lunch on the grounds of the church property and have a period of an hour and a half or two hours for lunch and visiting, and then have another two-hour preaching service in the afternoon.

You've really never lived until you've feasted on a picnic in the South. The food is excellent, and every housewife wanted you to taste some special dish that she brought, and you just didn't have that much room. It was a rich and rewarding experience.

And you'd see people come into the church as converts from other denominations, and it'd take some time for them to fit into the doctrine and the procedures of the Mormon church. But they'd grow into very fine leadership. As a result of the proselyting, over many years, the church has grown now 'til there are many stakes in the four states, where there were only three or four stakes when we were there.

[Recently, there has been some attention given to the Mormon doctrine about Negroes. Would I like to comment about that in relation to our work in the South?]

As missionaries, we did no proselyting among the Negro race at all. If a Negro person wanted to join the church, they were perfectly at liberty to join, and we were very pleased to have them, but we did no proselyting among the colored race, the Negro race, at all. The Negro does not hold the priesthood in the Mormon church. And we had some members of the church who were colored people, very few.

We had a janitor of a courthouse down about mid-Georgia who was a very faithful member of the Mormon church. Of course, there was a law in Georgia where the whites and the coloreds couldn't worship together in church. But we'd go by and visit him all the time, the missionaries would. And his mother passed away. He called me on the phone and said he'd like to have a Mormon funeral. And I said, "Well, we could have a Mormon funeral. There's no problem with that."

And he said, "Well, you know how sticky it is, and how touchy it is."

And I said, "Well, that's the feeling of the Georgia people, but I don't have that feeling. And," I said, "I'll send a presiding officer that's near you to hold a service because you're under his jurisdiction. And I'll call him on the phone, and if he has any reluctance to go, or is busy and can't go, I'll come myself, although I have a conference scheduled. But I will come myself. I'll cancel all my appointments and come if he can't."

And I called the bishop of the Mormon church who was near to him, and he said there would be no problem at all. Not only would he go, but he'd take other members of the church with him, and music, and prayers, and all, and they'd give him a full-fledged Mormon funeral.

So while we don't do any proselytizing among the Negro race, there are Negroes who belong to the church, and they're treated just like anyone else in the church. But we do not, and did not, proselyte among them.

An interesting experience, though, in Georgia we had a colored staff. We had a colored lady who came and helped out in the home, and we had a colored gardener. The colored gardener's name was Oscar, and he'd been with the church about fifteen years. Oscar kept losing weight, and he'd have to sit down quite a bit. And he was working. I noticed it, and I became alarmed, and I said, "Oscar, what's the trouble? Are you dieting?"

And he said, "No, sir, Mr. Bunker. I don't feel good."

I said, "Well, why don't you go to the doctor?" So I made an appointment with the doctor and sent him to the doctor. And Oscar had cancer. But he—they couldn't—wouldn't let him in the hospital. They couldn't get him in the hospital. So I interceded with the officials of the hospital and got him in the hospital to get him attention. I'll always remember going to the hospital to meet Oscar. He was in a—oh, it was a ward where there were a good many colored people. Oscar was always so glad to see me, delighted to see me, and he'd introduced me to all of his friends. He was in comparatively good health—that is to say he could talk and visit, although he was getting worse along and along. I'd always leave him a little money and see that his wife was cared for.

But Oscar passed away. And his wife called me on the phone and said they were going to hold a funeral for Oscar at the large colored church where they attended. He was a fine man. And they wanted to know if I would say a few words at his funeral. And I said, "I'd be glad to."

So my wife and I and several missionaries went to the funeral, and when the time came, the minister asked if there was anybody in the audience that would like to say anything for Oscar. And his wife had told me that that's when I was to speak. So I stood up by the casket and told my feelings about Oscar. And then I went and visited his wife. We had a very, very fine relationship with many, many colored families in the South.

Do I think there is going to be a change in the granting of priesthoods to the blacks [by the Mormon church]? There is no change in the foreseeable future. It'd have to come by revelation. It cannot come from earthly sources. It'd have to come by divine revelation. And when that day comes—. 'Course, the day will come. The prophets have said the day will come, and the Negroes will hold the priesthood. And actually, we feel, and know, that we have more to offer the Negroes than any other denomination. But they can't see that, and consequently, we do no proselytizing among them, although there are members of the church who are of the Negro race, also in California and in Utah.

I remember sitting by a Negro, very fine Negro woman, in Washington, D. C., who was a member of the Mormon church. Sat in church by her, and she and I sang out of the same songbook. 'Course, it was a little different with me because I didn't have the prejudice of the Southern people. Some of the Southern people, the white people, were far too caustic in their comments on the colored people, I always thought. But that's the way it is, and that's the way we—we live by it.

[Do I think that this part of the doctrine is one reason why the Mormon church was so successful in the South?] No, no, not at all, I don't think. I think probably the Mormon church was successful in the South because

the people of the South were students of the Bible. And when we'd preach out of the Bible and quote the scriptures to them on various aspects of religion, why, they could readily determine. And while it wasn't a mass conversion, it was a conversion of sufficient numbers to cause organizations to be formed.

You see, the early proselyting in the South in the Mornon church was done by men walking in the country. And they'd preach wherever people'd let 'em, on the street, in the home, anyplace. There was very little house-to-house contact. Consequently, they had most of their congregations in the country, with country churches. And then when it changed—you know, people moving to the city—those people were still members of the church and were active. And that's how we were able to make congregations, because their children would still remain faithful to the church.

Southerners are a peculiar individual. They have a sense of loyalty that is refreshing to see. When they joined the church, usually they were steadfast members. I mean, if they were a Baptist, they were a good Baptist. That's what they were going to be. If they were a Mormon, they were a Mormon.

But we'd have a lot of persecution in the South, you know, in the early rise of the church. They were whipped; the missionaries were whipped, and they were chased. And one or two of them were killed, you know, were shot. Oh, yes, in north Georgia. I remember, 'cause—. One missionary was shot by a mob in north Georgia. And the church, years and years later, built a monument where he lost his life, by a spring.

And we had some diversion. We call the group of leaders to Atlanta and give them a[n] intensive indoctrination course on proselyting. And so it was—I'd never been

to this place, and none of the missionaries had, and so we took maps and found out where it was, and we took a picnic and drove to the place where this missionary was shot. I remember we assigned one of the missionaries to go back in the history and search the history. And he was to give the history at this monument. It was in a very peaceful valley with woods all around it, and the grass had grown up around it, although they kept it quite well.

And we went, and the atmosphere was there, and he gave this history of how this young missionary was shot by a mob. We were going to have a picnic, and just as he finished giving the history, why, the rains came, and we all had to get back in the cars. We went to a nearby school and asked the caretaker if we could have our lunch in the school. And he said, "Why, certainly, you can." And he opened the cafeteria for us, and there was about fifteen of us, and we went in and had our lunch.

But this young man was—was murdered, and his body lay there, and one of the missionaries disguised himself as a country farmer, dressed as a country farmer, went in, and reclaimed the body and brought it back out and shipped it to Utah for services.

So we didn't come by our strength in the South easy. It came hard by the two or three lives being lost. But we were well received. Oh, we had some doors slammed in our faces. That had happened in western America, you know, people just not interested. And that's understandable. They didn't like to be bothered, in the city, particularly; in the country, it was different. Mormon missionary work is hard work. It's not easy; it's hard.

When I was in the South in the early '30's, and then when I was in the South in the late '50's, the racial situation, as it is today,

was just not a part of our lives. I had a very, very traumatic experience in the South that would point up what was happening, and I never thought I'd come so close in contact with it. We were staying with a family in the country in south Georgia; we'd preach nearby. And then we never stayed in a home more than two nights because you wear out your welcome. We were there the first night, and there had been—supposedly—the rape of a white woman by a colored young man in the neighborhood—not near, but probably as close as three or four miles away. The neighborhood was very incensed, very indignant, and they were going to form a posse, which they did. They aid form a posse. And that night, before we retired, the head of the house said that they were going to form a posse, and he'd probably go on the posse to hunt this man down with the dogs.

And we counseled him. We stayed up late and told him that it was wrong, for him not to go, not to have anything to do with it. It was wrong. If the law had been broken, the law would have to take its course, not take the law in their own hands.

We were both restless and slept intermittently all night. And the next morning before daybreak, probably about four o'clock, here came a group of men to get our friend to go, and he went. Well, fortunately, there were others, and they had apprehended the man just about the time they came after him. Another group had apprehended the man in the swamps and had killed the colored boy, [the] colored man. That was such a horrifying experience to me. But you couldn't talk 'em out of it. You couldn't reason with them. [They'd] take the position of it was not a sin to kill a man who'd raped a woman (and, of course, it is, and was, and ever will be). But feelings run awfully high—did at that time.

And so some licks we brought on ourselves, you know, the whites did. It we'd've been more charitable and a little less snobbish in the early rise of our problems, we wouldn't be in the position we are today.

As far as the Mormon church is concerned, we have had no racial problems in the South whatsoever. I visit the South now. I visit eight cities in the South on church assignment, just part time. I go to Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas, from Tyler, Texas; Shreveport, Louisiana; Little Rock, Arkansas; Memphis, Tennessee; Nashville, Tennessee; and Louisville, Kentucky. In fact, I'm going to three Southern cities this weekend. But the church has no problem as far as the Negro problem, racial problem in the South. We get along very well with them. There's no persecution as far as the church is concerned.

But I—I still think—and I remember walking through the woods in the South as a young missionary, that the colored churches in the country, and the colored schools in the country were not what they should be. In many states, many areas, they were in general disrepair. They weren't on a par with the white schools or the white churches because the colored people were, by and large, sharecroppers.

When I was there as a young missionary, why, everything was done by mule team. It depended on how many acres you cultivated as to how many mules you had. But everything was done by mules. And when I went back later, in '55, everything was done by tractors. And everything was cotton and tobacco and corn and row crops. And when I went back in '55, people had moved to the cities, and what were on the farms were using tractors. And when I was there early in the '30's, there were very few cattle grown in the South, [or] raised in the South. And now, there's an abundance

of cattle grazed on Southern pasturelands because it's a fertile field. They don't have to irrigate. The rain in a good season irrigates it. They have to patch; they have to fertilize it a little. But it's changed entirely.

[When we left Las Vegas for this mission] our daughter, Anne, the youngest daughter, the one we [had] left, had an interesting comment. She was very antagonistic about going; she didn't want to leave. Her desire was to attend the Las Vegas high school. She'd lived for that, going through grade school, and she was going in; there was a lot of friends of hers that were going in. She said, "Well, I'll go if you'll do two things: one, if you'll get me a dog when we get to Atlanta; and the other, if you'll get a television."

So when we got to Atlanta, we got a television. And I'd never had the practice of buying a dog; somebody'd always given us one. We'd always had one—some very wonderful dogs. And when we left, we left a little dog with my brother. So she and I went out to the pound, the Atlanta pound, and we looked at a little cocker spaniel that somebody'd brought out. We took that dog home with us and became so attached to her that when we were released, honorably released, and we came home, we shipped the dog home by air. On the back of mission home, the church property, there were lots of pine tress, some oak and some pine. And the squirrels were just all over the place. They'd gather nuts and store them, and this little dog'd chase those squirrels, and she'd bounce up and down. She had the privilege of the mission home just like one of the family.

It was an ironic turn of events, but my release came in May, and our daughter was not to graduate until June in the high school in Decatur, Georgia (that's just a subsidiary of Atlanta). she'd been a very good student, and

we had about a month's time, and her teachers told her if she'd cram on her work and finish her work, they would certify her to the Las Vegas high school, and she could receive her diploma at the Las Vegas High School. So we left three weeks before she was to graduate (we couldn't just wait around three weeks in Atlanta for the graduation), and came home, and she received her certificate at the hands of the officials of the Las Vegas High School, but from the high school in Atlanta.

Then in the summertime, our daughter from the Brigham Young University would come home, and they'd travel with us to the conferences, my wife, myself, and the two girls. And they'd speak in church just like we would—not always, but they'd take their turns, which was good experience for them.

My wife was in charge of the Relief Societies (that's the women's organization of the church) . She had supervision of eighty-five Relief Societies, separate organizations, until twenty of them were organized into a stake. It was a rich and rewarding experience. All church callings, other than the general authorities of the church, are on a temporary basis. you're called, and you don't know how long you're going to be called for, but we stayed until we were honorably released, and another man and his wife were sent to replace us. [Then] we came back to Las Vegas and entered into our business activities in the Bunker Brothers mortuary.

POLITICAL LIFE: THE NEVADA LEGISLATURE, THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS, SOUTHERN NEVADA POLITICS

My induction into politics came about by the fact that I became interested in the Young Democrats, and was active in the Young Democrats Club of southern Nevada, and later became state president of the Young Democrats of the state. We had a very thriving Young Democratic Club in southern Nevada, and as a result of that, some of my friends (and I may have mentioned two or three of them) were instrumental in getting me to file. One was Al Cahlan, who was editor of the *Review-Journal*. And the other, one of my friends that helped me campaign, two of them—or three of them, were H. E. Hazard, who was advertising manager of the *Review-Journal*, and Roger Foley, Sr., who was a prominent attorney in town. They, together with John Cahlan and others, actually helped me in the campaign by taking me around and introducing me to various people. At that time, we'd go from the Moapa Valley to the Virgin Valley, to Sloan and to Arden and to Blue Diamond, and to every place else there was any votes, to Searchlight and Goodsprings, and we'd hold

meetings, and then we'd go from one place to another, asking people to vote for us.

The father of the Democratic party in southern Nevada for many, many years was Ed Clark. He had the prestige of the bank, and he was a very wealthy man. He subsidized the Democratic party; he paid the bills. While we were able to raise some money in the campaign, nevertheless, he was the backer of the Democratic party. And one of his protégés was Harley [A.] Harmon.

Harley Harmon was a very, very ardent Democrat. He was not a man of great education; he was a self-made man. He was elected district attorney; and he got a divorce for some wealthy man in the East, and the Republicans said that he was paid \$20,000, and built a new home, and they did everything they could to beat him. But Harley always got reelected, usually got reelected as district attorney. He was the type of an individual that would work all day in the courtroom and then, even if he wasn't running for office, he'd go and speak for the party, regardless. Any

candidate that was on the Democratic ticket, Harley would go and speak. And Harley was a good speaker. He was a convincer.

And then there came into being men like Archie Grant, who was the Ford dealer, and who was a man of means, and very active in the Democratic party. And Dr. J. D. Smith was very active in the party. He was a man of substance and a dentist, and both these men could speak. Dr. Smith and Archie Grant were both able to defend their position.

Then labor was fairly well represented. Art Phillips was an engineman over on the railroad. He had the respect of the Union Pacific men. And I remember one time we Young Democrats were going to oust the chairman of the Democratic party, and we were going to elect Art Phillips as chairman of the central committee. We had the votes, and we had 'em beat. But they outfoxed us. They were smarter than we were. They put in ten committeemen at large. And they named the members at large. And that's what beat us. It was a bitter contest, believe me! Ed Clark got quite exercised about it, and so did Al Cahlan, and Archie Grant, and Doc Smith. They all got very upset about it. But we'd've beat 'em if they hadn't outfoxed us. I never did think that what they did was within the law, or kosher. But they did it, and got away with it. And so, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, and we just got in and everybody worked for the party.

These men were public-spirited individuals. Archie Grant was a very fine citizen, a very high type citizen. I suppose the worst thing Archie Grant ever did was smoke a cigarette, and he smoked a cigarette like a cub bear. He had the least finesse in smoking than any man I ever saw. I used to kid him about it. He'd smoke for a while and then he'd quit for a while. It was nothing in his life. But he was a very aggressive, chamber-of-commerce-type of man. lie ran for governor, you know,

against Harley Harmon, and it caused a terribly bitter split in the Democratic ranks because Harley and his followers didn't think that Archie should've run. And Archie was the type of man that wasn't goin' to be denied the opportunity to run for governor. And he did. He was president of the chamber of commerce, one of the best chanter presidents the city has ever had, very aggressive. And, of course, he proved himself in later years as a member of the Board of Regents of the university. But he was that type of man. He was just twenty times more aggressive in his younger days than he was as a regent of the university, all because of his age.

Bob Moore was a very prominent Democrat. H. E. Hazard was a very prominent Democrat. Al Cahlan was a very prominent Democrat. Al Cahlan served in the legislature; Bob Moore served in the legislature. James Farndale was a member of organized labor and a very ethical, honest, honorable individual. He could speak; he wasn't an orator, but he could handle himself well. He represented labor and represented it well.

Another man was quite influential in politics—maybe not as influential as he was vocal—and that was Ragnald Fyhen. Ragnald Fyhen was head of the labor council here for some years in the early days of political activity, and he wielded some influence in the political affairs of the area.

Roger Foley [Sr.] was a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. I remember going to the Democratic convention in Lovelock. McCarran had something he wanted to put over in the convention, and Foley didn't agree with him. Foley was right in this instance. And McCarran sent word to Foley, what he wanted him to do, and in the terms of a[n] able Irish tongue, Foley told McCarran and his henchmen they could just plain go to hell. That's the type of man he was. You always

knew where he stood, but he was a very, very ardent Democrat, Roger Foley was, and would work for the party. It wouldn't make any difference whether he was a candidate or not, you know.

An interesting election—Roger Foley ran for district judge. And George Marshall ran for district judge. George Marshall was the justice of the peace. The justice of the peace made considerable money by marriages, and George was a man that believed in share and share alike. So he'd invite the justice of the peace from these small towns to come in and marry for him over the weekend while George was away. And as a result, he ingratiated himself into these peoples' lives, you know. And so when it came time to run for judge, he ran on the county-wide ticket. He had ingratiated himself so that even Democrats who should've been for Foley for judge voted for Marshall. And Marshall won.

Now, I remember we were standing on my service station at Fifth and Fremont one day, and Foley was there, and we had invited George Perkins, the justice of the peace from Overton, to go to Searchlight and work for the party, to get votes for the Democratic party. We were paying him. George wasn't a candidate. And George came in, and I gave him the money, told him what we wanted him to do. And he said to me, "Now," he said, "Tell work for every Democrat but Foley." He said, "I'm committed to Marshall."

And I said, "George, you're a Democrat."

He said "I can't help it, Berkeley. Marshall has been too good to me." He said, "I've made money, been able to help my family, because he's invited me in here to be judge."

I went back and told Judge Foley. I said, "He'll work for everybody but you because Marshall has ingratiated himself."

Of course, Judge Foley couldn't understand that, and he got vexed about it. I worked for

Foley and voted for Foley, and I know the Marshalls prevailed on my brother to vote for George because of some family problems that the Marshalls had.

George Marshall is a very able man. And Frances Marshall, his wife, was probably one of the most astute politicians that ever came to southern Nevada. Frances Marshall was a very brilliant woman. They have four sons; three of 'em are outstanding young men, and one of 'em was incapacitated and died in his teens. They wouldn't put him in an institution; they took care of him themselves. You had to admire 'em for that. They kept him in their own home and cared for him tenderly. Through sympathy,. my brother voted for George because of this. Foley knew that.

But Foley, Judge Foley and his family became very vexed at me because they said that I, myself, and the Mormons were responsible for their being defeated. And for years and years, Judge Foley wouldn't even speak to me. I remember walking up Fremont Street, and Judge Foley and Charlie Pipkin were standing in front of the Golden Nugget one evening after the election was over. I walked up and spoke to 'em, and Charlie Pipkin spoke to me, and Judge Foley wouldn't speak.

Now, I was innocent of that. I voted for him and worked for him, but he was defeated, and it was a bitter blow, a real bitter blow. Judge Foley was a good judge, but he had a happy faculty of making enemies. He made enemies as district attorney because he was a tough prosecutor. He was a very able man, a very able attorney, and a good district attorney, and a good judge, but he just didn't gather people around him. George Marshall was a very personable man, and he just spread his money around far enough in a small county to be elected. And that's what happened.

Some of the interesting sidelights in politics in southern Nevada—you'd have to live this to appreciate it. Charles W. Pipkin, a real estate and insurance man in southern Nevada, had a great influence in southern Nevada politics. Charles Pipkin was a very astute politician. He ran for office. He couldn't be elected. But he could write some of the most biting ads that you ever read in your life! He was a master with a pen. And you could employ Charlie's services. If you wanted to defeat somebody, you'd get Charlie to take after 'em, and that's exactly what he did. He took after some very prominent people. He had a compatriot by the name of Smith. He always called him "Hamburger" Smith. They were a team, believe me; they were a team.

Hamburger Smith was the head of the Teamsters Union when I ran for the Senate, and they were bringing Pete Moss out of Death Valley, and he was head of the Teamsters Union here. He was helping me in the campaign, and he and Pipkin worked together then. Later, they teamed up together. No political history of southern Nevada could be complete without mentioning these two individuals. They were characters—real characters. If they were against you, they could write some things that would cost you a lot of votes. There's no question about that.

Kell Houssels, Sr. was a very prominent Democrat, [a] very active Democrat. He always espoused good causes.

NEVADA LEGISLATURE

While working in the service station, I was prevailed on to run for the state legislature, so I ran for the assembly. I remember that was the year Franklin D. Roosevelt ran, and that year I received more votes than he did, and he was a very popular candidate. By that time, I

had no enemies. That didn't prove to be true after my first stint in the legislature.

I went to the legislature, and Bill Kennett, the owner of the Mizpah Hotel in Tonopah, Nevada, was the speaker of the assembly. Bill Kennett was a very astute man. He was crippled, couldn't get around (he walked with crutches), but he was a very fine speaker of the assembly. And he was sufficiently gracious to appoint me chairman of the ways and means committee of the assembly. Three of my grandparents, having been born and reared in Scotland, and my grandfather coming from New England, gave me a rather conservative bent in life.

I remember distinctly during my stay in the legislature that I had the experience of some very, very fine men. George Hussman was a tower of strength. He was a Republican from Gardnerville-Minden area, but had been on the ways and means committee for a long time and was of great strength to me. Charles Boak, who had a world of education, very fine, cultured man from Tonopah, had the unfortunate drawback of stuttering, and it was hard for him to speak. But Charles Boak was a very astute man, and he helped me immeasurably. Mr. Davidson, a man of, I think, Italian descent from Elko County, was a very fine rancher and an excellent help. Walter Baring, present congressman, was also a member of the committee. Our friendship had started years before in the Young Democrats, but I'll always remember Walter Baring as being a very outstanding member of the ways and means committee of the assembly, notwithstanding the fact that both he and I had had very little experience in state or government finance. Sanford Bunce, who was an attorney from Lovelock who later became district attorney, was also a member of the committee; so also was Phil Dolan, a

newspaperman from Caliente. Mr. Agee, a very fine rancher who had a keen, sensitive grasp pf state finances, was a member of the committee. But Mr. Agee and Senator Wadsworth were sent to Washington to try to get money from the federal government, and he wasn't with us during all the session.

I remember distinctly during this session that it had been the practice over the years for members of the legislature to charge the state for travel either through Los Angeles or Salt Lake City. And there cane a controversy, and Attorney General Gray Mashburn took issue with us on this, that since we drove up, the roads being better now (there was a time when the members of the legislature actually went through Salt Lake City or Los Angeles by train, but now that the roads were better we drove), he thought we ought to change this. Now, I don't remember whether they paid us our fare that year to Salt Lake City and Los Angeles or not, but they never paid it again because we wrote it into the rules of the legislature, or the law, that from then on, we were to receive it by the actual miles we traveled.

We had some [other] problems in the legislature while I was there the first time. I remember we came under the scrutiny of the legislature to investigate the orphan's home. While I don't remember all the particulars, it took some time of the legislature. I remember we voted to liberalize the divorce laws, and Governor Kirman vetoed the bill. There was a movement on foot to get rid of Robert A. Allen, the state highway engineer, and to revamp the Colorado River Commission. And this was the year that we passed the old age assistance—.

I think I might go into a little bit of detail [about the state highway engineer] because—well, Robert A. Allen was a very controversial

figure. His personality was almost negative, but his integrity abounded unlimited. People didn't appreciate Bob Allen because they couldn't push him around. He was not an astute politician, but Bob had University friends throughout the state that stood by him. He was a man of great integrity, and it was almost impossible to unlodge him from this position of state highway engineer. I had a great respect for Bob Allen while he was in state office and out of state office. I lost track of him, and the last time I saw Bob Allen was when he was in the El Cortez Hotel in Reno. He'd had a stroke and was rather feeble, and I thought it was such a sad commentary on a man of great character that he would find his declining years in such poor health. I remember we tried to get several jobs in the state highway department. There were just more people wanting jobs than there were jobs to be had. And while Mr. Allen was very firm, he was very, very fair. I had a great respect for him and think he was one of the outstanding citizens in the state of Nevada as far as integrity was concerned. And one of the features of the Allen administration was that he took so many young men and put them in key positions and taught them the highway work, either engineering or in other aspects.

Bernard Hartung was his secretary, and Bernie was as eager and anxious as Mr. Allen was conservative, and while they made a fairly good team, there were those whod take violent exceptions to Mr. Hartung, and as a result, he was— eventually lost his position in the highway department. I liked Bernie Hartung, and I also had a great respect and affection for Robert A. Allen.

About this juncture in my life, Pete Petersen, the former postmaster in Reno, came onto the political scene. I remember meeting Pete in the Apache Bar in the Apache

Hotel in Las Vegas. And he unveiled to myself and others the old age assistance act and the unemployment insurance act. While I didn't appreciate them fully then, nor did I fully understand them, I have grown to become more appreciat[ive] of their worth over the years.

This session of the legislature proved to be very interesting. Leonard Arnett was the mayor of Las Vegas. He was a very personable individual, had a tremendous following. He owned a drugstore on Fremont Street (where the Golden Nugget is now), and was elected on the municipal power issue. That is to say that the people in Las Vegas felt that the Southern Nevada Power Company were overcharging them, and they wanted municipal power—that is, the city—to take over the power. And they introduced a bill in the legislature for the city to take over the power. The labor unions and the rail unions had taken a strong position in favor of the municipal power. The power company was owned by Ed W. Clark of the First State Bank, Cyril Wengert of the First State Bank, Leland Ronnow of the First State Bank, and Sam Lawson, who ran the power company and the telephone company, and probably others.

The proposition of voting to make it municipal power came before the legislature. My colleague in the legislature was one Pat Dine, a very astute, knowledgeable legislator who had had sufficient experience in world affairs and business and government that he was better than a fair hand at legislation. Another very fine, reputable man was James Farndale, who represented labor. James Farndale was for municipal power, and so, also, was Pat Cline. Mr. Farndale was a man of great integrity. The fact that he was for municipal power didn't make him any less reputable than if he were not. The fourth member of our delegation was Robert T.

Moore. Bob Moore was a Southern man who came to Nevada and had made some considerable money, not rich, but had done quite well. He was a protégé, so to speak, of Ed W. Clark, president of the power company. And I remember distinctly that Bob Moore came to the legislature in a brand new Buick. And he didn't have enough money at that time to buy a brand new Buick, but he bought it anyway, on time, and I think, and always felt, that Ed W. Clark had kind of subsidized Bob's extravagance. Anyway, Bob was very free with his car, and he'd won a lot of friends, and was a very brilliant and astute legislator.

Came to the vote, and I was skeptical of the motives of some of the people behind the municipal power. Bob Moore was against municipal power, and I voted against; and Pat Cline and Jim Farndale voted for. And as a result, when our delegation split on a proposition of their own county, the other members of the legislature were not inclined to vote for it, so the bill lost. And that was the cause of my losing many, many friends in southern Nevada. Some people grew so bitter over that that they didn't speak to me from that day 'til the day they died. And one will never know whether municipal power would have been a good thing for the community or not. Needless to say now, it did not come into being.

I think a word here should be said for and in behalf of Richard Kirman, [then] governor of the state of Nevada. Richard Kirman was probably as ethical a man as ever sat in the governor's chair in the state of Nevada. He was a banker, conservative, charming, shy, reserved, but a very, very delightful individual. He was not governor because he wanted to be governor; he was governor because his friends had talked him into running, and he was elected. But he was a very excellent governor, and I enjoyed my association with Governor

Kirman immensely. And he taught me many, many things about finance.

It might be pointed out here that the governor said on one occasion to me that the school people wanted more money than any other group in the state, and knew less how to spend it than anyone else. I suppose that's been a controversy from that day 'til this, and will continue to be so. But bankers are conservative, and I could understand his viewpoint full well. Nevertheless, he was one of the great products of this state, Richard Kirman, governor of the state of Nevada.

I returned to Las Vegas after the session and took up my labors in the service station, and I remember distinctly that while away, I left my affairs in the hands of Leon Carlsen and L. E. Anderson, "Andy" Anderson. Andy Anderson was a tire man. Leon Carlsen lost his life in an unfortunate hunting accident. But Andy Anderson is now one of the leading citizens of southern Nevada, a warm personal friend, a man of great intellect and fine grasp of business affairs.

The first time I ran for office, there was very little opposition. No one had anything against me. The second time I ran for office was after the municipal power issue had been settled in the assembly. The first time, I led the ticket, and the second time, I was not quite so popular.

I've mentioned previously those that were with me in the first session of the legislature. The second session of the legislature, when I ran for speaker, my associates were H. E. "Hap" Hazard, and the Reverend Charles Sloan, a Baptist minister, and Tom Carroll, who was a prominent real estate man in town.

I might mention that my first session, having won by such a wide majority, had given me some prestige as a new member of the assembly. And our group had pledged to vote for Bill Kennett for speaker. Bob

Moore was running for speaker, but he didn't have a chance to win, and it was just more of a bargaining position for a committee appointment. And so our group voted for Bill Kennett, and as a result of that, Mr. Kennett appointed me as chairman of the ways and means committee, which is the finance committee of the assembly.

I worked very seriously on this committee. There'd been some considerable money reposing in the general fund of the state, more than we thought was necessary, and so we took some of that money and spent it. We lowered the tax rate for the first time in the history of the state of Nevada for many, many years. I remember the *Gazette*—the ardent Republican, Mr. Graham Sanford, was a very dear friend of mine, and while he was an ardent Republican and couldn't see much good in the Democrats, he gave us a very fine editorial because we were able to lower the tax rate in the state.

In the second session of the legislature—at that day and time I was a very restless individual, and I wanted to do things yesterday. And when I came back, I thought the assembly was not as well organized as it might be, and I thought that our goal should be [to] close the session in sixty days, which hadn't been done for many, many years. Some of the activities and antics in this session were not quite to my liking (there was some frivolity) and so I concluded to make a race for speaker against Mr. Kennett. And it was a tough, tough race. Bill Kennett was a man of ability and had a considerable following. I remember we were tied for votes up 'til the night before we were to vote. The Elko delegation hadn't arrived, and there were two very fine men from the Elko delegation that I had to get to win. I made an appointment to visit them in their room in the Golden Hotel in Reno. And we discussed the issues, and I told 'em just where

I stand, why I was running for speaker. One of these men was Ted McCuiston, who is a very prominent real estate executive in southern Nevada now, and who later became speaker of the house in his own right. And the other was Mr. McElroy. Mr. McCuiston and Mr. McElroy, after some persuasion on my part, concluded they would vote for me, and that gave me enough votes to win.

I distinctly remember when we went to the caucus the next day, that one of my friends from Fallon came to me, and he said, "Well, I'm sorry you're going to lose because I'm going to nominate Bill Kennett." I didn't tell him that we had enough votes to win, that he was just wasting his time. But we did, and I won, by two or three votes, and it was quite a shock to those that supported Mr. Kennett.

But Mr. Kennett was a realistic man, and he knew that I meant business about running. While he wanted to win, he knew when he lost that the only thing to do is to get into line. And I had no feeling of recrimination at all, or vindictiveness, and I appointed Mr. Kennett as chairman of the judiciary committee. He was not a lawyer, but he was a very, very fine student. He performed yeoman service as chairman of the judiciary committee, and wrote a very splendid record in the legislature that session.

The session was not all—was not easy, either—but we were able to close the session in sixty days, the first time it had been done in many, many years, because we worked early and late. And we had very, very excellent chairmen of committees. One of the outstanding men of the legislature the year I was speaker was Robbins Cahill. Robbins Cahill was chairman of the ways and means committee. He was a garage mechanic, owned a garage, and ran a garage in Sparks, Nevada. Now, I remember when I ran for speaker and

I went over to Bob and sat in the back seat of a car in his garage and got his commitment to vote for me for speaker. Me were members of the Young Democrats in the state, and we knew each other very well. I appointed Bob Cahill as chairman of the ways and means committee, and from that appointment, Bob Cahill went on to work with the tax division in the state, and later became the gambling control board chairman. [He] came to Las Vegas and was manager of the county, county manager, and presently holds a very responsible position with the Resort Hotel Association. Our friendship has been very warm over the years.

And Mr. McCuiston, Ted McCuiston, played a very important part in the legislature. He was a very studious and very hard-working man. [Laughing] I remember distinctly that Mr. Carroll, Tom Carroll, introduced a bill to put a lottery in Nevada. And it was nip and tuck. I was opposed to the lottery; t thought we had enough gambling. Mr. Carroll was very favorable to it. I remember we defeated it in the assembly, but they revived it in the senate, and passed it in the senate, and sent it back over to us. I was speaker of the house, and I remember distinctly the consternation I had about receiving that bill back in the house because it had been defeated once, and they held that this wasn't the same bill (but actually, it was). When they presented it to the bar of the assembly after passing it in the senate (just more to embarrass [us] who'd voted against it), we took a vote on whether we would accept it or not. I had enough friends on the floor of the assembly (who were against it) to oppose it, and we refused to receive it, and the lottery bill died a slow and an agonizing death. And it's never been passed since. I know it was a keen disappointment to Mr. Carroll because he felt that it would raise a lot of taxes for the state.

But we had some problems in the legislature. It wasn't all easy. We had an investigation of the University of Nevada. Ray Germain from Tonopah was a member of the legislature, and Johnny Oldham from Elko was a member of the legislature, and all took a very, very active part. As I recall, Ray Germain was in the thick of the investigation of the University. Ralph Lattin was a member of the legislature, and he was a very vocal and a very dynamic individual. [Laughing] He played a tremendous part in the legislature that—that session.

LOBBYISTS IN NEVADA'S LEGISLATURE

The main lobbyists in the Nevada state legislature that I recall in the early days were Mr. Slater, who was an attorney for the Southern Pacific Railroad. He was a very astute lobbyist, [and] he'd been there so long that he knew his way around. He knew more about the legislature than the members of the legislature did.

And then Ray Marks was a very, very personable individual, very—. His wife was very personable, too. They were not shovey, but they'd ingratiate themselves because of their social activities, and they were just good, very good company. But if you wanted to be elected, you had to be awfully careful to find yourself in company with the Southern Pacific lobbyists because they were so powerful, so very, very powerful.

The brotherhoods had their lobbyists there, too. They were watching every move you made. But the Southern Pacific was always interested in their tax structure, protecting the interests of the Southern Pacific. They were probably as well informed lobbyists that there was in the legislature at that time.

Of course, Johnny Mueller was a lobbyist, but he spent all his time in the senate. He never

bothered the assembly much because he had friends in the senate. I don't know that you can class Johnny Mueller as a—you know—as an underhanded lobbyist. He was representing the interests of the financial interests, like the banks and the power companies and the mining companies, and when the chips were down, he had enough votes in the senate to protect their interests, but not to the detriment of the state, I don't think. He was very knowledgeable, and so also was Mr. Slater and Mr. Marks. But theirs was a specialty.

And, of course, organized labor had their lobbyist..

And the college, the University of Nevada, always had their people. They'd send the students over. And the students, you know, would wait on the legislators, and they were pretty well informed, too. This university, as all schools are, never have more money than they need. They always need a little more money. And as a result, the schools were there. The university was always there. Their officials would come, and so also would the students come, and they presented their case very well.

Of course, the legislature was always a thorn in the side of the chain stores. They was always going to put in a bill to tax the chain stores. And I remember one individual in the assembly who was as smart as a whip. He was a very knowledgeable man. He'd introduce a bill to tax the chain stores, Safeways, and all the rest, and it'd just scare 'em to death. And they'd send their people there to kill the bill. Well, they didn't have any trouble killin' the bill. All they had to do was to come up with a hundred- or ten hundred-dollar greenbacks, and they could kill the bill.

I remember this individual coming to the floor one day. always smoked a pipe, and he always had a can of very fine pipe tobacco on his desk. And anybody that smoked a pipe was always welcome to come over and

help themselves out of his tobacco can. I was young, and he—he'd been around. He knew his way. He always called me "kid." He said, "Hey, kid, look at this." And he whipped out of his pocket and counted ten one hundred-dollar bills. Well, one hundred-dollar bills didn't grow on trees in my life, you know. That was a lot of money in those days. But that was just one of the many things he did. I don't think he got a thousand dollars out of every one. Some may have got more, and some may have got less. But he was a sharpie. There's no question about that in my mind.

The ones who lobbied for the constitutional amendment that there would be no inheritance tax? As I recall, that bill came out of Thatcher and Woodburn's office. I remember we had a slogan, "No tax, no extra taxes." And I remember distinctly that it was—there's no question but what it was a rich man's bill—it didn't affect the average man. I can't remember who was big gun for it. Must've been Johnny Mueller. I'm sure it was Johnny Mueller that put that over, as I recall now. Because I remember going to Thatcher and Woodburn's office with Johnny on that, and them explaining it to me so that I'd know, so I wouldn't be against it. But I—no, I don't know the bill.

* * * * *

Governor Kirman did not choose to run [again]. Mrs. Kirman was not well. I don't think she ever enjoyed living in the mansion. I think when Governor Kirman retired as a banker, she wanted to retire, also. She was not a socialite by any means, very gracious, very charming, and a very wonderful woman, but she just was not well enough to be—match the social activities of the chief executive of the state. So Governor Kirman made an announcement that he would not seek

reelection, as I recall. E. P. "Ted" Carville, as he was known, had been United States Attorney. And Harley [A.] Harmon had opposed Governor Kirman for the office of governor and had been defeated. When Governor Kirman chose not to run, then Mr. Harmon again filed for governor.

During this time, there had been a group of young men gathered together over the state who wanted to take an active part in politics. They were headed by Bill Maher from Reno. Bill Maher was a ex-Marine and who had done some professional boxing. He was well-known; he was a member of the state police. And through his efforts, he gathered together a group of men, young men, three or four in every community almost. We used to meet together quite regularly. And Tom Craven, who is Judge Craven now in Reno, was active in our group. There was a division in the group, known as the highway group, with Bernie Hartung, and the other group was known as the Thatcher and Woodburn group with Jack Halley and Malcolm McEachin, who later became secretary of state. Out of this group came some young men who were very close to Judge Carville. Judge Carville'd been instrumental as the United States Attorney in bringing to trial and conviction McKay and Graham of the Bank Club in Reno, and as a result, had gained statewide stature. Tom Craven was his deputy. Tom was very close to me, and when Judge Carville filed, it pulled in back of him this group of young men who had been very close to him. It was a bitter decision for me to make, because my father had been an ardent supporter of Harley Harmon all these years, and still was, and my family, my brother was always for Mr. Harmon. But I was in a different group. And I didn't think Mr. Harmon could make it because he'd been defeated once, and at that time it was very difficult for a southern Nevada man to be

elected. It was almost impossible because of the northern area's outnumbering us. So I was Mr. Carville's campaign manager in southern Nevada. And I was running for office myself, so I had a double burden.

Mr. Carville gave me three hundred dollars, a check for three hundred dollars. I took that three hundred dollars and spent it as best I could. And when the votes were counted, Mr. Carville was elected governor. He was governor, and I was speaker. And we worked very close together in the legislature, as did Governor Kirman and myself, although I was never quite as close to Governor Kirman as I was to Governor Carville because Governor Carville was much more of a warm nature than Governor Kirman was. When Governor Kirman came into the office, he had a male secretary that was very protective. And it wasn't easy to get to Governor Kirman. But then, I wasn't as knowledgeable in my first session of the legislature as I was in the second session of the legislature.

The second session of the legislature had some legislation on the minimum wage law. And also, I remember in one session we had some problems with the National Guard. The labor movement was opposed to the National Guard for fear they'd be used to break strikes. And I couldn't feel that they would do that, so I favored the National Guard. When it came time to vote on the minimum wage, as speaker of the house, I didn't vote, because oftentimes we passed our votes more often than not. And I had some criticism. So when it came back up for reconsideration, I voted for the reconsideration; [that] was tantamount to voting for the bill. But I received some criticism because of that.

Along about this time, Senator Pat McCarran had attained a statewide stature in politics, and he had been able to mold together a very formidable organization. Whatever

might be said of Senator Pat McCarran, it must be said of him that he was an astute, farsighted political figure. He was brilliant, a very brilliant legislator, a very brilliant attorney, a very able judge. But he could see way down the road. And like most of all politicians, his foresight was more particularly geared to Senator McCarran than it was to anybody else. He had been instrumental in getting Governor Carville appointed as a United States Attorney. They were very close together, and he was instrumental in the election behind the scenes, and sometimes right out in the open, of Governor Carville.

The group that was together, known as the Young Democrats, in this particular faction, was beholden largely to Senator McCarran; so also was Governor Carville. And so when Governor Carville was elected, Senator McCarran and he were very, very close. Senator McCarran was a very domineering individual—that is, maybe not so domineering as he was forceful, and he had some ideas. And when you crossed him on those ideas, then you felt his wrath. When Governor Carville did not appoint all the men that Senator McCarran felt he should in the state, there became a breach between them, which was as severe, or more severe, on Senator McCarran's part as it was friendly previously.

The Thatcher-Woodburn group were very formidable. Mr. George Thatcher and Mr. [William] Woodburn had a very thriving law practice, and they had a great deal of influence in the state. They were the backbone of the Pittman organization for years, and their influence was deep-rooted and well financed. They were in one faction of the Democratic party, and McCarran and Carville was in the other faction of the Democratic party. Their struggle for power was real and deep seated. And Senator McCarran was probably as responsible for getting the group, [the] young

men, together, as was any other individual in the state. And he, over the years, molded together an organization that was almost unbeatable in the state.

The congressman at this time [while I was in the state legislature] was James G. Scrugham, a very personable individual. Mr. Scrugham had been in Congress sufficiently long to build up a seniority on the ways and means committee, or the appropriations committee of Congress, that gave him a great deal of prestige and power in Washington, D. C. Mr. Scrugham had been governor of the state, state engineer, and had a wide acquaintance throughout the state. He was a man on the move, and about this time, the Townsend Plan of two hundred a month came into being. And Harry Austin, a prominent attorney from southern Nevada, opposed Scrugham on one occasion, and he sponsored the Townsend Plan, and it was felt that this would catch fire and defeat Congressman Scrugham. But that was not the case. He was a man who had a tremendous following, and he was elected and reelected as long as he wanted to seek office.

He and Senator McCarran were fairly friendly for a time, but Senator McCarran just didn't have a happy faculty of getting along with people unless they would agree with him. He and Pittman were never close in the Senate. I think on one occasion when McCarran was elected, Ed Clark had to intercede with Pittman *and* McCarran (he was very close friends to both of 'em), had to intercede with both of 'em to get them to walk down the aisle in the Senate together to the speaker's rostrum to be sworn in, in the United States Senate, they were such bitter enemies. And Scrugham and McCarran were not particularly friendly in Washington.

I remember a Nevada Day celebration. We had a Nevada organization, as they

always have, and I remember McCarran and Scrugham came to the party separately, and they had a[n] altercation at the party that was unbecoming [to] both of them, and it widened a breach that was almost irreparable. But, of course, there's an old saying in politics—and it's true, so very true—that politics makes strange bedfellows. And a man might be your bitterest enemy in one election, but the next election he might be for you.

Scrugham's organization fell more into the veterans groups and individuals, mom [Thomas W.] Miller, who has been Mr. American Legion of the state of Nevada from its very inception, was Mr. Scrugham's right-hand man in the state. Tom was head of the CC camps, and always had a very fine government position. Tom had been in Congress and knew his way around, and he knew how to organize. And then Scrugham always had the backing of the Thatcher-Woodburn group for Congress. He was a formidable candidate. But he was very active in veterans' affairs. And I remember when the war broke out that Scrugham toured the state in a lieutenant colonel's uniform, and was given the privilege because he was a reserve officer in the service, which gave him considerable prestige in the state.

But when it came to being real astute in the larger aspect of politics, on international affairs, and on legal aspect of legislation, McCarran was much more astute than Scrugham. Scrugham was a man who did a lot for the state on appropriations, and I suppose that was his responsibility, more particularly in the House. But McCarran did that, but he also had a very fine grasp of international affairs.

Pittman was a statesman, an international statesman, used to be chairman of the foreign relations committee of the Senate, and president pro tern, very well thought of

in the Senate, had a very fine bearing, a very good public speaker, but was reserved and aloof. Senator Pittman, of course, is as well-known—while we speak respectfully of the dead, [he] had a habit of drinking to excess on occasions. He wasn't a drunkard by any means, but he did, on occasions, drink to excess. But that didn't impair his prestige in the Senate, and he was considered to be one of the outstanding international affairs Senators in the Senate at the time of his death.

But McCarran was a very astute, farsighted politician. It's the first rule of politics to take care of yourself, and that's exactly what Mr. McCarran did. He—or, Judge McCarran, or Senator McCarran did. He molded together an organization that would live and die for him. Some of his strongest supporters in southern Nevada were men like Al Cahlan, who had the newspaper; A. C. Grant, who was very influential; Dr. J. D. Smith, who had, and still does have, considerable influence, and others that would live and die for Pat McCarran. And he had Joe McDonald, who was a newspaperman in the *Journal* in Reno, that was a strong McCarran supporter, as was Chris Sheerin out in Elko, and Ray Germain in Tonopah. McCarran always had a few gadflies, like Denver Dickerson in Carson City, [who] used to take after McCarran. And, of course, Senator Pittman's brother, Vail Pittman, owned the paper in Ely. Vail Pittman was not a vindictive man. He was fair, and while he was not afraid to take a position, he never would take a position against a politician just because he didn't like them personally. It was more of a principle than anything else.

It couldn't be said of Scrugham that he operated on a low plane, because he didn't. He was more of a mixer in a crowd than McCarran. McCarran was—he looked every inch a Senator. He was large of stature, had flowing gray hair; he had a flowery oratory

that was compelling. His voice was high pitched; it didn't come over radio well, but he could sway a crowd without any problem.

Scrugham carried his chin on his chest and spoke in a low voice, and was not at all a good public speaker. But he had that happy faculty of—once he was off the platform, he knew everybody by name and character. And he got right down among them and spoke to them without them coming to speak to him,

Senator McCarran molded together a very fine organization. To begin with, Senator McCarran was a wise man in choosing his assistants. He first chose Hazel Reed as his secretary. And Hazel Reed had the personal charm of royalty—and she was a genius. She had an intellect like a Swiss watch. But Hazel married and moved to Reno and left the Senator, and I think it was quite a blow to the Senator. I don't think he wanted to lose her because of her astute abilities as a secretary. She knew Washington well.

I remember being in his office one time in Reno with Archie Grant and Al Cahlan. We went over to his office, and we were talking about the campaign (it was over, and he'd won), and we had a project that we were particularly interested in. I don't just remember what it was, but we asked him about it. He was very affable, very friendly, (but) he said, "Well, I don't have that information right with me. But," he said, "Hazel'll have it." He buzzed and told that girl what he wanted, and she wasn't gone five minutes, and came back. When she left the room, he made this comment, he said, "That girl's a genius!" He said, "I never ask her to find anything she couldn't lay her finger on." Well, she left, but she always was on hand for the campaign.

But Senator McCarran was wise in the selection of her successor. Eva Adams taught school in Las Vegas. She lived at the Schuyler home. (Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler were the

parents of Al Cahlan's wife, Ruth Schuyler Cahlan.) And my brother lived right next door to the Schuylers. So when I came home from my mission, I met Eva Adams and Nevada Pedroli [Wheeler]. Nevada Pedroli [also] was a teacher here. They invited me to two or three of their socials. I became quite well acquainted and had a great affection for Eva Adams. She later left and went back to Reno, and Senator McCarran hired Eva Adams as his administrative assistant.

Miss Adams was a student. She not only took care of the office of Senator McCarran very well, but she studied and became a very, very powerful influence in Washington while the Senator was alive, because of *his* tremendous influence, and then even after he passed away. She became secretary of the Mint.

There came up an association, an interesting association, between Senator Pat McCarran, Norman Biltz, and Eva Adams. Senator McCarran had a rather serious campaign. And they set up headquarters in a building that Norman Biltz owned. It was downtown Reno, just a half a block from the Golden Hotel. I think it was on the third floor. And Norman Biltz almost took over the campaign of Senator McCarran and ran it.

Norman Biltz had been interested in politics. I had felt his wrath on several occasions when I had run for office, and he had been my benefactor. He and Johnny Mueller were very close friends and partners. And Johnny Mueller was the lobbyist who virtually controlled the senate for many years. He worked out of the Thatcher-Woodburn office in Reno, and he represented—they represented most of the great institutions in Nevada, the mining institutions.

But Norman Biltz virtually took over McCarran's campaign. And Eva Adams worked out of the offices, of course. But there

grew to be a very warm relationship between Norman Biltz and Pat McCarran, Senator McCarran. Mr. Biltz was a very wealthy man and a very astute man. He knew Nevada. Particularly, he knew Washoe County and the areas around Washoe County, and he knew the Humboldt River and its cities like the back of his hand. And that's where the votes were, more particularly, and as a result, Blitz was McCarran's benefactor in Nevada, and McCarran was Biltz's benefactor in Washington. Not that McCarran ever did anything that wasn't proper for Biltz in Washington, but Mr. Biltz was a Republican, and he had very fine connections in the Republican party, from the President on down, when the Republicans were in power. But for a long time in Nevada history, Norman Biltz and Johnny Mueller pretty well controlled the situation as long as Johnny was alive. Before that, before Mr. Biltz came into power, then, of course—the Thatcher-Woodburn organization.

I think a word might be said about the Thatcher-Woodburn [organization]. I knew them both. I knew Mr. Thatcher better than I knew Mr. Woodburn. And a lot of unkind things have been said about Thatcher and Woodburn, and also about Mr. George Wingfield. George was "Mr. Republican." But George Thatcher was my friend. I used to go to his office when I'd come to Nevada. I'd call him on the phone and I'd ask him if he had any time, and I'd go to George Thatcher and ask his advice. And he told me one time that most of the mining legislation that Pittman introduced originated in their office. They were astute attorneys, very, very famous attorneys. And they always said that the Thatcher-Woodburn combine controlled the Democratic party, and the Wingfield combine controlled the Republican party, and they all worked out of the same office. Now, that may

have been true before my time. But I have only kind things to say about George Thatcher because he was a very astute man, a very brilliant man, a very deep thinker. I'd go to his office about four o'clock in the afternoon, and he'd give me all the time I needed, whatever I wanted. And I'd ask him the questions. And he'd tell me. He'd tell me right straight from the shoulders. He was a blunt man. There was no pussyfooting with George Thatcher. But I say in the kindest of terms that George Thatcher was a great man, notwithstanding some things that have been said about him that may not have been as kind as they should have been.

George Wingfield, of course, was a man of great influence in the history of the state of Nevada. An interesting sidelight of George Wingfield was, if he had any weakness at all—and I don't know that he did—he had one that I know about, and that was for a good horse. George Wingfield loved a good horse. He loved a race horse, and he loved a quarter horse. And he sent his son, George, down into Texas and Oklahoma to buy quarter horses. And he owned a ranch out north of Reno—that is, out towards Pyramid Lake. I grew up on a farm, and we liked horses. We began to be very good friends. He used to take me out to his ranch. We didn't talk much politics. It didn't do any good to talk politics with George Wingfield because I was a Democrat and he was a Republican. He was "Mr. Republican." He wasn't going to vote for me, and he wasn't going to help me, and I knew that, but he was an interesting personality. He was "Mr. Nevada" to me. I was a farm kid from the country, and he owned most of the banking institutions in Nevada. And so I cultivated his friendship, and he used to take me out to George May's home and show me the race horses. And then he'd take me out to his ranch and show me his quarter horses. And he had some good ones, some real good ones. So I

said to Mr. Wingfield one day, "Mr. Wingfield, have you ever thought of selling any of these colts?"

And he said, "Yeah." He said, "I have more horses than I need." He said, "I'll sell you four of those colts."

And he made me an offer that was so ridiculous that I thought he was giving it to me. And I said, "Mr. Wingfield, I'll take 'em. I'll take 'em. It's a bargain. It's a deal. And," I said, "now, I can't take 'em now. I'll have to go back to southern Nevada, and I'll get my friends, and we'll come get 'em." I said, "You want me to pay you now?"

"No," he said, "pay me when you come and get 'em."

So we bought four quarter horses from George Wingfield, and I'll always believe he virtually gave them to me because we could've sold 'em for many, many times more than we did. But we didn't sell 'em; we kept them. And they proved to be very, very fine.

I once made a prognostication, or a prophecy, so to speak, or a guess, educated guess, as to how the election was going to go. Mr. Wingfield asked me, and I told him, and he just laughed in my face and told me that I was so very, very wrong. And it proved that he was a better prophet than I was, as far as elections were concerned.

But the feelings between the factions were deep-seated and bitter, almost to fisticuffs. Some of the individuals, George Ingram and others, one [they] wanted to appoint attorney general, one they wanted to appoint United States marshal, and Mr. [Gilbert] Ross, who had been the FHA administrator, many of those held prominent positions under Pittman, and when Pittman died, McCarran wanted to oust every one of them. And, of course, it made a bitter, bitter fight. And it was touch and go. But, of course, the Thatcher-Woodburn organization was declining after

Pittman's death, and McCarran was on the ascendancy. But as long as Mr. George Thatcher and Mr. Woodburn were alive, they had tremendous power in politics in the state of Nevada.

[Was it supposed to be one of the aims of both the Wingfield, and later the Biltz-McCarran group, to elect a bipartisan slate?] In the days of Wingfield and Mr. Thatcher and Mr. Woodburn, it didn't make any difference who was elected. The combination controlled them. Because Mr. Wingfield controlled the Republicans, and Thatcher and Woodburn controlled the Democrats. So—and when McCarran and Biltz had their wedding, it didn't make any difference who was elected because they controlled both of 'em. Mr. Biltz was a very ardent Republican, although he voted for McCarran because McCarran represented the views he represented on the national scene. So there was some truth to the stories that were always told about there being a bipartisan organization in the state.

I'll always remember the word that came to us of the death of Senator Pittman. Key Pittman was part of our family. I remember distinctly that my father and I were coming home from hauling hay late one evening in St. Thomas. And Key Pittman used to come to St. Thomas and put up at the Gentry Hotel. He liked to hunt, and there was lots of quail in St. Thomas. We could hear people hunting over—next to the field. They were coming home, and, of course, we were farm people, and we were tired and dirty. I'd been working. And I was along with my father, and this hunter came along with his gun and his sack (there was quail in it), and it was Senator Pittman. He called my father by his first name. They talked politics. And my father was a very, very ardent supporter of Senator Pittman. We walked to the hotel with him. Then we went home, and he went to the hotel.

I remember we, as farm people, we used to get up early. We would get up at the crack of dawn, you know. We didn't have an alarm clock, but we'd go to bed early. And Senator Pittman was supposed to speak at a rally in Overton at about eight o'clock in the evening, and then he was coming on to St. Thomas. We were having a dance. And he wasn't going to be in St. Thomas 'til about eleven o'clock at night. That was pretty late for my father to stay up and just wait. So he said, "You—you boys go on to the dance, and then when the senator gets there, you come over and tell me, and I'll come over."

So when the senator came, there were pleasantries. We had time to just walk through the fence and tell my father, and he dressed and came over. And I think that's the only politician I ever knew that my father'd get out of bed to come here [for]. He listened to the senator, and they had exchanged pleasantries and visited. So Key Pittman was no novice to us.

I distinctly remember he came here and spoke on one occasion. He spoke out on the Strip to the old—well, we only had one club out there. It was long before any of the hotels. And I remember him speaking, and as president of the Young Democrats Club (we were sponsoring it), I was master of ceremonies. I introduced the senator that night and let him know who I was, and after it was over, he said to one of the key men, he said, "Find out what that young man wants, and," he said, "I'll take care of it in Washington." An appointment, you know, in Washington. But I didn't follow through on it. I didn't go.

So when the death of Pittman came, it came as—as a great shock and a great sorrow to us. Because by all—really, by all that was good and holy, Key Pittman should have lived a long time—or, quite a while yet. He

was not a sick man. He only had one real enemy, and that was himself. But I suppose all men have some devil to contend with, and I suppose the tremendous weight of national and international responsibilities, and the campaign that had just concluded, that the Senator had broken and violated some of the better laws of health, and it just caught up with him. That's all there was to it. He got off the track a bit out in Wells and Elko during the campaign, and they got his brother, Vail, to come up and help quiet him down. But Key Pittman was a typical Southerner. He was a proud man. He'd been in Alaska, and it toughened him, and he wasn't one to take advice very kindly.

When his death came, it came as a great shock. And, of course, I went to the funeral in Reno. I'll always remember the funeral 'cause I was a student of government, and followed the Senate very carefully, and I knew that Walter George was a very famous Senator from Georgia, having lived in Georgia myself, been on a mission there. I remember that, as everyone knows, history records, that Walter George, the chairman of the foreign relations committee now that Pittman was dead, gave the eulogy. And he gave a beautiful eulogy!

Senator George was a very, very effective speaker. He had a deep voice and a Southern drawl. But he was a very well educated man, very well educated. He'd been a judge. He gave the eulogy, and it was about as moving a thing as I'd ever heard in my life. I'll always remember his concluding remarks. He said in a most dramatic way, "Key Pittman was my friend, and I loved him." That's the way he concluded. And it was a tremendous, tremendous, moving experience to attend, because the great of Washington came to the funeral, you know. All the leading Senators—most of the leading Senators were there, and Senator George led the delegation.

Well, I had no more intention of going to Washington, or no more desire, no more thought of going to Washington than anything. I came home. I'd been reelected to the Assembly. I, frankly, just squeaked through because I had some formidable opposition. Cliff Jones was a candidate, and he was successful; and C. D. Baker was a candidate, and he was successful; and I was successful. But I was going to run for speaker again. I was making a tour of the state for speaker. And I could tell that I was in trouble. I was in trouble being elected because of municipal power, and other things, and other people coming up. I'd made some enemies. Denver Dickerson was a candidate for speaker, also.

Because of my relationship with Governor Carville, I was making the campaign of the state for speaker. I'd visited Carson City, and I'd gone all over the state. And I was in Caliente when somebody said to me, "If they appointed Scrugham, why couldn't they appoint you to Congress?"

And I said, "They can't appoint a congressman. He has to be elected." That didn't even sink in, you know, about my going to Washington.

I came home, and thered been speculation. McCarran was on Carville like a duck on a june bug as to who to appoint. He had his candidates, you know. Governor Carville was a man of his own conviction, and that's why he and Senator McCarran broke, because Carville just wouldn't take McCarran's dictation.

Anyway, then I came home for a little respite before I started out again to campaign for speaker. And my wife and I went to the El Portal Theater one evening. I wasn't thinking about—didn't make any difference to me who he appointed.

Al Cahlan actually—Al Cahlan was a very dear friend of mine, and a very ardent

Democrat, and he did a lot for the state and a lot for the county. Al Cahlan coined the phrase, "Never sell Las Vegas short." That was his theme song. And he probably did as much as any one individual to build southern Nevada. But Al Cahlan had a desire to go to Washington, D. C. And it's understandable, very understandable. I didn't have a desire to go to Washington, D. C.

But we were in the theater one evening, in the El Portal Theater, and the usher walked down the aisle. [Laughing] And I don't know whether you believe these things or not, but there're times in life when the still, small voice just whispers to you. When he walked by me, I knew very well he was lookin' for me. I don't know how I knew, but I knew. He was lookin' for me. And when he came back up, I reached out and caught him. And he said, "You're wanted on the phone, long distance."

I went out in the office, and it was the governor's office [calling]. The Governor's secretary said, "Would you just please come to Carson City as soon as you can?"

I said, "Well, yes. What's the trouble?"

And she said, "Well, just don't ask any questions. Just come to Carson City."

I said, "All right. I'll come."

So I got a friend to drive me through, and we drove through that night. I left immediately. And the next day, [in] Carson City, Governor Carville said, "I have concluded to—I—I'm torn, and I don't know just what to do, and I've concluded to appoint you to the Senate."

Well, for a farm boy, that's quite a step, you know, and I hadn't thought anything about going, and he said, "How do you feel about it?"

I [had] talked to an adviser of mine here, spiritual adviser of mine. I said, "Supposing he would appoint me to the United States Senate. Supposing—just guess. What would I do?"

And he said, "Well, if he does, you take it. You take it."

So he said, "How do you feel about it?"

And I said, "well, I'd have to accept it. I don't seek it, but I'd have to accept it."

So speculation ran rife all day—all day long. Nobody knew. But then he finally told McCarran what he was going to do. So I went to McCarran's office and visited with him. And that evening, Denver Dickerson called and said, "I want to know what you're going to do."

And he said, "Well, if you'll come over to the mansion, I'll introduce you to the new senator." So Denver Dickerson came right over. He lived in Carson, and came right over. And when he came in, Carville said, "Berkeley's the new senator."

Well, Dickerson acted very pleased, but I know he was shocked! He was shocked as bad as I was, or worse, because—. But nevertheless, I was appointed.

And then I went back to talk to Senator McCarran, and he said, "Now, I have only one request of you." He said, "I'd like you to appoint a girl in my office as your secretary, Florine Maher." (It was Bill Maher's wife; Bill Maher'd since lost his life in an unfortunate mining accident in Searchlight.)

Florine and I were very dear friends, and I said, "Well, Senator, that's fine with me. I'd be glad to appoint her. don't have anybody. I'll be glad to appoint her as my secretary."

Now, you see, what McCarran wanted to do was to put somebody in my office that would tell me what to do for him. We started out very, very dear friends. He came to Las Vegas, and we had conferences here. And then I went to Washington, D. C., with him on the same train. He wanted me to go with him. He wanted me under his—. He gave me some very good advice, McCarran did, on

how to act and what to do, and it proved to be very valuable.

We arrived in Washington, D. C., and I was sworn in in the old Supreme Court chamber. Senator King, William King of Utah, swore me in. Senator [Warren] Austin was the minority leader, and, of course, Alben Barkley was majority leader for the Democrats. We held sessions every few days, and I met most of the senators. Then we moved back (the Senate chamber was being readied, you know), I got back there in December, and the new session didn't start 'til January, so I had to be sworn in again. So McCarran walked down the aisle with me; I was sworn in.

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After I arrived in Washington, I called Mrs. Key Pittman, who was living in Washington at the time, and told her that I'd like to do anything I could for her. And she said, well, she'd like me to come out to her home. And she invited me out to her home on Sunday afternoon. I was a guest at Ezra Taft Benson's home for dinner on Sunday, and he drove me over to Mrs. Pittman's home. It was a spacious home, almost like a castle. I think the home was three stories. And Mrs. Pittman was a very, very gracious, charming woman. She met me at the door, and I immediately fell in love with the home and with Mrs. Pittman, so to speak, as far as her plight was concerned, her condition. She was alone; she didn't have any children. And while she had some nieces and nephews, they were far away, and she was alone in a strange city. I don't suppose there's anyone more alone in politics than a widow of a prominent man after her husband has passed away.

Mrs. Pittman had three—two or three large German shepherd dogs. I think there

were three. She had them for protection, and it was a wise thing—no, not that anyone would ever harm her, but—. They were dog lovers, and they were very well-bred and well-fed dogs, but they could look as ferocious as a timber wolf!

Mrs. Pittman took me all through that home, and it was not particularly well-lighted, as I recall, and she showed me tapestries and paintings and pieces of furniture that had been given the senator from all over the world by different diplomats that had come to Washington, and places they had visited. And it was like going through a museum.

Now, she was sad, of course, and alone, [and] she just seemed to, kind of, like me—or else she was anxious to talk to somebody. But I spent one of the most fascinating evenings of my life in the home of Senator Key Pittman with Mrs. Pittman. This wasn't the only time I was there. I was there on other times when I'd go back to see if I could help her, and I did help her some. She later moved to Las Vegas, and I visited her here regularly.

I'll always remember how well—not sumptuously, and not ostentatiously—I don't think the Pittmans were given to entertaining a lot. I don't think they were—I don't think Senator Pittman was a social butterfly by any stretch of the imagination. He was a student. She showed me his study. And while they went places they had to go to, like receptions, and he dressed in immaculate evening clothes, or a tux, I don't think he favored the social limelight at all. I think he'd rather stay home and work in his study. They were very compatible and very friendly. Mrs. Pittman showed me through that home, and I don't know whatever became of it. They sold it eventually. But it was an estate, really—it was almost a museum, just almost a museum. It was just fascinating to see the way they lived!

It wasn't the kind of furniture you'd say—petite—I don't know furniture, one furniture from another, but it was—. The tables and chairs and some of the tapestry, and some of the paintings were antiques, really. And they were sturdy and fine.

I know they held some parties at their home [for] some of the elite of Washington, and it was a place where you could have entertained royalty. It was a very, very fascinating experience. [A] history should have been written of that home.

* * * * *

THE UNITED STATES SENATE

But the war clouds were gathering, and they were gathering very thick and fast. Burton K. Wheeler was the mouthpiece of the isolationists. And this is something that's never been told or written, and I don't speak of it disparagingly; I speak of it respectfully: Senator McCarran was an ardent isolationist. And the leaders of the Mormon church were against war. I was against war. But I was so sure that we were going to get into war. I didn't see how we could possibly stay out of it. And I felt that we ought to arm ourselves and be prepared for the war. McCarran said we could stay out of the war, and I didn't think we could.

so there were three or four bills that were coming along. One was the Lease-Lend Act; one was the repeal of the arms embargo; one was the neutrality act; and one was the draft. Well, I felt that we had to do all three. And McCarran was—he was bitterly opposed to it. So he sent emissaries to me who told me. And finally, it got so desperate that he came down himself, to my office. And I went to his office. And I said in the kindest of tones, I said, "Senator, I have all the pressure in the world on me to vote against all these bills, but I'm

convinced in my own mind we're going to get into war." I said, "There's no way we can do other but get into war. We're going to get into war, and I feel we have to do this to protect our people, ourselves." And, being young and active and aggressive, I attended every session of the Senate. I was there. It didn't make any difference whether I was alone. I was there.

I became acquainted with Henry Wallace (he was vice president, you know), and Henry Wallace invited me down to the gym, the Senate gym. You could swim, you could do anything you wanted to, or play ball—whatever you wanted to. And Henry was an ardent enthusiast as far as physical education was concerned. I wasn't much of a—I had never been in a gym, you know, to work out formally. Mine had always been out in the hills or on the basketball court, something like that. But I went anyway. And Mon Waldren was there from Washington. But Waldren was there for a purpose, and I was just there to be a good fellow.

But as a result of this, Henry Wallace used to invite me to preside over the United States Senate. And as a result, I was there. He'd invite somebody, and they'd get tired; they didn't want to stay. Every senator has a hideaway. And if it's dull, they either go back to their office or to the hideaway. Well, I didn't have a hideaway, and I didn't have that much to do, so I stayed on the floor. The vice president'd invite me to preside. And other senators get tired. If he'd invite somebody else, they'd invite me, and so, as a result, I presided over the Senate a lot. I presided over the Senate through much of the debate on the Lease and Lend bill, and when it was pretty tough, too. All I'd do is just rap for order and say, "Do you yield? Does the Senator from Virginia or the Senator from Massachusetts yield?" If he didn't yield, the senator had to sit down. I had a parliamentarian sitting right down in front

of me, and all I had to do was ask him. He just stood up and told me what to do. So it was no trick. I wasn't afraid, and I wasn't nervous, but I presided over some pretty hot issues.

Well, we broke: McCarran wouldn't speak to me. I went over to his desk one day in the Senate. He was preparing to speak. And I went over to his desk, and I said, "Senator, you going to speak today?"

And he said, "yes."

I said to him, "Well, I don't agree with you. You know that. But," I said, "when it comes to a debate," I said, "you can hold your own with any man on this floor."

And he said, "Oh, don't give me that tommyrot." He said, "Go on and leave me alone." He said, "I don't want to listen to any of your flattery."

And so we didn't—. He never spoke to me. We had nothing to do—. I voted for the Lease-Lend bill; I voted the repeal in the arms embargo; I voted for the repeal of the neutrality act; I voted for the draft. And every one of 'em were stepping-stones. And so, as a result of it, we were bitter enemies. He used to call Florine Maher down to his office and talk to her about it. And, of course, I knew I was incurring his wrath. But I had to do what I knew to be true. Whether I was elected to the Senate or not was not the point. The point was, I had to do what I was to do.

And another thing where we broke was that he wanted to oust all of Pittman's appointments. And I felt that we ought to leave the Pittman appointments until Pittman's successor was chosen by election. It may not have been me, see. But he wanted to do it right now [snaps fingers].

Well, he put the heat on Governor Carville to put the heat on me to oust these people. So I went along with him, and he ousted. Now, he could afford that enmity, see. He was strong enough to do it. But I wasn't. Mr.

[Frank] Middleton from Elko was a United States marshal, and McCarran wanted to put in somebody else. I told him I didn't want to change; I wanted to leave it alone. And I told Mr. Middleton, I said, "Now, I'm going to have to." I said, "I can hold my own with McCarran here. But when Carville comes and says, 'Please do it,' he appointed me, then I can't stand that pressure. Now," I says, "you go get Carville to pull off, and I'll hold my own with McCarran." But he couldn't get Carville to pull off.

That infuriated Middleton, and he toured this state in opposition to it. Well, you see, then, he got mad; he got mad at Carville, and he got mad at me, McCarran did. So when I ran for the Senate, I had not only one of the strongest political figures in the history of the state of Nevada against me in the primary election [Scrugham], but I had McCarran's enmity, too, you see. And Carville wasn't in a position where he could help me because he was running for office, himself. [couldn't] help me much, because he was a friend of Scrugham's, too.

Now, I made an error there. What I should have done was run for Congress. But I didn't because too many people in the state kept "blowing me up." And I think what they wanted to do was to knock me off because I was becoming too popular. But, anyway, I ran and I was defeated.

My stay in Washington, D. C. was—I got a college education. I got a doctor's degree in two years in politics because I could see how it would work. And an interesting sidelight—I made friends with men, and I was invited to Roosevelt's office on three different occasions, and was to the White House at a good many receptions. I sat across from Roosevelt on three different occasions. And if there was ever a master politician, he was it. He had a personal charm that was just out of this world.

Pa Watson took you in the door, you know, and he's there sittin' behind his desk, and he couldn't get up; he couldn't walk. There he was, a cripple, but you'd think he was runnin' a footrace. He'd throw up his hands like this, you know [spread], and say, "Come on over here." He said, "Senator Bunker, come on over here. I've been expecting you," you know, and you'd walk over. He might as well've walked to the door and greeted me. But whether he'd practice it, or whether it came natural—I think it came natural.

Of course, he was very anxious about the war. I told him I was going to vote for the Lend-Lease bill, and he said, "I'm glad to hear that. I'm very glad to hear that." He said, "I think Pittman would've voted for it if he'd've been alive." He said, "I don't know why Senator McCarran and I don't get along, but we done t, and," he said, "I think we need your vote." Of course, that was, to say the least, a little flattering, from the President of the United States. If you go back and listen to the recordings of Roosevelt's voice on radio—He was a master. He was a master, no question about it.

But anyway, I didn't agree with him on all the things he did, and I didn't agree with McCarran. But he got into a bitter campaign. Believe me, it was bitter! But I saw it through. And when I was defeated, I went back to Washington, D. C., and packed up things.

There's an interesting thing here that has never been told: some of the influential senators had taken a liking to me, and they had concluded to make me sergeant at arms of the Senate, or assistant sergeant at arms of the Senate. They were going to get rid of their present sergeant at arms because he was in real trouble, and they did get rid of him. But I'll always think that McCarran spiked it—in fact, I'm sure he did—and as a result, instead of choosing me, they chose a senator from

the South by the name of Senator Wall Doxey. And he became the sergeant at arms of the Senate. And I was—I mean, kicked out, and I was kicked out in the cold, too, believe me! There's nothing quite as heartless as being in Washington, D. C. without a job.

Well, the war, by then, was on, you know. I was there when it was declared. I was attending a Mormon conference out on Sixteenth Street at the church the day they bombed Pearl Harbor. It was flashed in the conference, and so I left and went to the office, and I wired the President that I was prepared to vote for an act of war, declaration of war. And the next day, they declared war—that is, a state of emergency, which is the same thing as war. So I was there when war was declared, and I was in the House when it was ended.

It wasn't an easy time in Washington, D. C. I didn't have the friendship and the advice and counsel of the senior senator. I can understand his position because he was just as much of an isolation lust] as I was an interventionist, although I didn't want war. But I thought we were going to get into it, and I felt that I had to take this position. And I did.

But I mingled with the great. I don't know that there'll be a man in the Senate for a long time that'll match Arthur Vandenberg. Arthur Vandenberg was an editor, and rhetoric flowed out of him like out of the great of history. He was a Caesar and an Anthony and a Brutus all in one when it come to oratory. In my high school days, I memorized some of Anthony's oratory, you know. Well, he was more profound than that, Arthur Vandenberg. He was an isolationist.

And Taft, Robert Taft, could speak intelligently on more subjects than any man in the United States Senate. Alben Barkley was not a brilliant man. He was a plodder and a tenacious man, and a good speaker, but not a real orator. But he did rise to heights. He was

a tenacious man, and he had a group of young senators back of him that just was enough to pull him through, that's all.

During my stay in the Senate for two years, I became a rather good friend with Harry Truman, who later became vice president of the United States—and president. In fact, I was in Harry Truman's office the day the word was flashed that President Roosevelt had passed away. Some serviceman from Missouri had been mistreated in the service [while] he was in Nevada, and he came to me with his story and asked me to go to the vice president, and I did. And I well remember that Harry Truman and two or three others were in his office, and he was sitting on the desk, with his feet hanging over, and we were talking. I told him my story, and he said he'd take care of it, and while I was there, the word was flashed that the president of the United States had passed away. And I immediately left because I knew what was in store for the vice president.

When we were in the Senate, Harry Truman sat on the back row. He sat on the back row, almost in the center, a little to the right of center, probably by design, because he'd been there for some time. He probably liked the back row and liked that seat. I sat in the second row over to the right of the speaker. We were quite a ways apart.

[In] a frank appraisal of the abilities of the United States senators, Harry Truman was not one of the leaders of the Senate. He came into prominence because of the Truman investigating committee, and I think he was a fair and a hard hitting man, but to have influence on the floor of the Senate, he did not. He was not a speaker, could not speak, could not sway or influence votes on the Senate floor. Very few could, but there were those that could, those that had [much] influence. Harry Truman's committee gave

him prominence because he had some very, very fine investigators. Hugh Fulton was an attorney by profession, and knew what he was doing, and he brought a lot of credit to Truman. But in all due respects to Harry Truman, he was not a leader in the United States Senate.

Alben Barkley of Kentucky was the leader as far as the Democrats were concerned. And his side of the House was pretty well split because Burton K. Wheeler was an ardent isolationist; McCarran was an isolationist; Senator George could hardly make up his mind whether he was for or against, but he usually voted with Barkley.

Mon Waldren from Washington was a pool shark—that is to say, he had held office in Washington, was elected to the Senate, but he was far from an able senator. I was there when Bilbo was there, [from] Mississippi, and who later come into some disrepute in his service.

And McNary of Oregon was the minority leader, the Republican leader. Senator McNary always appeared to me like he had ulcers. He wasn't a very pleasant man. Only time he was ever pleasant was when he was in the Senate coffee shop or the restaurant, and he was quite personable. But on the floor, he always acted like he was about half mad. But he took care of the interests of the Republican party. He and Senator Barkley sat right across the aisle from each other.

I always felt that Senator [Warren] Austin from Vermont, who later went to the United Nations, was a much more able man than Senator McNary. Senator Austin was a very fine attorney, and a very good speaker, and a logical thinker. But the real big guns of the Republican party were Vandenberg and Taft.

I was there when Hattie Caraway was a member of the Senate, with little force and effect. She was an elderly woman. About all she could do was vote, and she voted with the

Democratic party. But I suppose everyone in their own right was able, or they wouldn't've been there. I'm sure that's true. But some men stood out way and above others in their abilities on the floor of the Senate, and in committee work, too.

I was a member of the agricultural committee, and one interesting thing—when the Anderson-Clayton people were controlling the cotton industry, nationally and internationally, from the South, and Senator [Allen] Ellender, who's still a member of the United States Senate, was a member of the committee, and Senator [J. H.] Bankhead from Alabama was also a member of the committee, I remember the acrimony that existed between those two men. They would almost come to fisticuffs in the committee because one was for cotton subsidies, and one didn't like the approach. Senator Ellender was a very able man, but many of the other senators from the South didn't seem to like him; and he was kind of a lone man, but quite able to take care of himself. Of course, Senator Bankhead had a reputation and a family following, not only at home, but in the Senate because of those of his family that'd been there before him. He was well respected, [and he] was an able senator, but he was not an able speaker. He was a very average speaker, and a very average man in debate. In fact, on the floor of the Senate, he hardly ever debated.

One of the interesting characters in the Senate when I was there was Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee. Kenneth McKellar was an elderly man. But he was a fighter, a fiery fighter. They had a hard time getting a quorum on one occasion on some important votes. And so the majority leader told the sergeant at arms to go round us up. McKellar'd gone home, gone to his apartment in the hotel. And I was in my office. I should've been on the floor. But they came to my office, and when

they came in the one door, I went out the other and hiked to the floor. I beat 'em over there before they caught me. And as a result, I was never considered as one they had to go round up.

But they went right in to McKellar and made him dress and come to the floor, and when he came in to the floor, he took an oath at Barkley, the like of which I wouldn't want to put on tape. And it caused a bitter feud between those men who had been friends for long years. That's the first time they had invoked the sergeant at arms to bring in a quorum. They've done it since then, but they hadn't done it then for a long time. If there weren't a quorum there, they'd just adjourn. But Barkley meant business on this, and as a result, he rounded up enough to have a quorum. It caused a breach between those two men that I doubt ever healed completely.

While I was a member of the Senate, I went to Pat Harrison's funeral, who was one of the leaders. He was an old man; he'd been a very, very effective senator, but he was an old man when I was there, and rarely attended a session. And while I was there, he passed away.. And they took him home to bury him. I think it was Biloxi, Mississippi. The sergeant at arms of the Senate would charter a train, special train. And the family of the senator would be in a special car. Each senator would have a drawing room. They'd serve your meals there; you could have 'em in your drawing room, or you could go to the dining car and eat, all on the Senate. And there was plenty of drinks, plenty of drinks; of course, I didn't drink, but I went along. I remember one evening, when we were coming back, why, everybody had pretty well gone to their sweet repose—that is, they'd gone to their state rooms. The sergeant at arms had taken care of everybody that wanted liquor by the bottle, and there were four of us left, all nondrinkers.

One of 'em was Senator [Elbert] Thomas from Utah, Hattie Caraway from Arkansas, and myself, and I can't remember the other right now. But there were three or four of us were left in the dining room alone.

Then I went on another special train that was an experience in itself, to Morris Shepherd's funeral. Morris Sheppard was a senator from Texas. He was an abstainer, complete and total—that is, he always introduced a bill to outlaw liquor. And as a result, he got elected. He was an able man, not a dynamic man, but an able man, in his own right. But he was getting along in years and losing some of his effectiveness. But I well remember our going to Texas, and the men that drank—ooh!—were concerned about what Morris Sheppard would think if he knew what they were doing on his funeral train.

Then a congressman died in Colorado. And they'll always come and ask who'd go, and it was difficult to get people to go, and so I said, well, I'd go. And the congressman from Colorado was a very famous man—he was Congressman [Edward Thomas] Taylor, who wrote the Taylor Grazing Act. He was the father of it. And I thought I could afford to take the time to go out. (I was then a member of Congress.) I thought I'd take the trip, could afford to take the time to go out on this train for a man as important as he was. Senator [Alva B.] Adams from Colorado was the senior senator, a very, very able man, and I remember he was along with us. And when we got up to leave, I remember that I was in a position where I walked out of the funeral, [the] church, in company with Senator Adams. And all the rest of the dignitaries who outranked me were in the back.

On our way back to the capitol, there were four or five or more of us in the dining car. And the boys, the members of Congress, kept ordering drinks and ordering drinks,

and it got late, so late that the porters, the waiters, wanted to go to bed. At that time, they slept in the dining car, you know. They wanted to make their beds. And the boys were having a pretty good time, but one of 'em was particularly obnoxious, just as obnoxious as he could be. And nobody dared to confront him with it and tell him that it was wrong, [that] he ought to get up and go to bed. But he was a good friend of mine, and we knew each other, and I knew more about him than he thought I did. And so I just went over to him and told him. I said, "Now, Congressman, you're—you're intoxicated; you're drunk, and you're causing trouble here. And if this'd get out back home on you, you could be in real trouble." And I reasoned with him and finally got him to go to bed. If it hadn't been for that, he'd've got in a fight with those porters because there were about ten of those, and he was one.

The tensions in Congress are terrific. They are terrific! And if a man is given to imbibing a little, why, he gets away. I don't say he gets fallen-down drunk, but he does—does get away. One senator from Nevada used to go down to the Mayflower Hotel in Washington and hole up for a couple or three days. Now, he wouldn't get drunk, but he wouldn't let *anybody* call him on the phone. Nobody was supposed to know where he was, not even his family. He'd have a bottle, and he would drink, and he'd just order a sandwich and he'd just stay there for two or three days until he just thawed out. I mean, not getting over any drunk, just got ahold of himself and got to where he didn't have to fight the battle. The tensions in Congress and the United States Senate are terrific, just terrific, because they're pulling and hauling at you on both ways.

I remember one time in the cloak room of the Senate, just off the Senate floor, I—well, the telephones were in there, and I was either

telephoning or getting a drink. They had all kinds of various seltzer water, or whatever you wanted. I don't know what it was, but you could get most anything you wanted, other than liquor, in there. And I went in, either to telephone or get a drink, and [as] I was coming out, Burton K. Wheeler came in. And Burton K. Wheeler was riding the crest of his heyday. He had just, in Florida, accused President Roosevelt of wanting to plow under every third little pig in the country. I think he thought probably that he might be able to overwhelm me because of his tremendous popularity. He came to the Senate very rarely, and when he did, he only came to speak for publicity purposes. But he accosted me—I mean—he really didn't accost me; he just engaged me in conversation, and told me in very polite terms what a fool I was to not follow his lead and vote as an isolationist.

I told him, I said, "Senator Wheeler, I respect your views, but I'm convinced in my own mind that we're going to get into war. And if we're going to get into war, we'd better make some preparation. I think what we're doing will help us when and if we do. And I can't go along with you. I respect your view, and you can vote any way you wish to, and I'll listen to you talk. That right as of now, I'm going to vote for the Lend-Lease bill." And I did.

But [in] my experience with great men, they're very human. When I went to the Senate, Bob Taft from Ohio, Senator [Robert] Taft from Ohio, came over. I knew who he was. And he came over and shook hands with me and he said, "I'm Bob Taft, and," he said, "welcome to the Senate. And," he says, "if there's anything here that I can do to help you, I'd be glad to do it."

And I always remembered that. We didn't see eye to eye on things, but he was very friendly. He wasn't really a personable man, and not really a very affable man, but he had the human touch when he wanted to use it.

Now, Vandenberg, on the contrary, was very aloof. He knew he was good, and it showed all over him, and he wasn't very personable. But I met Senator Taft one night in the Senate garage. It was down under the ground, and he was there, just getting out of a taxi. I was getting in my car, and I said, "Coming or going, Senator Taft?"

And he said, "Well, I'm coming. I just came in town.."

I said, "Going to the office, or going home?"

And he said, "No, I'm going home. But," he said, "I can't find my car. I guess my family's taken it."

And I said, "Senator, be my guest. I'll take you home."

He lived in Georgetown. He said, "Will that be putting you out of your way?"

And I said, "No, really, it won't, because I can go across that bridge just as easy as I can the other." And so I took him home that night, and he was very, very appreciative of it.

When my appointment to the United States Senate broke in the press, advising the public of the decision, the action, of Governor E. P. Carville, a wave of protest followed immediately, namely by organized labor—the railroad unions, more particularly. I think some of this—or much of it—stemmed from the fight over municipal power during my first session in the legislature. The railroads were strong backers of Mayor Arnett and municipal power and against the power company officials (they being the same as the First State Bank officials, namely Mr. Ed W. Clark, Cyril S. Wenger, Leland Ronnow) and Mr. Sam Lawson, who was not the most personable individual that one could imagine. He had pretty well ruled with an iron hand in the power company and had alienated a lot of people. Folks felt that the power rates were excessive and that people were being overcharged, and so there was a strong sentiment among organized labor for

municipal power. And part of it stemmed from the misinterpretation of facts of my stand on the minimum wage law in the legislature. While I didn't vote for it when it was up for vote (it was defeated), labor felt that I should've voted for it. But when it came to reconsideration, I voted to reconsider it.

But they never really forgave me for my stand on municipal power. Telegrams were dispatched to the governor. And, of course, some newspapermen who were very disappointed in not being named themselves, fanned the flame, and it spread to major proportions. However, when I took my seat in the Senate, I was appointed on the labor committee, and served fairly and impartially on that committee during the two years that I was in the Senate.

During my service in the Senate, there had been put together a combination of Eastern industrialists and English technicians to build a gigantic magnesium plant in southern Nevada. The head of the Eastern industrialists was one Howard Eells of Cleveland, Ohio. McCarran, Scrugham, and myself, together with George Thatcher and Mr. Eells, met in a hotel in Washington and had dinner together. Mr. Eells outlined his proposal, which was very fair as far as I was concerned. The production of magnesium was to come from an English process, and the ore was to be trucked from Gabbs, Nevada, to Las Vegas, Nevada.

Mr. Eells had grandiose ideas of building a city, a company city, on the mesa near Henderson, where the vocational school now stands. And this was all well and good, as far as I was concerned, - and everyone was very much in favor of it. But through Mr. Eells' determination to build a new city, he had been able to freeze all new buildings in the city of Las Vegas. This, of course, did not set well with the Chamber of Commerce in Las Vegas, and the business people felt that they were being

mitigated against in growth. And so I waited on the government, on the Federal Housing Administration, getting them to loosen up and let some buildings be built in Las Vegas for those who wished to live here.

Well, needless to say, the idea to build the plant progressed nicely, but the idea to build the town didn't develop as Mr. Eells had hoped it would do. And he made some rash statements in Washington and Las Vegas. I think he spoke to the American Legion by design, and some of my adversaries arranged the meeting where he castigated me for taking a position on not permitting them to go ahead with their city. And he spoke of "two dirty little towns between Las Vegas and Henderson," namely Whitney and Pittman.

Well, things went from bad to worse, and so I came to Las Vegas and talked to the people of the Chamber of Commerce, and they were very anxious to stop this city community and get some housing built in Las Vegas. So I waited on the Federal Housing Administration again, and they were adamant and were not willing to permit housing to be built in Las Vegas.

So I prevailed on Harry Truman, who was the senator of the investigating committee, War Investigating Committee, with his group to come to Las Vegas and hold an investigation. And they held an investigation in their federal court. Hugh Fulton was the investigator. He'd spent some time, and other members of the investigating committee had spent some time here, and it developed that the English interests and others would make about 4,800 percent of profit on the whole operation. The two Englishmen were there (they had the process), and others were there. And it grew into a very, very bitter battle between myself and Mr. Eells.

The outgrowth of it was that the Federal Housing Administration permitted the

construction of homes in Henderson, but they also permitted construction of homes in Las Vegas. To the best of my recollection, they permitted the building of what is now the Huntridge addition, and allocated what was supposed to've been a thousand homes in Las Vegas. Of course, this completely allayed the fears of the business people of Las Vegas (they felt that Las Vegas should grow along with Henderson), and the plant was prepared to go ahead.

Howard Eells and Jim Scrugham, James G. Scrugham, the congressman, were intimate friends, and Thatcher and Woodburn were the attorneys for the Howard Eells interests. And the more he got after me, the more I got after him on the floor of the United States Senate. I happened to have a forum that would be picked up by the national press, speaking from the Senate of the United States, and it grew into a very, very bitter battle. Of course, then, the political wolves, all those that were opposed to my appointment, came out from under the rocks and joined forces and prevailed on Congressman Scrugham to seek the office of senator. I thought for a long time that the congressman would stay where he was because I thought his best interests and the state's best interests could be served by him staying on the appropriations committee in the House. He could do so much more for the state in the House than he could in the Senate, because he was getting along in years, and he would never live long enough to reach any stature of seniority in the United States Senate. Nevertheless, he ran, and we had a lively and spirited campaign. I had some considerable following, and while I didn't win, I came a lot closer than most people thought I ever would. It caused some scars that were very deep, and my defeat was the result of that.

Now, during the campaign, it came to the front that Basic Magnesium, as such, was

found to be incompetent of operation, and the operation was being taken over by Anaconda Copper. And this was never announced in the campaign. Had it been announced in the campaign—had I known it—and there were those who wanted to tell me but didn't dare—and had I have known this and exploited it, I think, probably, the outcome of the election might have been changed. But it was not known, and it didn't come to the front until after the election was over.

But outside interests, Anaconda Copper, came in and took over the management of Basic Magnesium, the plant itself, because the Eells interests did not seem to be competent; at least, they didn't satisfy the desires of the federal government. I was hardly a match for the political influence that was arrayed against me—that is, money and influence—and I was fortunate to do as well as I did during the campaign.

Jealousy is often spoken of as a "green-eyed monster." There were those who felt that I was too young to go to the Senate, and not knowledgeable enough of world affairs and state affairs to succeed such a brilliant man as Key Pittman. One of those that was so bitterly opposed was Denver Dickerson. And Denver Dickerson came very near to calling me a Communist in one of his columns. After it was over, years later, he apologized personally, but the damage had already been done. And while I held no malice, these were the type of people that I had to oppose.

One of the most nefarious characters, political characters, that southern Nevada ever produced was one Roscoe Thomas. Roscoe Thomas came to Las Vegas from Blythe, California, and opened a clothing store on North First Street. He did fairly well, but not sufficiently well to justify his ambitions. He ran for city commissioner and was elected, and became a very astute

politician. He wanted to get into the gambling business, and [so] he prevailed on Guy McAfee to come here from Los Angeles to open a gambling hall. From this start, they grew into very, very influential people, with means and influence. Roscoe Thomas knew how to attack -an opponent, kinda *sub rosa*. Then, (all due respect to the dead) Al Cahlan never got over the tact that he was not appointed to the United States Senate. I waited on him several times in his office in Las Vegas and explained to him as best I could that I didn't take the appointment away from him, that if I hadn't've gotten it, he wouldn't've gotten it anyway because he was not going to be appointed. But he couldn't see that, and as a result, he took a very fervent dislike to me and my appointment. And, of course, Cahlan played on labor's tears, and they did most everything they could do to defeat me. They worked on the organized labor aspect in Henderson. I remember they prevailed on my supporters — a prominent man in Henderson prevailed on my supporters to gather up a thousand dollars and give to them to help them campaign for me in Henderson. The thousand dollars was hard come by; money was not coming to me very readily. And my supporters gathered up the thousand dollars and gave it to the individuals in Henderson, but I always had the feeling that most of it went against me rather than for me. What they were trying to do was to drain my campaign treasury.

But I had some loyal supporters. To say the least, against a man who had campaigned as long and hard as James G. Scrugham, the cards were just not in my favor, and I didn't win.

I'd like to make a comment here. The decision of Mr. Scrugham was a natural one because there's more prestige in the Senate than there is in the House, and he wanted to

close his career in the Senate. Mr. Scrugham's life in Washington was not as circumspect as it might have been (in all due respect to the dead). His wife never moved to Washington, D. C., nor did his family. I knew his son very well, and I knew his wife. But the congressman never moved his family to Washington. He had other interests. And as a result of his long years of hard work and not being as close a family man as he might've been, he was never particularly a well man in the United States Senate. He wasn't long there until his health began to decline, and he spent the declining years of his life in a hospital. He died as a member of the United States Senate, while I was a member of the House.

I think probably the campaign took much out of Mr. Scrugham, and he was just too old and too frail at that advanced state to really muster the strength that it took to be aggressive in the United States Senate. While the senators were very friendly to him and had a great respect for him, he just didn't live long enough to ever amount to anything in the Senate.

[In] all due respects to Tom Miller, he was, as I've said before, a very potent force in the election of Mr. Scrugham. He was on the federal payroll and had a car of his own and traveling expenses, and he had governed the American Legion from its very inception, and still does. And he was Mr. Scrugham's right-hand man.

So, together with powerful influences in the state and the newspaper fraternity and in financial circles, why, while I have no bitterness about the campaign (I've long accepted the verdict of the voters and took it in good stead), it was a very interesting and a very spirited experience in my life.

Oh, I think we ought to put this on tape, an experience in the Senate that's come to me time and time again, and I keep forgetting

it. I think you might be interested. Someone introduced a bill to put a two hundred-dollar tax on slot machines in the United States. Well, two hundred dollars on slot machines in those days would've been prohibitive—I mean, it would've ruined it.

So Harry Samett came to me. Harry Samett owned a slot machine emporium about midway in the [block] where the Golden Nugget is now. Harry came to me and talked to me about it (and I was in Las Vegas), and he said what a serious thing it was and wanted to know if I'd do what I could to help, and I said I would.

So I went back to Washington. Sure enough, it was coming up for a vote. And I got busy, real busy. McCarran hadn't taken any part in it at all; he hadn't moved at all on it. He wasn't for it, but he would vote against it; but he wasn't for it, and we weren't speaking. Anyway, I did all the lobbying I could with my fellows. I went to men like Barkley and the people that I'd done favors for. They'd ask me to vote a certain way, and I voted—it happened to be my conviction anyway. But I went to him; I said, "Senator, now, I'm on a spot. This'll ruin gambling and slot machines in Nevada, and I want to beat this. I want your help."

And I went to my friends that sat around me, you know. Josh Lee was a member of the Senate. Josh Lee was one of the famous orators from Oklahoma, you know, a silver-tongued orator. I went to Walter George and Bankhead, and fellows like that, and asked 'em if they wouldn't help me, what it meant to me.

Well, there're three ways to vote in the Senate. There's a voice vote and a standing vote and a roll call vote. And Bennett Champ Clark from Missouri saw an opportunity to champion this evil thing. He was going to outlaw gambling in Nevada. He was playing for the church vote. And Bennett Champ

Clark was an able man, a very able debater, a tough nut on the floor. But he was not very approachable, especially when he was fortified with a little—with the proper fortification.

I remember it came to a vote, and I got up and explained my position. I didn't mention names. I told 'em about A. B. Wicher, who ran the Boulder Club, very fine citizen; I told 'em about Kell Houssels, who run the Las Vegas club, very fine citizen. And these were not unsavory characters, I said, "and this means a lot to my state. And I don't want this bill to pass."

Well, they voted voice vote. And it ought to've died right there, 'cause we won. Clark could ask for a voice vote. We took a voice vote, and we won. The speaker said the ayes appear to have it. The ayes have it. But Bennett Clark wouldn't yield. And he said, "Well, Mr. President, I demand a standing vote."

We had a standing vote. And everybody was *still* all right because their names weren't mentioned, you see. My friends stuck with me, and we beat him there. And they tried their best to get that jackass off'n the floor! (I shouldn't've said that.) Should—they tried their best to get Clark off'n the floor so we wouldn't have to have the roll call vote. And I pled with my friends on the Senate, "Vote against it."

And by Jove, you know, I had enough friends on that Senate floor to beat that thing. Even the old fellows in the Bible belt voted with me, enough to defeat that bill, So I wasn't without friends.

Now, I must say this to McCarran's credit: while for the two years I was there, McCarran was very obnoxious, later in life, when I was there in the House, Senator McCarran and I became very warm personal friends, and he helped me. I want the record to show that Pat McCarran was a great man. And he came to my rescue. He didn't tip the scales for it, but

he did stand up and say substantially that what I'd said was true, that these were respectable men. And we beat that thing! And that gave me some stature with the liberal element of the state when I ran again for office.

Men like "Pappy" Smith, Raymond I. Smith, always appreciated what I'd done. And Bill Graham and Jimmy McKay, after they came back, you know, I got to know them quite well. I knew Jimmy McKay well enough to visit with him. And Bill Graham—Graham came and visited with me in the Golden Hotel. He never asked me to do anything, but he wanted me to know that he was not my enemy. McKay was very friendly, too. 'Course, they were very—McKay was particularly very subdued after he came back from prison. But Graham, Bill Graham, became quite active in politics.

That was the only time that I ever actually laid my friendship on the line in the United States Senate, was for that one thing. [Laughing] It wouldn't mean much now, but, then, my goodness, it was—it meant a lot to the gamblers at that time. And it'd mean a lot now, if they were goin' to tax them, you know. It'd mean a lot. But—[Bennett] Clark—the only man in the Senate that you couldn't talk to. And there're those people.

PRIMARY CAMPAIGN OF 1944

I didn't have anything to do, particularly, with the primary campaign [of] 1944 between Senator McCarran and Vail Pittman, the publisher from Ely. But I was in the thick of it—that is, I knew what was going on. I was in Vail Pittman's campaign headquarters in Ely, in his office, and he'd brought a man in from Idaho or Utah to handle his campaign. In looking over the advertising material of it, I'd had enough experience in politics that I could detect that this man was no match for the

astuteness of McCarran's organization. That is—the material he sent out, the advertising, was just not up to what McCarran would put out. And, of course, experience is the best teacher in all the world. Vail Pittman had been a small country editor, and consequently, he hadn't traveled like his brother, Key. Key was an international, or a national, figure, and Vail was a local figure. While Vail ran a very fine paper, and was a very ethical man, [and] was an honorable man, he didn't have the speaking ability of his brother, [and] he didn't have the scope or vision of his brother. He just wasn't as big a man as his brother in national affairs. But he had a good name. The Pittman name was very good all over the state. But Vail didn't have the acquaintance that others did. It was a hard-fought campaign, a very bitter campaign. But he didn't prevail; he wasn't successful. And it caused a breach in the party that was very, very difficult to heal. I knew about it; I was in the middle of it—that is—I wasn't as far as sides was concerned, but I was very well acquainted with the—the [situation].

If Governor Pittman, Vail Pittman, needed a saving grace—he didn't—but if he needed a saving grace, it was Mrs. Pittman. Mrs. Vail Pittman was as charming, delightful a woman as I have ever met, very gracious, [a] very able woman, very able. And it didn't make any difference whether she was in the office of the newspaper in Ely, or whether she was in the governor's mansion, she was always the same, and always very charming. I had a great affection for—a respect, you know—a respectful affection for Mrs. Pittman. And Vail, the governor, was a very fine man, although he was not the astute campaigner that others were, and it proved to be so.

I remember distinctly in one campaign where he was running for governor, that Archie Grant, C. D. Baker, myself, and I can't

remember who else there was, but there must've been six of us, went to Vail Pittman's headquarters in Las Vegas. He was running for governor, and there was something that had been said in Winnemucca. We went down to prevail on Vail to tell him how he could counteract this, and we couldn't prevail on him. We couldn't make him see our point of view, and I always felt that that's one of the mistakes he made. That's about all I know about it.

What kind of a senator would he have made if he had been able to win that time? Very average. It's terrible to say a thing like that, but it's true. Very average, 'cause it's a—he just wasn't that big a man to cope with those things. He just wasn't. I don't think Senator Carville or Governor Pittman, either, would ever have excelled in the Senate.

Now, Scrugham would have never excelled in the Senate as far as oratory was concerned, as far as international affairs are concerned, but he would have excelled as far as getting money for the state of Nevada, providing he could have been on the Appropriations Committee. But he couldn't be on the Appropriations Committee because McCarran was on there. Scrugham was a good trader, and a good mixer. He could handle the ingredients of Washington's male population—I mean, in the rough and tumble of politics in the Senate, but he was no socialite at all.

Governor Carville's redeeming feature was his integrity. He was the soul of integrity, honesty, and while he'd take a social drink, you never found Ted Carville when he wasn't sober enough to do business. I mean he never got out of line, never. He'd take a social drink and joke and laugh at the bar. He had a very fine sense of humor. But he was, I always thought, more of a judicial mind than he was of a courtroom lawyer or trial lawyer or a flamboyant personality. Governor Carville

was a more astute governor than Governor Pittman, much more astute governor, and a better governor.

Now, Governor Pittman was a good governor, but he was no match for McCarran, *no match at all*. There wasn't anybody that was much of a match for McCarran; of course, he'd been a trial lawyer and a judge, and he had a tremendous vocabulary, and he was a very, very fine speaker. No one was a match for him. He was as sharp as the top echelon in the Senate, although he didn't deal in international affairs, very little.

But Governor Carville had another asset that was a plus factor, and that was Mrs. Carville. If you ever met Mrs. Carville, you had to love her. She was a charming woman, not a beautiful woman, but an attractive woman. Mrs. Pittman is [an] attractive woman, too, and she had the social graces of a queen, of royalty. And to go in her home, and to go into the mansion, to stay in the mansion (as I was a guest in the mansion), why, it would be like going into their home in Elko. While it was immaculate, and everything (they had all the servants they needed), it was nothing for Mrs. Carville to get breakfast for her husband and her quests, you know, and sit down. She was a very, very gracious lady.

The Carville family had a tragic life, very tragic. I could only hope and pray that the good Lord makes up to them in the hereafter what they had here, because all three of their sons passed away. Governor Carville passed away far too early in life, far too early, but they were a great credit to the state, very great credit to the state.

What role did Vail Pittman play in southern Nevada politics after he retired? Well, Vail took a very active part in the party organization here in southern Nevada. He was always active on the central committee and did whatever he could, as far as molding

the party together and electing Democratic candidates. Vail Pittman was first, last, and always a Democrat, and a very loyal Democrat. He had some interest and served on boards and commissions here, and was active in the community. Vail Pittman and Mrs. Pittman played quite an interesting part in the social life of southern Nevada. In Ely, they moved among the elite, in the copper echelon, you know. They were high up with the best of society in Ely, and when they came here, they were in the best of society in southern Nevada, too. They were well respected people here. Vail had some financial interests that he cared for. And they played an important part in the social, business, and political life of southern Nevada after he came here to live, very well respected.

I wouldn't want to speak disparagingly of Vail Pittman because he was a very able man, but he was a more able editor, newspaperman, than he was a candidate for public office. He was a good governor, but he wasn't a great governor. Some people have a flair of personality that has a magnetism to 'em, you know, and they draw people to [them]. They're flamboyant, so to speak. Some don't. Some just don't have it, that's all, and as a result, Vail didn't have that happy faculty of being flamboyant, like his brother Key.

LOBBYISTS IN THE U. S. SENATE

One interesting thing (in the Senate) that [comes] to my mind was when the Lease-Lend bill, I think it was, was being debated, Lizzie Dillon was a prominent woman lobbyist from Chicago, and she marshaled a lot of women to come to Washington, D. C. to lobby against the Lease-Lend bill. They were thick as flies, all over the Senate, and the capitol building, and all over the Senate Office Building, and they came to my office

and made their presentation. I told 'em that I was going to vote for the Lease-Lend bill, and they were very upset about it. (Mrs. Dillon did not come to my office, but they were so thick, when you got off the elevator going to the Senate floor, why, you could hardly push your way through.) The day the vote was to be taken, to start, I went to the Senate floor, and when I got in the Senate elevator, there was about four or five of us there, and they literally got ahold of these senators' coats, to catch hold of 'em. They stopped 'em. And three or four women stopped me, and they said (because I was young), "Are you a Senator?"

I didn't say I wasn't a Senator; I just said, "Do I look like a United States Senator?"

And they didn't say yes, didn't say no. They just stepped out of the way, and I walked on in. They thought probably I was a Senate employee. So I escaped their wrath. They were—*she* was a very, very vigilant and outspoken woman, but she had very little effect on the outcome of the votes.

Labor. Labor had people—the CIO was there all the time. Day after day they'd come to your office, and not only ask, but almost demand that you vote a certain way. And sometimes, the lobbyists get to be a real problem. It takes some pretty astute secretary to keep them from bothering you all the time.

I remember Wayne Morse was on the labor panel, one of the labor departments downtown. And he came to the labor committee to testify on occasion. And it was easy to determine then (that was long before he was a senator) that he was a rising star in his own right, because Wayne Morse was a very, very able man, very shrewd and a powerful debater, a very fine speaker, could hold his own with anyone.

Speaking of lobbyists, I knew quite a few lobbyists. One interesting character that I knew very well—he never asked me to do

anything for him because I suppose he knew that I didn't have any influence and wouldn't do it for him anyway, but he just happened to like me personally. That was John Maragon, the famous Greek, who later got into trouble when Senator Truman became president. John Maragon had access to an unlimited supply of liquor, and he was always asking me if I needed any liquor. Well, I didn't need any, but I know of those that did, and I know they had good liquor because I was standing in the hallway one day when the speaker of the House came to open the session. And John had two bottles, and the speaker was not hesitant to take one of 'em. So I know John dispensed some favors around the Capitol, and I suppose some people just did him some favors. But he was a personable fellow, and he knew everybody in Washington.

I think the only thing John Maragon ever did for me was that he asked me one night if my wife and I would like to go to the Ice Follies. Well, I'd never seen an Ice Folly. My wife had a bad cold, I remember, but John showed up with ringside seats. He said to meet him at the Ice Follies, and I thought just the three of us [were] going. And he showed up with about as luscious a blonde as I'd seen in a long time! And there the four of us sat, my wife, freezing to death with a bad cold, and the notorious character of John Maragon and his girlfriend. But we enjoyed the Ice Follies and we became—we were very good friends, although we were not friends as far as doing favors for him.

There was another lobbyist in Washington. I can't remember his name. But just to show you what they'd do, he tried to make friends with me, and all he ever wanted me to do was to let him bring some of his influential friends, the people that he was working for, like corporate presidents, and all he ever wanted me to do was to let him bring them

to my office to impress them that he knew several senators. And then he'd collect from them because he was supposed to be a man of influence. But I caught on to that quick. He only came in twice, and then I caught on to that and brought that to a sudden conclusion.

Two of the real keys of the United States Senate are the secretary and the majority secretary. Leslie Biffle was the secretary of the majority [party], the Democratic secretary. Leslie Biffle was a man of small stature. He and I used to match wits on how the vote was going to go. I had developed the happy faculty of guessing about how people were going to vote by the way they talked. And, of course, Les had access to most of their—. He could go and ask 'em. But we used to match wits. And Les Biffle was a very good friend of mine. I was a good friend of his. And he helped me on many occasions.

And the secretary of the Senate was a very fine man, too, and he was very friendly. Of course, they were astute politicians because they had to be in a position where you didn't offend anybody. I remember McCarran saying once of Leslie Biffle, "He's like Caesar's wife. He's all things to all people." I mean, whatever you wanted, he was that side. But, of course, his main loyalty was to the majority leader of the Senate.

The sergeant at arms had influence that you wanted to cater to when he wanted to cater to you. But you had people calling on you all the time.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARIES IN SENATORS' OFFICES

I think history should record the yeoman's service of executive secretaries and people that work in a senator's office. Florine Frank [Maher] was the sister of Myron Frank, a very astute, successful businessman in Reno. Her

father was an old pioneer in Reno. And Myron owned a garage and a parking lot in Reno. I knew Florine while her husband was alive. And when I went to Washington, Senator McCarran wanted me to take her (she was working in his office). I said, "I'd be glad to." Florine was an astute, knowledgeable, brilliant girl. She could handle herself in society, or dealing with the toughest of bureaucrats, and hours was nothing to her. She worked day and night. She could pick up more information in a social gathering than three detectives. She was my executive secretary and handled my office. I think even she would laugh at it now, as we did many times, and have since, that her desk always looked like a haystack. She just didn't have a happy faculty of keeping a neat desk, but she knew where everything was. And as long as she could find it and she worked so hard, I didn't bother. But she was a very able girl. She graduated from the University of Nevada with very high honors, one of the highest up 'til that time, and she proved herself to be a capable woman.

After I left Washington, she went with the [Office of] Price Administration, and from there went to New York City and was very successful in the National Shoe Manufacturers Association, and from there, studied interior decorating, and is very successful in her own right in Las Vegas now. But much of my success in dealing with the departments had to be attributed to Florine Maher of Reno.

Talking about executive secretaries, Eva Adams was a famous one, and even conducted a school for executive secretaries. And—well, there are executive secretaries and executive secretaries—. If you're good and know how to handle yourself, you can wiggle yourself to the top without much problem. Eva Adams was a very good example. In the first place, Eva Adams was very personable. In the next place, she had a very good education. And the

third thing, she was astute, very astute. Now, Eva probably could have been great working for most anyone, but she had a springboard into prominence, the like of which very few others had. Senator McCarran had certain committee assignments that gave him very great prestige. And he was so well thought of by the aviation people, he was the "father" of aviation. And it gave Eva an entree into offices that very few people could get into. She was the type of a girl that never overstepped her bounds. I mean, she got what she went after, and she was fiercely loyal to Senator McCarran. That's one thing in politics that you must have. You must have loyalty. Because there's so many opportunities for an associate to cut your throat politically.

But I remember in the House of Representatives, there was a girl from the South. And anybody that wanted to get anything done used to go to this girl from the South 'cause she was the dean—she knew how, and she had influence. Sometimes she had more influence than some congressmen did, because she knew how. And the girls in the offices would oftentimes work through her. She placed many girls, and the same way with the Senate. They're very, very influential people.

Now, I remember Senator Hatch's executive secretary. Carl Hatch was the father of the Hatch Act. His executive secretary was very astute, very able. Oftentimes I went to him, and we became very good friends. Oftentimes I'd go to him to get something done.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Now, after my defeat in the Senate, I returned to Nevada and was offered a very fine position with the New York Life Insurance Company (headquarters in New York) [at] the regional office in Salt Lake City. I sold for the New York Life Insurance Company for two

years. But it just wasn't hardly my idea of what I'd like to do, and I was so deeply ingrained in politics that I wanted to try again. And so I concluded to run for the Congress against Maurice Sullivan.

Maurice J. Sullivan had been lieutenant governor of the state of Nevada, and in the early days of the state (Goldfield and Tonopah) was quite a colorful character. He was elected to Congress, and Maurice was a very fine man, an immaculate dresser, a very fine-looking man. He was masculine; he wasn't feminine; but the best way I could describe him was that he always wore his handkerchief in the sleeve of his coat, which might have been all right in the early days of Goldfield and Tonopah, but it just wasn't a typical Nevada feat.

(When I went back to Congress, one of my friends told me that Clare Boothe Luce told Maurice on one occasion that he was the best dressed member of the Congress. He wore fine clothes, made a good appearance. But Maurice just didn't catch the fancy of the voters of Nevada. I thought maybe I could beat him, and so I ran, with a good deal of encouragement all over the state.)

Well, as I said, Maurice Sullivan was a very fine man, but he just didn't catch the fancy of political figures. And he just didn't catch the fancy of McCarran or Governor Carville. Congressman Sullivan had reached a zenith and was beginning to go down, you see. He'd been lieutenant governor once or twice, and he'd reached it, and he was actually going downhill as a political figure in the state of Nevada. McCarran knew this very well. And so he aided some, and Governor Carville aided some in my political campaign—not financially, but they spoke well of me during the campaign. And there was no problem to defeat Maurice in the primary election, none—none whatsoever, because he just

hadn't captured the fancy of the voters of the state.

I had pretty much the support of the newspapers, with the exception of a few. I think my bitterest antagonist was the *Lovelock Review-Miner*, who could see no good in me, and never did, and that was his privilege.

Do I have any idea what made Senator McCarran decide that he could start speaking to me again? Well, I'll tell you. That's the axe in my politics. Politics makes strange bedfellows—and the fact that he thought that probably he could get along better with me, or as well with me, as he could with Maurice.

I remember the only incident in the whole campaign that was worth mentioning was that I'd had my signs tacked up all over the country, and Maurice has his signs tacked up all over the country. And Maurice had a fellow going around the state with him, and I think, unbeknownst to the congressman, his friend got to Las Vegas and he's pullin' my signs down [laughing]. I didn't know about it, but my friends got real incensed, so they got ahold of this fellow. They went to Maurice and told him, and Maurice said, "Well, I didn't know what was happening." And I'm sure he didn't know what was happening. And they stopped it. That was just a minor incident, you know. But it was true. This fellow, unbeknownst to the congressman, was tearing my signs down.

I was able to win the primary election without too much difficulty. And then, I was surprised, and everyone was surprised when what later proved to be a very colorful and influential figure in Nevada politics filed against me on the Republican ticket. That was Rex Bell from Searchlight.

I'd met Rex during the campaign for the legislature in Searchlight, had been in his home in Searchlight. He was very friendly, and he attended a Democratic rally one night, was there when we started, in his pickup

truck, and greeted us all. And then he left. So I knew Rex, but I didn't know he was interested in politics.

And I didn't have any money, so I virtually and literally hitchhiked around the state. Well, hitchhiking was nothing new to me because I'd done it when I was on a Mormon mission. So it wasn't anything new, but it caught the fancy of people. They thought it was something, you know, that's new. Well, I did it because of economic reasons. I had more time than money, and so I did. I hitchhiked from one city to the other. I'd work a city, and then I'd hitchhike on. I'd either catch a ride in a hotel, or if I didn't, I'd get right out and hitchhike.

Well, it caught the fancy of the voters to such an extent that Rex thought he'd better do something, and he did. He said he would campaign the state, and he would sleep out. He'd take his station wagon and bedroll and sleep out. And he wore cowboy clothes, you know. 'Course, I remember the only time I came in contact with Rex during the campaign was in Yerington. We were both there, and we both spoke, and he did very well. And after it was over, why, he said, "Well, let's have a little game."

And so the boys gathered around, and Rex and the ranchers played for some very small stakes, not large. I mean it wasn't a rough-and-tumble poker game, but it was a game, and that caught the fancy of the people.

That's the only time that Rex Bell ever ran for office when he didn't do first—very well. And the reason he didn't do very well that time—first place, I had been in a statewide campaign; I'd been speaker; I was known all over. Rex was not known. He wasn't known in the Reno area at all. lie was known very little down here. But that's the only time he ran for public office when he wasn't a formidable candidate. He proved to be a very, very fine vote getter, very, very good vote getter. And

only providence knows what Rex Bell might have attained had he lived. Nobody had any idea that he wasn't in the very best of health, you know. But he wasn't. He had a heart condition that nobody knew anything about.

Rex Bell was a very personable individual. I got to know him very well. He opened a store here, and we became very, very good friends. And I had a great affection for Rex Hell. But we ran, and I was able to win.

Somebody might be interested in the difference between the Senate and the House. Well, the Senate, you're one of two, and you're only ninety-six, and every senator is an individual, and in his own right important (his vote's important). And when you go into the House, you're one of four hundred and thirty-five, and you're one from the state. While you're important out here, *all* the committee appointments are long since gobbled up by people from the south; they're the chairmen of the committee. And to even get on a decent committee, you almost have to have an act of Congress.

Clinton Anderson, who's presently the senator from New Mexico, and the father of the Atomic Energy bill, you know, he was a member of the steering committee—that is, to assign members of the House to [be] members of committees. I was a member of Rotary, and he'd been president of Rotary International, so we had something in common. I went to Clinton Anderson and told him what I wanted. I didn't get what I wanted, and I didn't get too good committee assignments. I got fair—but not what I wanted.

There's just as much difference in the House of Representatives and the Senate, as there is night and day. You're one of four hundred and thirty-five, and you have to be very good, and very aggressive, and unusual even to be noticed. And you just don't get to speak on the floor. If you get to sneak, you

get to speak after the session's over, when everybody leaves, and you only speak for the record. So it's extremely difficult to make any dent in the House unless you've been there a long time. That's why Scrugham was so important in the House. He'd been there a long time. And that's why Baring does so well in the House, is because he's been there a long time, and he has some prestige now—beginning to have some prestige.

My stay in the House was pleasant. I took Ray Germain, who was the publisher of the Tonopah paper, back as my executive assistant. Ray and I had been friends since high school. He graduated before I did, but when I came over here to high school, I knew him. He worked for the Gene Ward grocery store. And he married Garside's daughter, you know, Frank Garside, who owned the *Review-Journal*. Virginia and Ray went back with us, and Ray was a great help. He was a very fine executive secretary.

There weren't near as many problems in the House as there was in the Senate. See, we were in the war then. And it was just a matter of priorities, more than anything else, of getting something to build a house with, or something, with the shortages of things because of the war. And then the war came to a conclusion while I was in the House. The House was never as stormy as the Senate was, because in the Senate, we were going into the war, you see, and gearing up for the war, and all. The House—well, we had our problems, but the days were not nearly as filled with stress and not nearly as colorful as they were the two years I was in the Senate, not near. No, no comparison. No comparison at all.

[While I was in the House] McCarran was very friendly, very friendly. He used to invite me over to his office—his office in the capitol, not so much his office in the Senate

Office Building 'cause that was quite a ways away. But he'd invite me over to his judiciary office, and we'd sit there and talk after I was elected to Congress.

While I enjoyed my work in the House, it was a far cry from the Senate. And so when Scrugham died, it left the thing wide open. Governor Carville appointed himself and came back to Washington. We were very good friends, and—

Well, now, let's back up a bit here, now. Let's see. Oh, yes, he did—. But before he [Carville] came back, McCarran was after me to run for the Senate. And I [laughing]—I never could really figure out whether he was more interested in electing me or defeating Carville. We were very good friends, and he called me over and wanted me to make a decision to run for the Senate. He said, "Somebody's going to win. Somebody's going to beat Carville." He was against Carville. They'd had some difficulty over the years, and he was against Carville. He said, "Somebody's going to beat him. You might as well." But he didn't project the future of the split of the Democratic party if I beat Carville.

So I went to Carville and told him that I did not want to stay in the House. I didn't want to run for office every two years because it was just a—. And you couldn't save any money. I was makin' \$10,000 a year. But, of course, if I'd've stayed, and stayed as long as Baring, that've been fine, 'cause he'll retire, you know, at a very handsome salary.

I was in Las Vegas, and McCarran came out. We were both here. And McCarran arranged a meeting. Actually, Al Cahlan arranged the meeting. There was Al Cahlan and Guernsy Frazier. (He was another contending force when I ran against Scrugham in the Senate. He was a very strong adversary against me, and a very able politician. And I

think he wrote many of the ads that were run in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*. He was a henchman of Howard Eells, and later became a henchman of McCarran's. But he was a very able, astute man.) And there was Al Cahlan, Pat McCarran, my brother, Bryan Bunker, myself, and Guernsy Frazier in Guernsy Frazier's home up on Maryland Parkway. And up 'til that point, I hadn't made a decision to run for the Senate. But Pat was there, and he was very aggressive and very forceful—and Cahlan and Frazier, really, the powerhouses of southern Nevada politics. And he said, "Now, I want you to make a decision. I want you to run, and when you make it, I don't want you to back out."

I'd had some of Carville's people come to me and told me what an ingrate I'd be if I ran. But they said—. Well, anyway, I decided to run. And I went to Carville and told him that I wasn't happy in the House, and I was going to run for the Senate (and that I wanted him to know that if he appointed himself so I wouldn't be doing it behind his back). I'd rather get out of politics than to be running for office every two years for Congress. And that was my feeling. So he was dejected and surprised about it. And we ran against each other. It split our friendship—I mean, our friends. His friends were my friends, you know. And it tore our friends right apart; they had to take a stand. Some were for me and some were against me.

I remember a couple in Fallon that were my very dear friends. And I would've never been mad at them for going for Carville, 'cause I would've understood. They had a dinner for Carville in Reno one night, and I was in Reno, and I met these people on the street. And [laughing] I didn't think I was innocent. I said, "Well, having a—enjoying the evening in Reno?"

Just as well have asked them what they were there for, and the woman spoke up and told me that they were there for the Carville party, and they were going to vote for Carville. And that severed our friendship because of my runnin' against him. They never spoke to me after that—she didn't. He did. He is now deceased, but she is still a very prominent person in Fallon, a schoolteacher.

It was a hard-fought campaign. It was not bitter, I mean. But it was hard-fought. Governor Carville was the salt of the earth, as far as integrity was concerned. And he would have made a very, very fine judge, a United States judge, and that's what he ought to've been. McCarran beat him out of it, or somebody beat him out of it, anyway, and he never got it. He should've got it. He would've been a very fine judge. But it always appeared to me that he was a little out of his element in Washington 'cause the pace was too fast. I mean, he wasn't an infighter. Carville was not a fixer. Everything he did was on top of the table. And he worried a lot.

I defeated him in the primary election. And he met Malone in the lobby of the Riverside Hotel and pledged to support Malone. And Conlon, Jack Conlon, who was Carville's executive assistant, was a very dear friend of mine, and he took money from Malone and toured in opposition to me. That was the year of the Republican landslide, you know. Senator McFarland in Arizona, the Democrat, got beat, and Senator Murdock in Utah got beat, and I got beat. So it just came in a Republican landslide, and I got snowed under.

What happened between McCarran and Carville? Carville wouldn't do his bidding. When Carville was elected governor, McCarran wanted to make all the appointments, and Carville wouldn't do

that, and properly so. And as a result, a very bitter feud grew up between them, only on McCarran's part, not Carville's part. Carville was not mad at anybody, never was. But McCarran just went his way, and Carville went his way. And as a result, there was no rapport between them. I think McCarran was more interested in defeating Carville than he was in electing me. I really do. He was a very vindictive man.

That's the price you pay, sometimes, for eccentric people. I mean brilliant people are sometimes very eccentric, you know, very eccentric, and that's the price you pay for genius. And he was a genius, a political genius.

He took the stump for me in the election against Malone. But he didn't have enough muscle to pull it off. All the old antagonists came out from under the woodwork, you know, and they evened the score. But Senator McCarran really pulled out all the stops trying to elect me. He did everything he could. He spoke on the radio in Reno—everything he could to help, to beat Malone.

Hindsight's always better than foresight. What I should've done was to [have] kept running for the Congress if I wanted to stay in politics. But there was a question in my mind whether I wanted to make that run every two years, or not, you know. Now, it would've been different where Las Vegas had've been larger, and I could've—we'd had more votes down here. It would've been different. But Reno was tough. Man, they hated the Democrats—I mean, I don't know if they hated 'em, but they just didn't vote for 'em. So you had to pile up a tremendous vote in other places in the state to come out. And if you got a formidable candidate out of Reno to run against you, it was a tough situation. You had to raise money. And if you didn't have enough money, it cost money to live. So I just concluded that I'd tackle it, and if I won, all right; if I didn't, I'd

just bow out gracefully. And that's exactly what I did. We did the best we could in the campaign, but they did everything they could, and the split in the party just ruined me, just ruined me. And I just bowed out of politics, that's all.

But while I was running for the house, I was in the Humboldt Hotel. And my brother, Bryan, called me, and he said, "The Garrison mortuary is for sale." He said, "Howell Garrison wants to sell the mortuary to me. And," he said, "I want you go to in with us."

I said, "Who's us?"

He said, "Well, I have a group of about four or five people. Some of 'em are doctors."

And I said, "If it's good enough for five or six, it's good enough for three. Let's just me and you and the embalmer buy it."

He said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it and you'll put up a third of the money, why, we'll buy it."

So I put up a third, and Mr. [Lester] Burt put up a third, and my brother put up a third, and we bought the Garrison mortuary. And they ran it for two years, and when I was through, I came back and threw myself into the mortuary [business]. I went back to Northwestern University and studied mortuary management, and I've been here ever since, with the exception of a tour for the church in Georgia.

4

A HISTORY OF BUNKER BROTHERS MORTUARY

I'd like to talk about the history of Bunker Brothers, [which] was founded in 1944. Howell Garrison came from Georgia during the building of Boulder Dam, and he operated out of Boulder City for, and in behalf of, the Palm Mortuary under the direction of S. Gene and Anna Parks. When the dam was completed, Howell Garrison had no place to go. He either had to come in here and work for the Parks', or set up his own. The Parks people had written in a contract that he wouldn't go into competition with them—against them, and so it had to be resolved by a long court battle.

Leo McNamee, a very prominent attorney, railroad attorney, and a very fine, ethical man, one of the finest men southern Nevada ever had, was Garrison's attorney; and Roger Foley, Sr., was the attorney for the Parks people. They took it clear to the Supreme Court, and Garrison won. So, Garrison opened a mortuary on Fremont Street, between Fifth and Sixth, and there were a couple of small stores between his mortuary and our service station. He used to buy all his gas and oil from us, and I knew him very well. My brother,

Bryan, my older brother, sponsored him in the Rotary Club, and he became a member of the Rotary Club and became very well accepted. Garrison was either appointed, or was elected—anyway, he was elected city commissioner, and then later became mayor of the city.

When the war came along, Garrison didn't want to go to war. So he went to southern Utah and opened a sawmill. He came from Georgia and knew something about logging and sawmills, so he went there and stayed there. There were some things that took place in the city commission and while he was mayor, his being away, that caused him to resign. And the fact that he didn't go to war, and the fact that his term of office wasn't as pleasant as it might have been, to him or to his constituents, the voters, Garrison decided to sell. Now, he had everything in the world going for him, but he just—he fell into bad days. He divorced his wife, and all, and his reputation had diminished some, and so he went to my brother and said, "Why don't you buy me out?"

We'd conducted a lot of funerals, he and I. He was the stake president and I was the bishop, and we used to go over and help him unload the human remains as they came in. So he went to my brother and said, "Why don't you buy me out?"

And he said, "Well, I'll consider it, I but] we don't have anybody to run it."

And he said, "Well, you can have Mr. Burt. He's a mortician, and I know where you can get another man that worked for me, one of the best men in the state."

And so my brother called me. There were some other people in the medical profession in town that wanted to go in with him. He called me, and it may be interesting to history that we three individuals put up seven hundred and fifty dollars apiece, cash. That was our three original investments in the Bunker Brothers Mortuary, and we just kept investing our—.

I went back to Washington for two years. Then I came back, and when I came back, why, we bought Mr. Burt out (it was Bunker-Burt). We bought Mr. Burt out. Mr. Burt was a mortician from Caliente, and we owned the Caliente mortuary. We deeded Mr. Burt our interest in the Caliente mortuary and paid him so much cash. He took over the Caliente operation, and we took over the Las Vegas operation.

We had this rented building that we had, no parking at all, right on the street, and so we negotiated a loan with Ed Von Tobel, Sr., one of the Ed Von Tobel Lumber Company, to build the building at Fifth and Carson. We built that building, and it was finished in 1946, and we moved into it. Then we bought the property next door and built seven or eight stores there, small stores. Then we bought the property in back of us for parking, but we still had to park on the street for our funerals—I

mean, the cortege, the hearse, and the family cars.

So we concluded to build the present building, and we leased our mortuary to the city because it was close to the city hall, and the city hall was just closing. They didn't have any room. So we leased it to the city with an option to buy, and the city bought our property. They leased it at a handsome figure, and we negotiated a loan with the First National Bank, and we built this building. And so we've gone from a very humble beginning to a going concern now, and the end is not yet. So that's the history of Bunker Brothers Mortuary.

I studied the management end of mortuary science at Northwestern University in Chicago. Then I came back and applied it, and kept going back to seminars. I'm not an embalmer, nor was my brother an embalmer, but we hired a very competent man, and over the years, we've worked up a very fine business here.

We've seen some marked changes in the funeral business in the years we've been in it. Originally, everything was placed on the casket. You'd buy a casket, and you'd price it at so much money, and that would include the funeral, the embalming, and everything else. Well, that day has long since gone. There're many mortuaries that still do that, but now, we itemize our services in four categories. We itemize the professional services, which is the embalming and the shaving the men, the bathing, disinfecting, the setting of the features, the dressing, the hair styling, and the casketing. That's all in one figure. And then we take the funeral and our staff and our building and cost it out, and put that in another bracket. And then we charge so much for our cars per funeral. The casket is separate, completely separate.

People used to say, "The caskets are terribly expensive. They cost a thousand dollars." Well, that isn't true. The casket doesn't. Any knowledgeable woman who buys a piece of furniture knows that a casket doesn't cost a thousand dollars, be it wood or metal.

And so today, the modern trend in mortuary science is to itemize all the services in a mortuary. Now, un] some states, it's gone so far as to legislate this. New York forces people to itemize their service, and so also does Colorado. And other states may do it, but there's no need in passing legislation as long as people will itemize. I think people are entitled to know just exactly what they pay for. So, through a careful cost accounting, we know exactly what it costs us to embalm human remains. We know exactly how much it costs us to conduct a funeral. We know exactly how much it costs us [for] the cars we use. And so we itemize those. Now, you're entitled to a legitimate profit on your services, and you're entitled to a legitimate profit on your merchandise, which is the casket. And when you find out what your cost is on each of those, then you add your percentage of profit.

There's a point of no return in the funeral business. If you start to gouge people and charge too much, eventually they find out about it, and you get a high price reputation, and people are reluctant to go to you. So there's a point of return that you're entitled to on your investment, and you're supposed to keep your investment down so you don't have to have too much of a return. The return in the funeral business is not as great as it is in many other areas of business. There's much more money in a cemetery than there is in a mortuary. But it's a service. And if you like people, like to serve—. They don't come to us for sympathy; they come to us for service. And if you like to serve people and help them,

then you get satisfaction out of this work. You couldn't say you get joy out of it, because nobody gets joy out of people's sorrow. But they don't come to us for sympathy. They come to us for service, and that's what we give. We try to go beyond the normal call.

One of the very interesting funerals we had was when Nick the Greek, the great gambler, died in Los Angeles, penniless. [Laughing] I guess there must've been many millions of dollars go through Nick the Greek's hands while he was alive. I remember one of my very close friends who was close in the gambling business, said that he brought \$25,000 from Reno on the plane once to Nick the Greek, from one gambler to another. Nick had a lot of money, not probably of his own, but for one reason or another. How he came into it, or how he received it, or how he spent it was always a matter of guess, conjecture, and—I don't know. But I know Nick the Greek died penniless in Los Angeles.

And Nick the Greek, I think, had told his life story to Hank Greenspun of the *Sun*. And I think Greenspun had reduced it to writing. They were good friends, and so Hank didn't want Nick to have a penniless funeral. So Benny Binion was a very good friend of Nick's, and when Benny found out about it through Hank, Hank said to bring him back here. And so they brought him back here and held the funeral, brought him back here to us. We held the funeral in the Greek Orthodox church. And there were more FBI people at Nick the Greek's funeral than there were friends, They were all over the place. They were across the street, taking pictures of everybody that went in, and they surveyed the register meticulously of everybody that signed. I don't remember who all was there, but there were some, you know, important people, some movie people that came to attend the funeral

because of their association with Nick, not because they were part of the underworld. And I don't know that Nick was part of the underworld, but anyway, the FBI wanted to know about Nick's funeral, and they found out about it. It was very, very interesting. It wasn't a large funeral because the Greek Orthodox church is not a large church, but they bought him a good metal casket, and bought him a nice lot. Nick lived in style when he was alive, and he died in style. And Benny Binion of the Horseshoe Club wrote the check to pay for Nick the Greek's funeral.

Benny Binion probably has given more money away than most people will ever make. He is a fabulous individual, Benny Binion; he wouldn't let his friend down, nor would he let others down, either. So that was one of the funerals.

Of course, we held the service for Guy McAfee, and we held the service for Rex Bell—that is, we did everything that was to be done.

Conducting a funeral is a tense moment, as professional as you are. There is one secret to a funeral, like everything else, and that's preparation. First, have the funeral well planned. You know where everybody's going to be. A funeral director's supposed to be behind the scenes, not out in front, only when you have to be out in front. So you step away, behind, back. The minister is the focal point of the funeral, and the family, and the casket, not the funeral director. But you must have a sufficient staff to know exactly where every man is going to be. And if you have it well planned, then everything goes smooth.

But I suppose everybody has got up on a day when everything went wrong, and you'd been better not to' ye got out of bed. And sometimes a funeral runs just that way, and you break your neck, and you do everything

you can. It starts out wrong, and you just can't turn the tide, for some unknown reason. Now, there're very few, and nobody ever knows much about it but the funeral directors. But be the time the funeral's over, you're fit to be tied because you wanted it to run smooth. And there's no reason why a funeral can't run very smoothly, but emotions are very tender at a funeral.

One of the outstanding examples of things that go wrong is that you might be late, or you might go after the family and not be well-versed on where the house is, and be late. Even worse than that, to go after the family, and you take two cars, and the family, after you get there, you just can't get 'em in the car. You just can't get 'em organized and get 'em out of the house into the car. And as a result, you get there five minutes late for the funeral. And the chapel is packed, and the minister's there, and you don't know whether they've had a flat tire, or whatever's happened to them. Then you start out late, and something may go wrong with the flowers, or something, you know. They weren't just placed the way you wanted them to, or you couldn't get them to the cemetery as fast as you wanted them to. Or some minor thing might have happened, where you had to bring in extra chairs. If the family's late or the minister's late—. The minister's rarely late, very rarely late. The only way he could be late would be to be tied up in traffic. But there are times when you get a very frustrating experience handling a funeral.

One of the outstanding funerals we have held in recent years was the unexpected and untimely death of my brother's wife. He was a state senator, and she died as a result of an automobile accident. She was driving, and he was in the back seat sleeping, and whatever happened, nobody'll ever know. They got her to the hospital, but she died in the hospital,

and we brought her here. It was a large funeral, an awfully large funeral, and the majority of the members of the legislature flew here by charter plane to attend the services. That's something I'd never seen before. And after the service was over, 'Then we wheeled the casket out, we had the members of the legislature seated together in the choir seats next to the rostrum, and we took them out first, and they lined up, two by two, and we wheeled the casket right down through that group of legislators. I thought that was one of the finest marks of respect I've ever experienced in my life in the funeral business. I suppose they'd've done it for any senator whose wife [had died], but Mrs. Bunker was a very beautiful girl and very charming, very delightful. She'd spent considerable time in Carson City and knew all these men personally. And they came, men and women came in a chartered plane to attend the services. That was one [funeral] that was very outstanding.

Oh, we've had many. Then Austin Bowler passed away, [he] was a member of the assembly. Austin Bowler was a one-man band. He was an institution; he wasn't an individual. He was a Mormon, a Mason, and a[n] Elk; and he was in charge of the Helldorado Days, the rodeo. He was a very approachable fellow and a very hard worker, very, very hard worker. He came from over in Mesquite, in Virgin Valley. And there wasn't anything that those people wanted over there that Austin wouldn't get. If they wanted uniforms for the band, he'd get 'em. If they wanted extra chairs or bleachers, why, he'd get 'em—for a football game, he'd get 'em. Whatever they wanted, he'd get.

Austin passed away of a heart attack, unexpectedly. And there wasn't any church in town, other than probably [the] Garden of Angels shrine out on the Strip that would've held the crowd. They held [his funeral] in

the present recreation center, over here, that the city bought from the Mormon church. And it was packed! It was probably one of the largest funerals that'd ever been held in southern Nevada. People came from all over. It was a Mormon funeral, but they were not all Mormon speakers. They had, I remember, Harley [E.] Harmon, young Harley Harmon, a prominent banker in southern Nevada now, was one of the speakers. Grant Bowler, Austin's brother, was a speaker. It was what you'd call nondenominational, as far as the people were concerned. But it was one of the largest services I've ever seen.

Every religion and every lodge have their own way of conducting a funeral. The Catholic church, for years and years, had all Latin—and the priest did everything in Latin. Very little of it was said in English. The rosary was in English, but the mass itself was in Latin. And there's been a complete reversal today, and practically everything is done in English today. It's very interesting to observe, because the younger people are very anxious and glad to have it in English, but the older people, who are used to the pageantry of Latin, they don't like this very well.

One other thing in a modern Catholic funeral, there was a time when you couldn't hold a Catholic funeral unless you took them to the church and held a mass. Well, there are nonactive Catholics, just like there're nonactive Mormons and nonactive Methodists. I mean, they're just not active, and haven't been to church for years, but yet they're Catholic. If a Catholic was ever baptized in the church and was very active in the Catholic church, they wanted to be buried as a Catholic. And they're entitled to be buried [as a] Catholic. But of late, people have said, "Well, if we've got to go to the church, we won't be buried as a Catholic." And that's—in

my personal judgment, that's wrong. If they were a Catholic, they're entitled to a Catholic funeral.

Now, the clergy have always taken the position that everyone was entitled to a funeral, but they ought to come to the church to hold the mass. You can only hold the mass at an altar. But of late, very, very recently, the Catholic clergy have liberalized their thinking. And if a family refuses to go to the church, they will, on occasion, hold a service—not a mass, but hold prayers for the family in the chapel.

And another thing that is very interesting, is that a Catholic priest will join with another denomination in holding a service in a mortuary. A very, very lovely lady, one of the great souls of southern Nevada, Mrs. Archie Grant, A. C. Grant's wife, [Zora], passed away. Mrs. Grant was a Protestant, but Mr. Grant was a Catholic. And Mrs. Grant was a charitable woman. They had money, and she had money, and she gave money to churches, and she was very philanthropic. So when she died, Monsignor Collins of St. Joan of Arc church (Monsignor Collins is a great man. He's been in Nevada for years, in Reno for years, and he's been in Las Vegas two or three times) volunteered to come to the service. And he and Mrs. Grant's minister held the service, and both of them spoke. It was a very, very moving occasion because Monsignor Collins is a brilliant man, and he told how Mrs. Grant had helped his parish and him over the years.

Another change has been that, oh, ninety or ninety-five percent of the funerals now are held in the mortuary. Rarely do you go to a church any more. The Episcopal church, you go occasionally, rarely to the Methodist or the Baptist church. The churches are so busy, and it's a lot easier to hold them here, and the modern funeral parlors are commodious,

and [it's] easy to park, and easy to get to. So the great majority of the funerals are held in the mortuary now. That's the change that has come over the mortuary business.

The only custom that's unique to southern Nevada is the fact that we're a twenty-four-hour town, and people come to visit the dead from nine o'clock in the morning 'til nine o'clock at night. And it's not uncommon for people to ring our front doorbell at two o'clock or four o'clock in the morning, and you go to open the door, and they say, "Can I see so-and-so?" Now, in some areas, they have a tonal visitation for two hours. you come from seven 'til nine, or seven 'til eight-thirty, and after that, it's over. But here, it's a twenty-four-hour business. We're open from nine o'clock in the morning. I come at seven. I guess I have a guilty conscience, got a habit of getting up early on the farm; I garden a little, and then I come to work. And it's not uncommon for people to come in at seven-thirty in the morning to view the dead, or late, sometimes late at night after we've closed. That's the only unique feature.

Is the funeral business very competitive in Las Vegas? Very. Very competitive. The funeral business in Las Vegas is more competitive than it is in Los Angeles. And Los Angeles is, with Forest Lawn, and Pierce Brothers, and Utter-McKinley, and now Rose Hills and Inglewood, it's highly competitive. But in Las Vegas, it's tremendously competitive, much more. This is the most competitive funeral field in western America that I know of, for a town its size.

All competition is healthy. It's the American way of business. My best friends are our competitors; they keep us on our toes. So you can't complain about competition. But to say that it doesn't create problems isn't true, because it does create problems. It creates serious economic problems because

there's the matter of an advertising budget. You feel like if you overspend on advertising, you're taking [it] right out of the hide of the people that die, you know. You're spending their money; you're not spending your own. You have to charge more for your funeral, so if somebody's going to advertise aggressively (and you have to do some), it is a problem.

All business is a problem. Business is more complex today than it's ever been in the history of America, and it's getting more complex than ever before. Competition is just one of 'em. Competition you don't worry about. But the federal government is looking down the businessman's collar all the time now. And they're just edging a little more and a little more toward socialism, really, in America, than people'd realize.

Do my competitors do things that I wouldn't do? I don't think so. My attitude toward the funeral business is the attitude of service, to help, a service to your fellow man, you know. And, of course, you have to be paid for it. But to give a little beyond and above the normal norm of service, to do something a little extra, not to alleviate their sorrow, but to alleviate their suffering. People say about doing away with the funeral. You never really do away with a funeral because, look at Eisenhower and [the] Kennedy boys, and the great of the nation—when they die, everything stops, and you hold a state funeral. Now, the only way people are ever going to come to a realization that death is here, and it's final, is to have a funeral. That's the only way. Otherwise, they just don't accept it, that a being is dead. And that's the way. Once they give vent to their grief—.

And a funeral is a cultural thing, not a pagan thing. It's a cultural thing. You measure people's culture by the way they take care of their dead. America has always taken care of their dead in a very cultural manner. It's a

grief therapy, really, a funeral is, to let people actually be with the body for thirty minutes, or twenty minutes, or forty-five minutes, or an hour—whatever they and the minister decide. But once that's over, and they go home, then they accept it. Psychologically, they accept the finality of death, that this is what it is, and we have to accept it. Now, that doesn't stop their grief. But it does let them know that that's it; a death has occurred. I think funerals, not necessarily ostentatious funerals, but funerals, be they ever so humble, and the cost be the least possible the family wants to spend, nevertheless, I think a funeral service is a very essential part of the culture of American life.

Now, you educators won't agree with that because you are the worst offenders. You college people, professors, want to stash people away, right away. You won't accept death. I don't know why, but in a college community, particularly in California, you find the college professors are those that want to start a burial society. I don't know why it is; but it is true.

Would I like to talk about my other business affairs? No.

SOUTHERN NEVADA POLITICIANS

Well, let's talk about Cliff Jones a little for a while. Cliff Jones was a very personable young man who came here to practice law. He analyzed his role in Nevada politics very carefully. Just a case in point—Cliff Jones would ride in the rodeo, and he'd do whatever he could with his limited abilities, more particularly to get his name in the—you know—than anything else. He worked on the Boulder Dam as a high scaler on the darn. But Cliff wanted to mold together in southern Nevada the same organization that Thatcher and Woodburn had molded together in Reno. He wanted to put together an organization that, if anybody wanted anything, they had to come to Cliff Jones' office to get it. He started out with a very formidable organization. He had the law firm of Jones, Wiener, and Jones. Cliff was lieutenant governor, Bob Jones was district attorney, and Louis Wiener was city attorney. And they're all three very able men in their own right.

Louis Wiener is probably one of the better attorneys in the state of Nevada. He's a very brilliant man. The tact that they all three

held public office worked against Louis, and when he ran again for city attorney, he was defeated. It offended him. Fe was deeply offended. He accused our family of causing his defeat, and as a result of that, he's been mad at us ever since. He's told people that if they wanted him to, he'd sue me personally, tree of charge, in recent years. But I really took no part. I suppose my brother took a part in the campaign and was not for Louis because he didn't want this concentration of power in one office.

Cliff not only had a very thriving law business, he got into the gambling business, too. He was a stockholder in the Golden Nugget, sizable, and there were other interests. Cliff was a man of no small means, and no small influence. He ran for lieutenant governor, and Red McLeod, Wayne McLeod, surveyor general, ran in opposition to him. Wayne McLeod and I have been personal friends for years, many years, in the Young Democrats together, and I helped Wayne in his campaign. We did everything we could to beat Cliff Jones. But we couldn't. We couldn't

beat him. Red just wasn't popular enough to defeat Cliff. But we gave him a real good hassle, a real good hassle, worked him over pretty good about his gambling interests, you know.

But in his day, Cliff was one of the most influential men in southern Nevada politics, no question about it. His influence went into many hotels. Now, of recent years, he has lost considerably because of his entanglements in the law. Then he moved his interests into Aruba in the Caribbean and other places. He's always been accused of making a lot of money and banking it in Switzerland. Now, whether it's true or not, I don't know, and I wouldn't even speculate on it. But Cliff, before he fell into bad days financially, was a man of influence, and he yet may come back and be a man of influence again. He has a very engaging personality. Unfortunately, his troubles have made him nervous. He's nervous now; you can tell it. He's fidgety, fidgety. He's fallen into bad days financially, no question about that. Everybody knows that. I don't think he's probably as bad off as—; I think he has resources that people don't know anything about. But he's pretty well washed out. He isn't the force he once was, and, of course, his law firm is almost having to build from scratch, and start right from the bottom, because Wiener pulled away from him, you know, and organized his own firm. The Jones boys, Cliff and his brother, are building up a law firm of their own. Now, whether he can bounce back or not is yet to be seen. He isn't out of the toils of the law yet. So he's personable, and he's still semi-active, not near as active as he once was. But it's not without the realms of possibility for Cliff to bounce back because he has some pretty strong allies in the high echelon in southern Nevada in the gambling business.

[C. D.] Baker, [Harry] Hazard, and [Cliff] Jones are partners in several enterprises, or one or two enterprises. They're very close-knit. While Baker doesn't take as active a part as he could, or be as great a force as he could, he and Jones are very close, very close, and have been over the years. Of course, Baker and Hazard are retired, but when Hap Hazard was himself, and working at it, he was a man to be contended with in southern Nevada politics because he was an inveterate worker. He worked night and day. He was an astute politician, very astute politician. He was in the legislature and fell into bad days, through excessive drink, but he got ahold of himself. Hazard is a veteran of the war, and you always have to give some allowance for men who served in war, because only Providence knows what they went through. But Hazard went down lower than he should because of drink, but he bounced right back, quit drinking, hasn't taken a drop for many, many, many years. He came into southern Nevada in the real estate business and made a fortune in the real estate business. And while he's along in years now, and doesn't take an active part, he has been a very definite influence for good. He has been my benefactor, Harry Hazard has. He was very active in Legion affairs, Veterans of Foreign Wars affairs, and very active in the Democratic circle, was very active in real estate, and he had the confidence of the top echelon of the Democratic party. He was very well respected, as was Mr. Baker.

C. D. Baker was in the legislature, went from the legislature into the Army engineers, served in the South Pacific with distinction, and came back and was elected mayor—was elected mayor as long as he wanted to run. C. D. Baker has had a very marked influence for good on the Democratic party in southern Nevada. Mr. Baker was mayor, as I've said

before, and a good mayor, and he retired. He wasn't defeated. An interesting sidelight—Mayor Baker, before he was mayor, ran for the senate against Mahlon Brown, and Mahlon Brown beat him because Mahlon Brown was a tireless worker, and so was Baker. But Mahlon was younger, and he just captured the fancy of the people, and he has been elected since then.

Of course, in the senate, Mahlon Brown and Floyd Lamb and James Gibson are three of the powerhouses in legislation in the senate today.

Now, Sailor Ryan came into Nevada politics many years ago, running for the assembly. Sailor Ryan is probably as knowledgeable a politician as there is in southern Nevada. He's a very independent man. He goes to a meeting if he wants to go to a meeting, and he's a fearless man, very courageous. He'd fight a buzz saw physically or verbally, and give it three rounds to start, and then tackle it. He's a former pugilist, you know, and he has a temper and lets it get the best of him occasionally, but Sailor Ryan's a man to be contended with. He has been unbeatable. He's approachable. He's—I mean, you can go talk to him. I think Sailor Ryan has been an influence for good, a very definite influence for good.

He was in the legislature, and he has been on as a county commissioner. He's a good public servant. He isn't as diligent in attending meetings as he might be, but when the chips are down, Sailor Ryan is there. And he has to be contended with. Of course, his first love, of necessity, is his profession, labor. He's a labor man, and his first love is labor, although he's no dunce with finances. He knows the fiscal policies of the state and the county very well. Sailor Ryan was responsible for keeping the Southern Nevada Hospital going public, you know. And whether it was a good thing or a

bad thing, when the chips were down, he had the horses to do what he wanted to do. I think Ryan has espoused good causes, generally speaking. He's not a man that gets off on a bad tangent. When he goes for something, it usually has merit to it, some merit to it. Me doesn't always win all his fights, but he's a good man to have on the county commission. And he's not a radical labor man. I mean, not so on the county commission. No, not even in the assembly. He's a moderate. He stands up for labor, would die for it, but he's not one of those that are always to the left—always to the left, you know, more and more and more.

Jack Conlon—we must speak reverently of the dead. Jack Conlon died much earlier than he should've, not through any fault of his own. I knew Jack Conlon like a brother. I knew his first wife very well. We were Young Democrats together. Jack was astute, but he didn't have a fast mind. Jack had a slow mind, but a thorough mind. Some people think fast, and some people think slow; Jack was slow and thorough. He was active in the Young Democrats of the state of Nevada, and when Wayne McLeod was elected state surveyor general, Jack Conlon went into the office as his assistant.

Wayne McLeod was a far-sighted individual. Unfortunately, Wayne had—in his earlier life, like "the boys," you know, the University boys, when they got out, they drank a little. And Wayne drank a little to excess. He quit that, but he only had one good eye because of it.

Jack cut his teeth on politics with Wayne McLeod and the rest of us as Young Democrats. He was a very close confidant of Bill Maher, who organized this group for McCarran and Carville, these young people. And again, Jack Conlon was one of the wheel horses of this organization. When he come

back out of the service, Carville took him to Washington with him, but Conlon was not the astute organizer that he was credited to be. The campaign they put on for Carville was not a polished campaign. He came to Las Vegas after that, and worked as representing the liquor industry and others, and became quite knowledgeable in southern Nevada politics. I wasn't here when Howard Cannon first ran for office, but Conlon played a sufficient role to elect Cannon the first time, to defeat the doctor in Reno, because Conlon had a wide acquaintance in the state. By that time, he'd built up quite a following in southern Nevada. But to begin with, he wasn't as astute as he was credited to be, but because of the base of power in Washington, D. C., he became a power back there because of Cannon's.

In analyzing Howard Cannon's campaigns, his last campaign was probably one of the most professional campaigns that the state of Nevada has ever seen. The other campaigns that Howard had put on had not been as polished as [this] one, which would indicate that the new blood that was infused into his organization was modern. The other campaigns were more the old type, the old style. And when they broke out into a new field, a new thinking—that was after Conlon's demise, you know.

Conlon took money from Malone to defeat me. I never held it against him. That's part of politics. I'd liked to've had him on my side; I'd liked to've had Carville on my side. But I didn't, and I never held it against him. We were never close friends after that, not because I didn't—wasn't friends. When Cannon ran for office, and Conlon was still alive, I went to both of 'em, told 'em that I'd do anything I could to help them, and did do everything I could to help them. But I think Conlon really was overrated as an astute political campaigner.

Now, Conlon could maneuver, and he had an associate that was one of the most astute politicians in southern Nevada, the promoter or the manager of the Four Queens Hotel, who has since died of cancer. Some people have a perception, you know, of politics, and this man had it. Conlon had the basics, and this man had the flair and the vision, and as a result, Howard Cannon leaned on these two people. Conlon was a man of influence, believe me, when he was alive. He died way too quick. And he didn't die from riotous living, either, because while he would take a social drink, I think Conlon lived a pretty decent life. He just had a bad heart, and he probably overworked himself.

Then, I first knew Charley Bell when I managed the Apache Hotel. Sundown Wells introduced me to Charley Bell at that time. Charley had a flair for politics, and Charley worked for [Vail] Pittman when Pittman ran for governor one time. I got to know him then, and I later got to know him better as he worked for Congressman Baring. I don't know his activities too well. I know that when the congressman would run for office, Charley Bell would pick out two or three weak spots of the opponent and play on them to the advantage of the congressman. I don't think the congressman needed this type of campaigning, because I think he was home free as it was. But Charley Bell had a flair for politics—I mean Charley would do about whatever had to be done to win.

You have to know Walter Baring well to appreciate the depth of his character. I mean Walter Baring is a pretty ethical old citizen. He came from a very fine home, you know, and it must be said to the credit of Walter Baring that he's been very loyal to his family. He has a lovely wife. Mrs. Baring is a jewel. And his sister, Walter's sister [Marjorie],

was with him for many years and may still be with him. He's been very loyal; Walter is a man of ethics. And Charley [Bell] would do about what had to be done to be elected, and I think they just came to the time when Charley probably got into pastures that were not compatible with the congressman, and I think they just had to part company. Now, I don't know anything detrimental to Charley because he's been around here a long time. I don't know anything wrong that he's done—I mean, real wrong—but he's probably not quite as ethical as the congressman in his political endeavors, which would not say that he was unethical, because ethics is a relative matter in politics. You do what you have to do, you know, to be elected within the realms of the law and good propriety, and some people stoop lower than others. If you've analyzed political campaigns, some go pretty far afield. But I think it just came to the time when probably the congressman felt that Mr. Bell had served him as well as he could as long as he could, and it'd be well to sever the connection. There are those who don't speak too glowingly of Mr. Bell, but I don't want to be one of 'em because I don't know.

Have I seen him since? Yes, saw him the other day, very recently, met him in a doctor's office. Charley Bell's a promoter. I mean by that, he's an innovator. He's always doing something. He is not standing still. He has ideas, and he puts 'em into work. And whatever he's promoting or developing now—when I say promoting, I mean developing. But he's busy. He's very active in the economic circles of southern Nevada now.

Do I think he's going to be a power in the politics, too? No, I don't think so. I think the rug's been kind of cut out from under him, unless some politician comes along and picks him up as a campaign manager, and then he gets another power base to work from.

Now, when [Grant] Sawyer came to southern Nevada, he came with a pretty good background, you know, and a quite a good following. Grant Sawyer went into partnership with Samuel Lionel. I don't think this is generally appreciated in the community, but Sam Lionel is one of the better attorneys in western America. He is a very, very astute attorney. He had a very fine practice, about all he could do, [and] when he and Sawyer went together, they got more than they could do. And you've seen that develop into a very formidable organization now, with a district judge and a supreme court judge joining their forces. Now, I actually don't think Grant Sawyer practices much law. I think he gets a lot of clients, but I don't think he actually goes to court much. I think the real work is done by the other members of the firm. But Grant Sawyer is a very personable individual and has a wide acquaintance, not only in the state of Nevada, but in Democratic politics in the nation. And when it came time to elect a national committeeman (Herb Jones, Cliff Jones' brother, was national committeeman), Grant Sawyer permitted his friends, with his blessings, unbeknownst to Herb 'til it was too late, to run [him] as national committeeman. And before Herb knew what was going on, Grant had the thing sewed up, and he beat Herb. That kind of cut the power structure out from under the Jones family again. Grant came into power, and as a result, it's meant considerably—I think that office would mean considerable to any law office.

Now, Grant Sawyer played a very, very important part in the election of Mike O'Callaghan. He spent hours and hours in conference with Mike O'Callaghan because I sat in on the conferences—on some of them, not all of them, but some of them. And it's no secret that I was strong for O'Callaghan. The reason I was strong for O'Callaghan

[was] because I like the fellow, and I believe in him. When I ran for office, it was hard to get people to speak on the radio for me. But Mike O'Callaghan was the chairman of the Democratic central committee, and Mike came and volunteered to speak. [He] invited Bill [William H.] Briare to speak for me, and he declined. Mike came, and not only spoke, he spoke two or three times for me. You just don't forget things like that, you know.

I felt that Mike O'Callaghan was an honest man. He was a Democrat, and he'd done me a favor, and I thought he was entitled to a return. And so I did. I worked pretty hard for O'Callaghan, but Grant Sawyer was one of the key advisers of O'Callaghan's campaign. He was in a position to do him tremendous good because he had this contact, you see, being statewide, and he knew the political intrigues of the present-day politics. And not only did Grant help, but he brought Jack Lehman along with him.

Jack Lehman was with Grant's law firm—has left since. But Jack Lehman was very, very active in O'Callaghan's campaign. We sat together in this group. There was Jack Lehman and Grant Sawyer, and myself, and Jack Walsh of the motel on the Strip (there's where we held our meetings), and Al Bramlet, [the] head of the culinary union, and a few others. But those were the main ones that were sitting in and advising, and O'Callaghan was, of course, there.

Grant did considerable work for O'Callaghan, raising money. He knew how and knew where to get it. It wasn't easy to get, too, you know, because everybody had Fike "in like Flynn." It was difficult to raise money. You had to have—! don't mean hundreds of dollars; you had to have thousands of dollars. And Grant knew where to get it. So I would say that Grant Sawyer, since his retiring from

the office of governor, has played a very, very strong part in southern Nevada and Nevada politics. As the former governor, he has a power base to work from.

It could be that Grant Sawyer is doing, without knowing it, what Cliff Jones wanted to do: to make a power base, political power base, out of his attorney's office, where people would almost have to come to him to get anything. If it were not for the fact that the other men are such strong personalities, that might be true. But because O'Callaghan is his own man, you know, he does what he wants to do. And while he listens to people, when the chips are down—. I think Grant Sawyer has very good rapport with O'Callaghan; I think he has *very* good rapport with both senators, Senator Bible and Senator Cannon. While he don't tell 'em what to do, I think—. He works hard for their election, and as a result, when the time comes when there's some way they can pay off, why, that's the way you do. That's politics. There's nothing wrong with it. It's been that way for years, and it's going to continue to be that way.

So I think Grant Sawyer has more influence than Governor Pittman had when he left office, or Governor Carville had when he left office, although Governor Carville could've had much more influence than he did, if he wanted to use it, because he had a strong, loyal following in the state. But Governor Sawyer's young, and he's knowledgeable, and he's a very excellent public speaker. He has a voice like a movie star on television, and he handles himself very well on television, and as a result, he's an influence in the Democratic party, no question about it.

Al Bramlet was an adviser of O'Callaghan. The unions are very strong here, very strong. Mr. Bramlet is the head of the culinary union, the largest union in southern Nevada. And if

you have his backing, you have a lot of votes, because Al Bramlet is a very, very formidable political figure in southern Nevada.

Would I like to talk about my own role in southern Nevada politics now? Oh, yes, briefly. My role in the political picture of southern Nevada presently is on a very limited basis for several reasons, one, more particular, being that over the years, I've become more conservative in my views and represent more of the business aspect of the political viewpoint. I'm not as liberal, and I'm not as sympathetic with some of the liberal views of the national administration, be they Republican or Democrat. And the next, there's a time element. I'm deeply engrossed in business, in more than one business venture. And then, the Mormon church calls liberally on their lay people for leadership and church assignments, and I am on a part-time basis with the church. Because of the fact that I'm out of town many weekends, I don't have the time, really, to spend in the political field. I support good candidates and I'm consulted by various candidates and take an active part in campaigns, but not as active as I once did. I'm reluctant to take an active part in television or radio because of our business. It alienates people from us, and so I'm extremely reluctant to take a part. What I do, I do on a personal basis. So, for those reasons, I am not as active as I once was.

I've always been active in behalf of Senator Alan Bible. He and I are friends from Young Democratic days, when he was district attorney of Storey County. I remember the first time I met him, Bill Maher took me into his office in the old stuffy courthouse in Virginia City. And he was a young fellow at that time, and so was I, and so was Bill. That's the time I met Alan Bible, and from then on, we became very good friends, and

I've always supported him and taken quite an active part in his campaigns. I have taken a very active part in Senator Cannon's campaign the last two times he ran, but I am not as active, and I'm not a personal great political influence in southern Nevada by no stretch of the imagination. George Franklin is a controversial figure, a very able man, comes over television like gang busters, and a very forceful personality and individual. George grew up here, more or less, and started his law practice here, and has been a candidate for office repeatedly. He and McCarran crossed swords on a campaign. He ran against McCarran for the Senate one time. Guernsy Frazier was McCarran's campaign manager for southern Nevada, and Guernsy Frazier had a very sharp pencil, as far as writing ads were concerned. They took after Franklin pretty good, and damaged his reputation somewhat and defeated him.

But George Franklin has a happy faculty of not letting one defeat defeat him permanently. He just keeps bounding back for one office or another. While he was soundly defeated for district attorney, which was a surprise to me, he turned right around and ran for city commissioner and was elected. Of course, he had something going for him there that was against the other candidate because three of the Lamb boys held high political office in the county. Darwin Lamb was a county commissioner, Floyd Lamb is a state senator, and Ralph Lamb is a sheriff. Their brother-in-law, Wes Howery, is a member of the city commission. And when [it] came time to reelect Darwin to the county commission, they took after the "Lamb dynasty," as they called it, and it really caught fire. As a result, they defeated Darwin soundly. And Wes Howery is a very fine city commissioner—through his efforts and other people's efforts,

they have brought the convention center out of what was a very controversial issue, until now it's a very, very fine, going concern. But Mr. Howery was defeated.

So Franklin has to be reckoned with as a political figure in southern Nevada. He was once a Democrat and then changed his party affiliation because he became disenchanted with the Democrats and is presently registered as a Republican.

Mahlon Brown is a unique individual that makes no enemies. He's careful on the stands he takes, whether by design or natural ability. He makes very few enemies, if any. And he represents some of the leading financial institutions of southern Nevada in the legislature and in his law practice. I'm sure they retain him more because of his [ability] as a senator than they do because of his legal ability because he's never excelled to the top ranks of the local attorneys. But as a politician, as a vote-getter, Mahlon Brown must be contended with because he is a very personable fellow.

Floyd Lamb is a very vigorous campaigner. He's a handsome fellow, rides a horse like he was born on one, and dresses the part, and lives the part. Actually, he is a rancher. He's a combination of a rancher and a banker, but he's a rancher first and a banker second. He knows livestock backwards and forwards, has a very in-depth appreciation of the value of livestock, both horses and cattle, and can count and appraise a herd of cattle probably as well as any man in the state of Nevada. He is a very good, excellent judge of fine horses, particularly quarter horses, or livestock horses. Floyd is a vigorous campaigner, and whether the "Lamb dynasty" will have died down sufficient when he runs again to affect him remains to be seen. But Floyd Lamb is an effective senator. He's a fearless individual; he fears no man. He isn't a dynamic public

speaker, but he's a very personable individual. He's more dynamic than Mahlon Brown. They're two different—entirely different people. Mahlon is soft-spoken and quiet, but he gets the job done; and Floyd works in a little different way.

Probably the most able political figure in southern Nevada on the local scene today is James I. Gibson of Henderson. Gibson comes from very good stock. His father, Fred Gibson, was a mining man in Nevada for many, many years, prominent in BMI history, and presently a very successful manufacturer in southern Nevada of chemicals, or whatever they do. Anyway, James Gibson had a very fine father and a very gracious, lovely mother. And he has a brilliant intellect, an excellent education, very excellent education. He graduated from the Naval Academy, I think, and then went on to some technical school and became an engineer.

The only thing wrong with Jim Gibson, if anything's wrong with him, he has a very thin skin. He's a highly sensitive individual, but a very brilliant individual, and he probably is the best informed political figure in the Nevada state legislature by any odds. It wouldn't make any difference who it was. He knows more about more things than I think anyone in the Nevada state legislature. Now, if he had the dynamics of Floyd Lamb, why, he could be governor of the state, but he's so sensitive, and his feelings are so near the surface that he doesn't get offended and doesn't get mad, he just gets hurt. He just isn't a rough-and-tumble man. But he wears well, extremely well. People don't like Jim Gibson; they *love* him. I mean he's just a lovable character.

I think the best evidence of that was when he ran for the state senate the last time. They held an appreciation dinner in Henderson for him. They held it in the Catholic recreation

hall. And there was standing room only. People from all over the state came to that appreciation dinner, and they charged tickets, and gave Jim the money as a campaign fund. Well, when the campaign came around, because of this dinner, and because he'd done such a good job, no one filed against him, either as a Democrat or a Republican, and he was home free, which is unthinkable. Heretofore, he's had some very tight squeezes in Henderson because he's not known as a very liberal labor leader. On the contrary, he's a conservative man, and when labor gets out of line, he doesn't go along with 'em. Consequently, he doesn't always have the support of labor, 'til this time.

On the political scene today, I suppose governors consult Jim Gibson as often as they do anyone else, when it comes to the nitty-gritty—I mean, the real beefsteak of politics, not on appointments. They discuss appointments with him, too, but on what should be done, as far as the finance, and other things, I think Jim Gibson is probably one of the most knowledgeable men in the state of Nevada.

Another interesting political figure that's come up very fast is the lieutenant governor, Harry Reid. Harry Reid has a happy faculty of garnering votes. He comes over television very well; he's knowledgeable, well versed in politics, and doesn't seem to make any enemies. And it would remain to be seen yet as to how far he would go if he ran for governor. But presently, he would be almost unbeatable as lieutenant governor or the legislator. Anything from lieutenant governor down, Harry Reid would be very difficult to defeat. He can have this, seemingly, as long as he wishes because of his—. And he's a tireless worker. He attends everything, and tends to his knitting as far as politics is concerned, which one must do.

One of my dearest friends in the state of Nevada when I was in politics was [Tom] Mechling's father-in-law in Wells, Johnny Di Grazia. Johnny Di Grazia is a flamboyant, roughhewn individual, but with a heart of gold. Johnny and I were very, very dear friends. He had helped me on some campaigns, and so when Mechling, his son-in-law, decided to run for the Senate, Johnny came to me for help.

My feelings of the Mechling campaign was that Tom Mechling was an interloper. He had no right to represent Nevada in the United States Senate, and I felt it very deeply. Because if he could do that, then anybody could do it, and we wouldn't have Nevada representation. I felt that Bible was a Nevada man; his people came from Fallon, and he was entitled to be elected. And while I was torn between friends and foes, nevertheless, I supported Alan Bible because I just felt that. I gave Johnny Di Grazia a little money to help Mechling, but my heart was in the other campaign, and I told him so. And I felt deeply. I'm a pretty loyal Nevadan: I mean I am a Nevadan first, last, and always. And while our people -all came from Utah, Utah's a foreign country as far as politics is concerned, as far as I'm concerned. I know Nevada like the back of my hand, and I love this state. I love it very dearly. It has its faults, but I grew up among them, and a part of them, and so I was opposed to Mechling's campaign.

He put on a very vigorous campaign. He was really a sharp campaigner. And his speaking caught fire. And so he just got more votes, that's all. It was a strange paradox, one of the strangest campaigns we've ever had in Nevada. But it was interesting, probably one of the most interesting campaigns we've ever had in the state, too, for a man, unknown, completely unknown, to come in here and do as well as he did.

As I recall, Mechling would get on a flat-rack truck right downtown with a microphone,

and he'd speak and he'd answer questions. If anybody wanted to ask him a question, he'd answer it. Or, he'd go on the radio and answer any question anybody wanted to ask him. He was pretty knowledgeable, too, and that got him some support.

Did I discuss the campaign with Johnny Di Grazia after it was over? No, he took it in good part, and I took it in good part. We're still good friends. I don't see him very often, but I think he understood perfectly well.

The effect in southern Nevada of Senator McCarran's death? Well, the death of Pat McCarran was traumatic, to say the least, in southern Nevada. He'd been a godfather to the county, and a father confessor to the county, and he was well respected and loved in southern Nevada. He had his enemies, bitter enemies, but there were many Republicans in southern Nevada that supported Pat McCarran because he'd done so much for this county. He opened the purse strings of the federal government on many, many projects here, more than I can possibly mention. It wouldn't make any difference what it was, McCarran was there to get the money for Nevada. And he was very favorable to southern Nevada because he could see the possibilities of this area. And so, when he passed away, we lost a real champion, a real champion in southern Nevada.

McCarran was never thoroughly appreciated in Washoe County. I don't know whether they're jealous of him, or what it was, but McCarran was a man—you either loved him or hated him, one of the two. There was no middle road. And if you didn't like him, and he knew it, God forbid him ever taking after you because he was a vindictive individual. But he had a lot of very, very strong support, and when he passed away as suddenly as he did, it was a hard blow to southern Nevada, no question about that.

We had our difficulties when I was in the Senate, but later on, he was very kind to me, very kind, very friendly. Of course, it was to his advantage, and mine, too. Why would I want to carry on a feud or quarrel?

Did he ever discuss with me the basis for his feud with Key Pittman? No, he didn't, but I've heard it discussed on every level of politics in the state of Nevada. What the real crux of it was, I really don't know. Some of it might have been jealousy because Pittman might have been afraid that McCarran was going to run against him. McCarran was a lawyer, and he was not in the Thatcher and Woodburn fold. Many young lawyers in Reno were in the Thatcher and Woodburn fold, and the Thatcher and Woodburn law office, I'm sure, kept a lot of attorneys that they referred cases to, that they didn't have the time to handle, and they got 'em federal jobs, and I think there might've been some jealousy there. I think it started as early as in Tonopah, when the feud was. I'm not factually advised, but I think it almost came to fisticuffs at one time, between McCarran and Pittman. They were never—never friends at all.

Did I discuss with Mr. Scrugham any of the difficulties this feud might have caused within the Nevada congressional delegation? No. I didn't discuss politics with Scrugham because you could never sit him down long enough to discuss anything. He was like a fly on a hot stove. He was here, there, and everywhere, just bubbling over. Scrugham had a rendezvous down the river, down the Potomac River, and his friends used to go down there and hide out. I was never one that was close enough to him to go. So I never discussed the political situation in Nevada with Scrugham.

Scrugham was more of a loner. He was a lone individual, not a great organization man, other than Tom Miller and the

American Legion. But you could sit down with McCarran and analyze the situation, [take] all the time you wanted. He'd put all the cards right on the table as to what he felt the situation was. But that wasn't the case with Scrugham. You couldn't—I couldn't do it, anyway, with Scrugham, but I could with Carville, and I could with McCarran. But I couldn't with Scrugham and I couldn't with Pittman. Pittman was fairly well opinionated; he had his ideas. He didn't mean to be that way, but he was. But the other men, if there was a rumor, they wanted to know about it, particularly McCarran, because there was always just a little fact in a rumor, and he'd pick it up and pierce it and put it together. But Scrugham, no. He had a little group of men around him in Washington, men and women in Washington, and men and women in Nevada, that were his loyal supporters. But Jim Scrugham was a fine congressman. He was there long enough to have an important part on the Appropriations Committee, and he was sufficiently well versed in the Appropriations Committee that, although he didn't have to do with the appropriations always that had [to do with] Nevada. They'd break 'em down in subcommittees, you know. When somebody wanted something for another state, why, Scrugham would say, in essence, "Well, fine. We'll see that you get this. But when my project in Nevada comes up, you see that we get that," and they did. And as a result, Jim Scrugham had a lot of influence in the House, a lot of influence.

I visited him in his office, and I was to two or three social gatherings with him. He was well respected, very well respected in the House. He wasn't a floor man. I mean by that, he didn't do his work on the floor. He did his work in committee, and when it got to the floor, the things were all cut and dried; he had it all set. Jim Scrugham must be chronicled in

history as a great congressman, but not a great senator, and not necessarily a great governor because he was on the go all the time, and was defeated, you know. He should've been a great governor, but he was wound up like an eight-day clock. He just couldn't sit still. That's the way he was built, and that's the way he was. And it fit his life in Congress just like a hand in a glove, because he was tied down to his committee, and when his committee work was through, then he could go.

6

INFLUENCES ON THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF LAS VEGAS

Our original [Las Vegas] airport was where the International Hotel is now. Then it was moved to where the Nellis air field is presently. And for a long time, the military and the civilian airplanes all landed at Nellis Air Force Base. But Senator Pat McCarran had great vision as far as aviation was concerned, and he told the civic leaders of southern Nevada that if they wanted to maintain themselves as an air center, they would have to have a private airport, because the time would come when the military would take over Nellis Air Force Base, and they'd be out because it'd be too congested, and too much to expect for the military, to permit the civilians to fly on a military 'port.

Well, it was a hard thing to sell, but Robert B. Griffith, who was active in the Chamber of Commerce, and Al Cahlan and Archie Grant, they listened to McCarran's advice. And with some objections of others in the area, they moved ahead to acquire land at the present McCarran airfield. They started on a modest basis to build the old McCarran airfield, which is now the Hughes [airfield]. Howard

Hughes bought this. And, of course, out of this has grown the present facilities.

My own involvement was only just to lend assistance as far as I could with it, because McCarran was so far out in front that he was the motivating factor of this airport. Eva Adams and Bob Griffith steered the naming of the airport [to] McCarran airport, which was—he was entitled to have it named after him. 'Course, I don't think people now, you know, have any appreciation. I don't think there are very many people in Clark County now who know or care who McCarran was, or is. It would take somebody who lived during his day to know and appreciate what it was, because now, it could be named anything (because of so many new people here). But at the time, it was a very-fine gesture, and the senator didn't mind having it named after him, too, you know. He was a very able man, but he also had a streak of vanity in him, just like everybody else.

It's interesting to note now, that in just the last few days, another ten million-dollar contract was let to enlarge the present airport,

and we're now a port of entry. Planes now fly from here to Honolulu, direct flights from here to Honolulu. And we are a hub of a very thriving air transportation [system]. In fact, there's many more planes fly out of here than they do out of Salt Lake City. It's easier for me to get to points of assignment for the church from Las Vegas than it is some of the men from Salt Lake to get to assignments. In fact, I can fly from here to Dallas in two hours. And when you used to ride a horse or go in a white top buggy, you didn't go very far in two hours.

McCarran had the vision, and through his promptings and the vision of the local men, they actually went ahead. And, of course, out of this came the building of the Nellis Air Force [Base] . McCarran and Scrugham made a very fine team in Washington, D. C., when Scrugham was in the House and McCarran was in the Senate. McCarran was on the appropriations committee of the Senate.

(Senator Pittman lived in a day and time when we didn't require much federal money. It just wasn't the thing. We had all that was coming to us, but it wasn't the mode of living at that time. Of course, Pittman had to do with the establishment of the CC camps, and he always saw that Nevada was well taken care of.)

McCarran, especially, was a real benefactor to the state, as far as government funds were concerned. Now, there are a lot of us who feel the government wastes a lot of money, but as long as they're wasting it, and they're going to waste it anyway, they might as well spend some of it in Nevada. and McCarran and Jim Scrugham, both, were very vigilant in seeing that we got our share. Now, I think, probably, had it not been for our influence in the United States Senate, I think we may have been cut back drastically at Nellis Air Force Base, in recent years, even. But McCarran had built that into the warp and woof of our defense of

America, and because of the strategic location and the vast land spaces we have, we have been able to maintain this.

Nellis Air Force Base plays a very significant part in the economic life of southern Nevada, I think much more than many people realize. They employ many civilians, and they have a lot of military people. I don't know that the average townspeople realize it, and they cater to the military. I think the military appreciates it because they do something nice every year for the enlisted personnel—the townspeople hold a ball and feature them, and they're very appreciative. and, of course, the expansion of Nellis Air Force Base has been interesting because they've gone on into Indian Springs. They have a sizable operation there. Much of this must be accredited to the farsightedness of the congressional delegation and the tremendous "chamber of commerce complex" that the people of Las Vegas have had over the years.

I came to Las Vegas in 1925 and graduated from high school, and I think the outstanding feature of Las Vegas of that time was the fact that they were very chamber-of-commerce-minded. It was said in the early days, along about that time, that if California could suck as hard as it could "blow" Los Angeles, they'd have the greatest seaport in the world because they were such blowhards. But we caught the spirit of the California Chamber of Commerce. And Las Vegas is what it is today largely by the efforts of men who almost dedicated their lives to it, to building Las Vegas. And they're still very aggressive, very aggressive in a "chamber of commerce complex," in building this community. But in the early days, even when Fremont Street almost stopped at Fifth and Fremont, you know, those five blocks (and two and a half blocks of those were residence[s]), even then, there was talk of building a great hotel here on

the desert for recreation. Of course, we didn't have any idea of what'd happen, but the seeds were planted way back then.

And then the development of the [Nevada] Test Site—there has been eight to ten thousand men, people, employed out there. That, in itself—Nellis and the test site—the development of the test site, was phenomenal, just phenomenal. There were so many men driving from here to the test site (from here to Indian Springs) and the road was so narrow, and they were men that worked hard and lived hard—I don't mean to say they were drunkards—they drove hard. They drove fast. And the road just wasn't wide enough to do that, and it almost became a death highway. That would indicate as to the tremendous traffic there was between here and the test site. And it must be said, to the everlasting credit of Grant Sawyer when he was governor, that he actually took the bull by the horns and built that highway. There's no way to estimate the number of lives that it saved, because the commerce between that area and this is still great, and I presume will continue to be so, because they've just resumed some activity out there now, although they've laid people off. But it has played a tremendous part.

Art Ham, Sr., once said that the good Lord had his arm around Las Vegas, as far as economics was concerned. We started out with Boulder Dam in the Depression, and then we went to Basic Magnesium and Nellis in the war. And then after the war we went to the Test Site, and while all this was taking place, we built hotel after hotel after hotel on the Strip and the downtown area. We've just gone from one major project to another until Las Vegas is here to stay. It's a very thriving community, and I confidently believe the time will come when there'll be a million people in this valley. I will live, myself, to see 500,000 people in this valley, without any question

about it. The morning paper chronicles where they're going to build additional homes in Paradise Valley that will house a good many thousand. If we just got the overflow from Los Angeles, we'd grow, because Los Angeles is growing by leaps and bounds.

It's an interesting sight, and sad in some ways, real sad to me, because I'm a native Nevadan. I was born and raised here, and that's all I know. People have joked about Nevada; I've gone all over the United States to conventions and [they've] joked about Nevada, but I've always taken up the fight for Nevada. The sad thing for me as I tour Nevada (as I have many, many times in my political activities, and other) is to go into small communities who once were thriving, great, you know, production centers of mining, and see them now just limping along, like Pioche. Pioche one day was a beehive of activity, and a very important political center because there were a lot of votes there. Even Ely is not as—while the tourist attraction has taken up some of the slack, there're not nearly as many men employed in the Ely area as there once was. When you get into Wells and Elko, they hold their own and grow. If you ever want to feel like you're in great America—I mean, truly great America—you ought to go to Elko County, 'cause there's the salt of the earth. Those people are all wool and a yard wide, They're productive people. It's not a fly-by-night thing. They're people who work the soil and livestock, and any time you have livestock, you're a producer. You produce something for America. And if you want to feel like you're really in—you know—the salt of the earth America, you ought to go to Elko county.

And it's largely the same down the Humboldt, but not quite as great in other areas as it is [in Elko county]. The city of Winnemucca—there're not as many ranches in Winnemucca as there are in Elko. And there's been great mining developments in Carlin and Battle

Mountain and other areas. But mining comes and goes, you know, like—take a city like Yerington, when you get into the valley, and to fly over it, or to drive over it, there's actually two parts of Yerington. One is the mining area, and the other is the farming area. And then if you want to really feel like you're in solid America that's not going to dry up and blow away, or where you have no racial strife or anything else, then you ought to go to the farming interests of Yerington, because that's another real solid group.

You go through Eureka and Austin and—. You drive through Goldfield—. If you ever drive through Goldfield, you ought to stop in the county clerk's office and have the clerk show you the records [of] years gone by. The records in the Goldfield courthouse are written in longhand, Spencerian longhand. The people that could write then were artists. It's like a picture. And you just sit there and think, "I'd like to take a picture of this." But I suppose there're not over five hundred people in Goldfield today. When my brother graduated from high school in Las Vegas (he was the first boy to come out of the valley to Las Vegas, my brother, Bryan, and he played basketball), he used to go to Goldfield when there were thousands of people there, you know. The hotel was hopping with people. And now, to drive through there, it's a sad, sad thing, and the future does not look bright for it at all.

But Las Vegas is entirely different, entirely different. It's interesting to note in the statistics that were released not long ago, I think in the *Kiplinger Newsletter*, that Reno would grow faster percentagewise in the near future than Las Vegas, although it would probably not be as large, but it had a very fine future. But Clark County is here to stay.

When I was in politics, running for office, there was no north-south cleavage. It is true

that Washoe County voted Republican. But Washoe County has been a very conservative area, and properly so, and I think to the benefit and blessing of the community, because Reno is a very, very solid community. Economically, it's a very solid community. The people there are conservative businessmen, and they vote conservative. Clark County hadn't progressed far enough to be so flamboyant as it is today, and there was really no—any north-south—. And there were no cow counties then. 'Course, Clark County could have been a cow county then. Although we didn't have thirty cows in the county, it was a rural area.

This cleavage between the two has come about in recent years because people from outside have moved in. We're not a home-grown community, you know. We're a conglomerate of many, many outside people. And the outside people came here, and they're—a lot of 'em are first-class promoters. I don't mean they're crooked; I mean they're aggressive. And as a result, they have kind of a Los Angeles complex. It's a thriving, aggressive community. They're goin' to get what they want, if they have to take it, so to speak. And so, as a result, there's been some jealousies grown up between the north and the south, and the small counties and the south, and it's very understandable, very understandable, because some of the people we've sent to the legislature represent the views of the Chamber of Commerce of southern Nevada, and it isn't compatible with the conservative attitude of the north, of Washoe County, and along the Humboldt. As a result, we have reaped the harvest of the enmity of the rest of the state.

But now, if reapportionment sticks, why, Clark County's big enough to pretty well—you know—wag the whole dog. You've noticed that in the last election. While O'Callaghan, Governor O'Callaghan, was from Carson City, I think that was a very strategic move. He

actually came from Clark County. That was his home base for many, many years. And the lieutenant governor—both the Republican and the Democratic candidates for lieutenant governor were from Clark County. So it's a—it's changed. I think it's needless—I think it's foolish to have the cleavage because I lived when we didn't have it, and I've lived when we had it, and I see no reason for it at all, none whatsoever.

Of course, there've been some unkind things written in some of the local newspapers about Reno, but I think that's a lack of appreciation of people who haven't lived here a long time. The city of Reno never voted for me. I mean, they never—but that didn't make any difference. As a practical American citizen and a Nevada businessman, I have a great affection for the city of Reno from an economic standpoint. And the fact they didn't vote for me never—it didn't clog my appreciation of their greatness and goodness because Washoe County has had a great influence for good in the state.

In the legislature, you almost thank the Lord for the Humboldt River and the people that live along it, and the Truckee and the people that live along that, because they're conservative. Sometimes the people we send from Clark County, in all due respect to them, are a little on the flamboyant side, and it takes this balance of conservatism in the north to balance our aggressiveness in the south. And as a result, we usually come out with some pretty good legislation. But people that speak disparagingly of the north, I just don't think they quite have an understanding of what's gone on in times past.

Gambling in Las Vegas, as I remember, really started in the old Las Vegas Club where they used to play poker for money, and they had pool tables, but there was no crap and no roulette and no table games (other than

just poker). Then the bill was passed, and—the two pioneers in gambling in southern Nevada, in Las Vegas, were A. B. Wicher and Kell Houssels. A.B. Wicher was a real estate man who came out of Ely, and he and Pros Goumond were partners, and they built the Boulder Club. Kell Houssels was a mining engineer, who, I think, came out of Colorado. He may have been in Ely at one time, too. He came to Las Vegas and opened the Las Vegas Club. And those two men were the leading gamblers in the area.

The Stocker brothers owned a small store on Fremont Street, and they had been in the gambling business, but not to the extent that others [had]. Then Mr. Horden owned the building of the Las Vegas Club, and he was in the gambling business. The next group that came on the scene, as I recall, was Guy McAfee and Roscoe Thomas and Art Ham, Sr., who leased the old Post Office building on the corner of Second and Fremont from Bob Griffith and Leonard Arnett and opened the gambling hall. I think probably they opened the gambling hall in the center of the street first, along about across from the Boulder Club. But Roscoe Thomas could see the possibilities of gambling in Las Vegas. He was a very close friend of A. B. Wicher. And I remember Mr. Wicher used to say that "Tom" (as he always called him) would come over and look at their sheet before he went in the gambling business, and I guess Roscoe could see that it was a going concern. So he prevailed on McAfee to come out from Los Angeles, and they started in the gambling business. And that's what started the gambling business. There was the old Meadows Club and a club on the Strip, but not to the extent that came.

Then the two hotels that really pioneered gambling in southern Nevada was the Griffith interests, Mr. Griffith, who built the Last Frontier and the El Rancho. They were going

concerns from the very beginning. Ballard Barron and Bill Moore—Ballard Barron had charge of the gambling, and Bill Moore had charge of the others, as well as the gambling. He was the nephew of Mr. Griffith, from Texas (no relation to Bob Griffith).

I remember their floor shows. They'd have a floor show, and then they'd dance on the stage. It was not uncommon for the townspeople to go out and sit through the first floor show, and then dance until the second floor show, and sit through the second floor show. That would be unheard of today. You just wouldn't sit through two floor shows. You'd go to another show. But the cost of it was very, very nominal, and it just caught fire.

And from there, I remember distinctly the building of the Flamingo Hotel by Bugsy Siegel, and the innuendos and talk around town about Bugsy Siegel. I remember distinctly, I have been, over the years, a very good friend of Kell Houssels, Sr. He's a race horse man, and I like horses, and I used to visit him in his office quite often. And I remember going in one day—I was coming out one day when Bugsy Siegel was going in. That's the only time I ever saw Bugsy Siegel. But the Siegel interests, I think—that is, the underworld—owned the race book in southern Nevada. They had the race book in the Golden Nugget, and Moe Sedway was in charge of the race book in the Golden Nugget—at least, he had something to do with it, and he represented the outside interests. And the Golden Nugget didn't like this at all because they were paying outside money. They were paying money that they didn't want to pay. I don't know the ramifications of it, but I do know that from the—when Siegel came to town, Sedway went with him. Sedway first went to the El Cortez, and then from there, he went to the Flamingo.

I had some contact—not with the underworld, but I had some contact with the men at the Flamingo because after I came back from Washington, having served in the Congress, I managed the Apache Hotel for one year for P.O. Silvagni. Moe Sedway and his group owned the lease on the casino in the Apache Hotel. They weren't active, and Mr. Silvagni was very put out about it, and he tried to break that lease. I remember going to the Flamingo with P.O. Silvagni on two or three occasions and meeting with this group, trying to get that lease broke. They wouldn't use it; they'd just hold it. And P.O. knew that if he could get ahold of it, he could make a going concern out of it, but they wouldn't let go of it.

Siegel built the hotel, and no question in my mind but what the underworld put up the money and controlled it. I think they had their fingers in many hotels here—no question that they did. And some of their associates may still be here, could well still be here. I think the story of gambling in southern Nevada has never been told, probably never will be told, but I think if the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation were opened for public scrutiny, I think a very sordid story could probably be told about gambling in southern Nevada, and the money that was taken out of here by underworld interests.

One of the most colorful characters that ever came to Clark County was a man by the name of Wilbur Clark. Wilbur Clark was a bellhop from San Diego. But he was a very colorful and personable, very personable, very warm individual who came into the El Rancho, and went from the El Rancho to Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. Wilbur thought he had enough money to build the Desert Inn, but he didn't, and he prevailed on a group from Cleveland, Ohio, to come, namely, Mr. [Moe] Dalitz and his group, and they finished

the Desert Inn. They did a very fine job. They built a good hotel for that day and age. And it was a success. I think the only thing Wilbur requested—they had controlling interest—they always called it Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn.

He became a national figure in the sports world because he had enough interest in it to where he had a very fine income, much more than he needed. He married a very lovely girl, and they came here, and the only thing that ever could be said about Wilbur Clark was that he was somewhat of an egotist—I mean, he liked to see his name in print. He wasn't an arrogant man. He was very approachable. And he gave money away with both hands. There could never be any particular scandal about Wilbur Clark or his wife. They both lived, as near as I could tell, very devoted to each other, very, very devoted to each other. If either one did anything out of the way, it was never done in Las Vegas, and I don't know what they did. They were an influence for good in the community, and he was a one-man chamber of commerce, actually, Wilbur was, because every place he'd go, he had a happy faculty of letting them know that Wilbur was there. Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn was known, and it became a success immediately because Mr. Dalitz knew how to run a gambling hall, and he brought very, very able men with him.

Then the Cornero family—one of the Cornero boys had operated the old Meadows here years and years before. When gambling came back, then they knew, because they'd had some experience in southern Nevada, they came and started the Stardust Hotel. And they ran out of money, and Mr. Cornero passed away, and his brothers, as I recall, sold the interest to the Desert Inn group. That made a combination, of the Desert Inn and the Stardust, that was just unbeatable. Stardust

had, oh, a thousand, twelve hundred rooms, which was unthinkable. And the Stardust and the Desert Inn were fabulously successful, just fabulously successful. Because the men that ran them were tremendously successful businessmen.

Now, there's no Question, I suppose, in anybody's mind that Moe Dalitz had ever studied for the ministry. That wasn't his bent. He'd been a businessman. I don't know his background, but he was an influence for the good in the community, and they gave money away—I mean, they gave to worthy causes. They were very liberal with their money. But for some reason that I never knew, Mr. Greenspun, Hank Greenspun, the owner and publisher of the *Las Vegas Sun*, and Mr. Dalitz became [at] cross-purposes. Mr. Dalitz had—I think—tried to acquire another license, and Mr. Greenspun had taken exception to it. And so, through the efforts of the *Las Vegas Sun*, the things that were written about Mr. Dalitz almost drove him into retirement. He used to ride in the parades, and was, you know, accepted socially and all. And because of the things that were written about his past in the local newspaper, he kind of drew into a shell. Because he didn't want to be—nobody likes to be written up in the paper, you know—and eventually, for reasons of his own, they sold their interest.

They sold the Desert Inn to Hughes, and they sold the Stardust to another group. But I don't think there's any question but what—I think it's been an acknowledged tact that over the years, there have been underworld characters that've had a monetary interest in the gambling in southern Nevada. Now, whether they still do or not, I don't know. But I do know this, that when Howard Hughes bought the Desert Inn, we were in a serious depression in Las Vegas. Why, there were

hundreds and hundreds of apartments for rent, and hundreds and hundreds of tract homes with the windows broken out. They couldn't sell, couldn't move. And we—no question about it—we were in a serious economic state. Now, land values didn't go down. There was no land selling. But it was a strange paradox. The only time the land changed hands was when there was a distress sale. Somebody couldn't afford to keep up the payment, you pay the taxes, and they had to sell it. But the values of the land didn't go down. They had all these apartments and all these homes that they just couldn't rent or sell. And they were there. You could get an apartment in Las Vegas at your own price.

When Hughes came in, immediately, things started to change, and it gave the town an air of respectability. Now, some will deny that, but as one who's lived here all my life, and had a pretty close association with the business and the spiritual side of this community, I can stand and testify that Howard Hughes was the saving grace of our economy in southern Nevada. When he bought, the word went out that Howard Hughes had bought in Las Vegas. He bought one hotel, and he started to buy land. He bought land here and there and everywhere, and it just caught afire. And the first thing you knew, we were back on our economic feet again. Now, you can't—there's no vacant apartments in town, to speak of. The economy's subsided a little now, probably quite a little, to what it was in the heyday, but Hughes was the beginning of our economic [upturn].

Howard Hughes' purchase of the hotels and real estate in this area was the beginning of the economic upturn in southern Nevada, and it gave an air of respectability to gambling that we had not enjoyed before. We were under surveillance by the federal government, and when Hughes came in, why, it changed the picture greatly. And I think—from a

personal standpoint—I think his harassment now is most unfortunate, very unfortunate, for the community and for the Hughes interests themselves. I really don't think they have coming what they're getting now. As eccentric as Mr. Hughes is, he's done a lot for southern Nevada, an awful lot. And the raps he's getting are entirely uncalled for, so far as I'm concerned.

And for people to say that there is no Howard Hughes, that he's dead and he's a ghost, and all that, it just isn't the truth. There is a Howard Hughes, and he did live here, and he did leave here, and he did go to the Bahamas. He's alive; he is probably incapacitated to such an extent, as far as physical well-being and appearance is concerned, [and] he probably has some vanity because his appearance, probably, is such that he just doesn't want to make public appearances. He's grown to be a recluse, and he probably doesn't enjoy the best of health. But in my judgment, from what I know—and I know more than I say—there *is* a Howard Hughes, and he's a very, very active individual. To say he's a ghost is just a lot of talk. It isn't true.

Have I had a chance to meet him? No, I've never met him. No.

Well, in regard to the Basic Magnesium plant, the federal government evidently became disenchanted with the management of Mr. Howard Eells and his group, and they looked for someone to take it over who would give the government a little better run for the money they were putting in. The Truman committee made a partial investigation, and it was evident that all wasn't quite kosher, as far as the money that was spent, that some of it was spent unwisely, and the government looked around for someone to take it over, take the management over.

About this time, a fire occurred in the offices of Basic Magnesium. And while it

could never be proved, and I just have an opinion from rumors that were circulated at the time, that there were records that were destroyed in the fire that were very convenient to some individuals and some groups. They were conveniently destroyed, and to my knowledge, never were recouped or reestablished. Nevertheless, Basic Magnesium bowed out as an entity of operation, the management, and the Anaconda Copper came in, and brought a man, a—what he called himself—a humanities engineer. That is, he dealt with people. And his name was, as I recall, Case. Mr. Case came in and he was a very personable individual. He mixed right in immediately with the community, lived in Las Vegas. And, as people are wont to do, when men come, of stature, especially with money or prestige, they in due course elected him president of the Rotary Club. And he played a very important part in the affairs of southern Nevada and was a very fine man. He did for the plant what ought to've been done in the beginning, crave it some top flight management. Because the people that promoted it were excellent promoters, but they may not have been quite as good as managers as they could have been.

Out of Basic Magnesium there came some very fine individuals. One I think ought to be mentioned for history who is an upstanding American, and that's Fred Gibson—Fred Gibson, Sr. Fred Gibson, Sr., played an important part in the Basic Magnesium. I remember on one occasion, he took me through the plant individually. Fred Gibson's a man of unimpeachable integrity. He and his family—he had a very, very lovely wife, and very, very wonderful children. All of them played an important part in the community, and he was one of the group, one of the many.

There were others; there were many others that came with Basic Magnesium that fitted

into the community. And it's interesting now to go through Henderson and see the homes that were originally built when Basic Magnesium was coming into being. They're right downtown, in the downtown area, and some of 'em even on Water Street, the main street. It's interesting to see them, and to contrast them. (They were actually war construction, but they're still there, and people still living in them. They're comfortable.) Then go from there up around the golf course and see those expensive homes. you can see the transition of that community, because in Henderson now, there are some homes that you could put in any city of America, and they'd rank in the upper class. They're built right out on the desert, and the interesting thing, the architecture of them is not only delightful to behold (and I'm sure they're commodious and comfortable inside), but they have landscaped them so beautifully. There's every type of shrub and tree around them, and flowers. But it's quite a contrast to what was built originally in downtown Henderson. But people've lived with 'em, and improved them over the years.

It was a very interesting and a very aggressive, a very flamboyant part of southern Nevada's history, the building of Basic Magnesium, and had the promoters of Basic Magnesium been willing for Las Vegas to go ahead and build along with the others, I don't think we'd've ever had any trouble. But they wanted to build a community, and the federal government wouldn't let 'em build a community out there and issue homes to be built here. They wanted all their people to live out there; Las Vegas wanted people to live here. You couldn't stop one and start another, so as a result, why, their conflict grew—not between the two communities, because we've always gotten along, although there's a fierce loyalty to Henderson for those who live in

Henderson, a very fierce loyalty, and that's understandable, because they've had their rough days, too, economically. When the plant went down, Henderson was [at] a very low ebb. But, of course, it's coming along now, and bids fair to a very brilliant future.

Do I want to say anything about the Colorado River Commission and its role in southern Nevada politics? I don't know whether I'm well enough advised to say much about that. The Colorado River Commission has played a very important part in the development of southern Nevada, in acquiring of the allotment of power, and acquiring of the allotment of water, and the development of water. Some of the leading citizens of the state have been members of the Colorado River Commission. Ed W. Clark has probably contributed as much as anyone to it, other than Bob Griffith. Robert Griffith was chairman of it for years lately. But Ed W. Clark was a member of the Colorado River Commission when it was in the formative stages, and did much of the pioneering work and developing of the water and power interests of southern Nevada. I wasn't close enough to it to make a real appraisal or give any historical account of it.

CONCLUSION

I'm the ninth child of a family of ten. My father and mother were married in St. George, Utah, and then came to St. Thomas, Nevada, to make their home, and it was in the early days of St. Thomas. My father, as I've said before, was not a large man, but a well-built man, a strong man, and a man of great faith, spiritual faith. He should've been a professor—either a professor or a judge—because he was such a student. But he was a farmer, a small farm, and he was a tireless worker. My father didn't need to be an engineer because he could level a field with his eye, with a team and scraper—with a team of horses and a scraper that you did by hand. He could level a field and tilt it so it could be irrigated. He was just one of those rare individuals who could. And he could sow a field by hand, know exactly how much corn to plant, and how much alfalfa to plant, and how much grain to plant, knew how to treat grain for rust. He knew livestock very well, he knew cattle very well, he knew horses very well, he knew pigs very well. And we always had chickens, although chickens was a sideline with us. We just had them for the

meat and the eggs. But the others, we grew the cattle and hogs for sale. And we grew some horses for sale, too.

We never had running water in our home, and never had electricity in our home in St. Thomas. The people would dig us a twenty-foot cistern, and they'd run the water in it. You run the water over rocks, over gravel, a certain length of time, and it almost purifies itself, cleans itself up, you know, and clear. So we'd dig a ditch and put gravel in it, and run the water from the ditch in to the cistern. And it would cool itself, and we'd pull it out, and it wouldn't be cold, but it would be cool. And if you think Las Vegas is hot, you ought to be in St. Thomas in the [summer]. We didn't even have an electric fan. But to pull this water out of this well and drink it was—you know—just like drinking nectar, because it was good water, and it was cold water. In the fields, we'd take a canteen. So we were raised on the farm, and I was the ninth child.

My mother was a frail woman, a small woman, and sick all. of my young life. My mother had a thyroid condition that—

Nobody could ever find out what was wrong with her. She went to doctors in Salt Lake and St. George and the doctor in the valley, and nobody could ever find what was wrong with her.

I remember distinctly our coming home, my brother, Vernon, and myself (he was two years older than I), and my mother was sick. She was real sick. We were coming home one evening with the cows from the field. My father had stayed home for several days to be with my mother. And one lady came out and said, "What's the matter with you boys? Why don't you hurry home? Your mother's dying."

And we didn't follow the road. We went cross-lots—and crying. My father heard us coming, crying, and came out to meet us, and we asked him if our mother was dead, and he said, "No, she isn't dead. And she's not going to die." He said, "Now, don't you boys worry about it," and he put his arms around us and sent us back after the cows to bring 'em home and milk 'em.

I remember my youngest brother, Wendell, five years younger than I, was delivered by a midwife. It was in August, and it was hot, real hot. My mother was sick most of my life, and as a result, rarely got to go to anything that we were in in high school or grade school, rarely could go. She didn't even get to go to church.

But it was the strangest thing—after we were all out of high school, we brought her over here to Dr. Forest R. Mildren. Dr. Mildren was a very fine doctor, a very high type, professional individual. And he told her what was wrong with her immediately. For all these years, she had suffered from a thyroid condition. And her eyes'd swell where she couldn't see out of 'em. We bought Murine by the gallon. And he found out what was wrong with her and prescribed pills that corrected the thyroid condition. And my mother—her hair came in. When she was a girl, she had

long beautiful black hair, and it became very white and very thin. And her hair came back in, and she was a human dynamo. There wasn't any place she couldn't go, or nothing she couldn't do. And she—she enjoyed—she lived here in Las Vegas for, oh, a good many years, and then spent three or four years or more in St. George in the wintertime, in the temple, with my father.

When we left St. Thomas, we went into Pahranagat Valley, Alamo, and bought a ranch there. And my mother, seemingly, was in the best of health. We had the thrashers, and she'd cook for the thrashers all day. She and my sister-in-law cooked, and they'd cleaned up everything and gone to bed. And she died in her sleep that night, very unexpectedly. My father lived a good many years after that.

We had a very happy home life, busy. We worked, but we played. We rode horses, we swain, and we had melon busts and chicken roasts. I wouldn't want this to be known generally, but we used to steal chickens—and we'd steal corn, and we'd steal melons—young kids, you know. And we'd go to people's places and steal 'em.

I remember one time we went to a—they were having a wedding reception. We weren't invited. And so we thought we'd get together and have a chicken roast. We went to a family's home, and we caught eight chickens. And we thought we'd show them—you know. Next time, they'd invite us. So we wrang the chickens' necks and left the heads right in the coop. That's where we made our mistake, 'cause it was a small town, and they knew the next morning who had done it.

Well, the next morning, our parents were sending us back over to make amends for this. And I remember myself and the rest of us working out the price of those chickens, chopping wood or chopping weeds for the families that we'd stolen the chickens from. So

we were very careful about stealing chickens after that.

We used to take watermelon, and then we'd—each one'd bring a chicken of their own, you know, and we'd have a chicken roast. We'd actually go out, and we'd roast the chickens and roast the corn. And when we went to school, we'd have dances and plays.

My oldest brother, Martin A. Bunker, Jr., started out as a young man riding mail from St. Thomas down to the Colorado River. Then he started out in the cattle business. He was an outdoorsman. He married a local girl, Ethel Frehner [Bunker], and they had four very wonderful children. They're still alive today; he has since passed away.

My brother, Bryan, was the first student to come out of the Moapa Valley to the Las Vegas High School. He came here and boarded in a dormitory and graduated in the Las Vegas High School. He was one of their star basketball players.

Then my sister, Helen, who was the second child, she married and moved to Utah, and has lived in Utah all her married life. She married very well and had a very fine family.

And my sister, Anna—Anna was a brilliant girl, a very brilliant girl, and had a creative mind. She was a good writer and a good speaker, and she took a very prominent part in the student body affairs of our high school. My brother, Vernon, was a very fine athlete. He wasn't a large fellow, but he ran well and played basketball and baseball and football very well, and track.

My younger brother, Wendell, played basketball. Wendell sang very well, and as a result, was in many of the school operas and all. I played basketball and baseball and was on the track team, and was in the school plays both in Overton and Las Vegas.

When I came back from my mission, my wife, Lucille Whitehead Bunker, was here.

We graduated from high school together in 1926, and she and I had a part together in the graduation exercises. When I came back from my mission, she was here, working in the courthouse.

I remember the first time I ever saw my wife. I was going from St. Thomas to Overton to school, and the first day I was there, I saw this very pretty, dark-haired girl in the seventh grade. There was a family by the name of Angel who lived across the valley. And I knew the Whitehead family very well, but I thought she was one of the Angel children, you know. And so I have always told people that the first time I saw my wife, I thought she was an Angel. And then she explains how it was, you know, and, of course, spoils my story. But then, nevertheless, I remember the first time I saw her.

Now, we didn't keep company through high school because she wasn't—you know—socially inclined. She was more of a student than she was the belle of the ball, although I remember dancing with her. I remember dancing with her at the party before I left on the mission. When I came home, she was here. And she'd gone to college and taught school in Beatty and came back and was working in the courthouse. Of course, we had much in common, and we fell in love and were married in St. George temple.

Our married life has been quite a storybook. My wife was not well. She had anemia, pernicious anemia. As a result, we had real difficulty in having a family. There were times—I remember one time in church, she fainted in the choir because she was just exhausted. It wasn't [until] after we'd had two children that we consented, finally consented, to an operation. And from that day 'til this, why, she's enjoyed good health.

We had two girls, two little girls, one named Loretta, and one's named Anne.

They're just four years apart. It's an interesting experience, raising children. I remember I used to bleed inwardly—. While they were in the grades, we didn't have a worry, much of a worry. But when they got in high school, then they wanted to be in the social set, you know. And they weren't in the fast group, you know. They were very well shepherded, and as a result, they weren't invited out much. I remember our oldest girl—it was a sad affair—she had two very dear friends, little girls, beautiful girls, and they'd go to the dance, and they'd sit there all evening, and nobody'd ask 'em to dance. And they'd come [out] just brokenhearted. I'd take 'em to the Roundup Drive-In for hamburgers and try to placate them. But there was nothing that would do. A father just couldn't do what a boyfriend would do. And so we went through three years of the tortures of the dared with these three pretty little girls cause they didn't have any boyfriends.

In the senior year—schoolteachers are wonderful people. Really, they are. Some of my greatest benefactors in life have been schoolteachers, grade school teachers and high school teachers. They're great people. They're a lot greater than they'll ever know they are. And they do a lot more than they'll ever—. They've always been underpaid. But Joe Theriot, the speech and dramatics professor at school, could tell that my daughter had a flair for dramatics. He put her in the lead of "Annie, Get Your Gun" (I think that's the name of it, anyway), and it played for three or four nights over in the high school auditorium to good crowds. And while this little girl didn't sing (they didn't do the singing parts), he was a master with kids; he taught them well and coached them well, and they put on a very fine performance. That changed that whole girl's life. Then she was somebody,

see. She'd done something. And so when she left for college, she didn't walk; she floated.

She found out that college was a little different than high school, too. They were just a little better than average students. But she worked, and then when she came home in the summertime to Atlanta, Georgia, she found a young missionary [Paul I. Derrick] whose father was with the Associated Press, high in the Associated Press. And he was high in the church, and he came home from a mission, and they met and fell in love in her junior year, and were married. She finished her senior year as a married woman, got her degree, and practiced teaching, and has done some teaching. Today, she's given birth to eight children, and six of 'em are living. Her husband is now getting a Ph.D. from the university of Utah in parasitology and biology.

The next girl, our second girl, Anne, she graduated from grade school here and graduated from high school in Atlanta, Georgia. She was one of two Mormon students in the whole high school. She was chaperoned very carefully because I was a minister, you know, and we had to watch her. We were gone a lot, and the missionaries would chaperone her. And so she wasn't much of a social belle. She was popular enough to get to go to the major functions, you know. But she had a flair for public speaking, and she won the oratorical contest in her division of Atlanta high schools. I mean there must've been high schools. And she won her division there. There's something in both those girls' lives that gave them confidence that they could do something.

Anne came back and graduated from the Brigham Young University and taught school in Utah for three years, and then married an attorney, Morgan Harris, and he came here to practice. He's presently in the public

defender's office, and is bishop of one of the wards in Las Vegas.

So they're both happily—very happily married. And my wife's health from the operation 'til now has been just wonderful. It would've been wonderful if we could've had ten kids, but we didn't. You don't feel bad, you just accept what you have and make the best of it, and that's what we've done. We've had a very, very happy, happy life, very happy life.

My wife's an artist. She paints china for diversion. You know, you can't eat religion twenty-four hours a day, or you get stale. So in diversion at Atlanta, she went to an art school for one day a week when we were in town. One afternoon a week, she'd take off and go to this art school, and she learned to paint china. Now, you buy this fine china, and then you paint it, and you bake it, and the colors come out in it. Some people use the decals, you know, to put it on, but she doesn't. She looks at a flower and freehands it on, a rose, or a pansy, or whatever takes her fancy. Or she buys a picture and then freehands it on. And now, she teaches china (painting) just as a hobby, not as a vocation or profession, but just teaches anybody that wants to know. She said, "I know this," and anybody that wants to know it, she teaches. And so she's presently teaching.

She's been very active all her life in the young people's organization and the women's organization of the Mormon church. She played a very active part in the Senate Ladies' Club in Washington, D. C. when she was there, was invited to many, many very fine social functions out in the community in the afternoons. She meets people well, very gracious and charming. And I don't think in all the years we've been married, we've ever had a real quarrel for the simple reason that she won't quarrel. I will, but she won't. She's

just a very gracious and charming girl, like all wives are. But that's the story of my life.

* * * * *

I was active in the Rotary Club until I came back from Washington the last time. When I came back from Washington as a member of Congress, I was a member of the board of directors of Rotary, when Frank Case was president. Then I came back from Washington after serving in Congress, my friends nominated me for Rotary again, but I had made some bitter enemies, and I was blackballed out of Rotary. I wasn't accepted. My neighbor told me that. (He's not a member of the church—a very fine Mason.) He said, "If you want me to, I can push it through because I know I can take it to the floor and win."

But I said, "No, don't do that."

On another occasion, I was nominated for Rotary again and was not accepted. So I am presently a dues-paying member of the Kiwanis Club of southern Nevada; I'm president of the YMCA, and a member of the board of directors of the Better Business Bureau, and a member of the board of directors of the Nevada National Bank. I have ample to do.

Presently, I'm on a part-time call for the Mormon church, and I visit eight Southern cities. I visit Fort Worth, Dallas, Tyler, Texas; Shreveport, Louisiana; Little Rock, Arkansas; Memphis, Tennessee; Nashville, Tennessee; and Louisville, Kentucky. I can visit three cities in one weekend. This weekend, I'll have a meeting in Shreveport Saturday afternoon. I'll have a meeting for three hours with the leaders of the church. There's about ten congregations, and the three leaders that preside over those ten congregations, they're the stake presidency. And the bishop is the

local; he presides over the congregation. But over the ten congregations, there're three men that preside over the bishops. So I'll hold a meeting of three hours with the stake presidency in Shreveport Saturday afternoon. And Sunday morning, I'll hold a meeting of three hours with the stake presidency of Memphis, Tennessee. Then Sunday afternoon, I'll hold a meeting of three hours with the stake presidency in Little Rock, Arkansas. And then I'll hustle back to Dallas and catch the plane and be home at eight-thirty that night. So I don't lack for something to do.

I enjoy these affairs, though, very much. There's nothing quite as rewarding in this life, or the next, as service to your fellow man, be it in one capacity or the other. Of course, we're trained in service in the Mormon church. There's no paid ministry, you know, with the exception of the general authorities of the church. They pay full time, and only nominally. It's just their expenses. But there's no paid ministry. I get no pay for what I do. My pay—it better come in the hereafter. I'll need it there a lot worse than I do here. Now, this is just a temporary assignment. All church callings are temporary. But it's a very, very rewarding experience to work in the church, very rewarding.

This is a good life. When we were placed here by the Almighty, it was never intended to be a bed of roses. This is a life of experience. There are more hard experiences than there are easy experiences. And you must accept them. There are no insurmountable obstacles. If you have faith in the future you know things will turn out all right. If I were to give any advice to a young person, if they had a few bad days, I'd always tell 'em to remember this: "And this, too, will pass away." These dark days'll pass away, and good days'll come.

Now, regardless of what happens in this life, it's still a good life. Every day is a good

day. and the day will be just about what you make it. If you get up in the morning and say, "This is going to be a good day," why, it'll be a good day.

Now, this will seem very foolish to the people that read this, but when I go to work in the morning, I can do two things: I can turn on the radio and listen to the news as I come to work, or I can speak to myself things that I want to do that day to implant in my subconscious mind. I've been troubled with a bad back. I've been to two or three doctors, and they told me I'd be an invalid all the rest of my life, that I'd have to lay on a board, and I'd have to wear a brace, and all. I went when they told me, and then I quit. So the doctor called me up and wanted to know why. (His nurse called me up and wanted to know why.) I said, "Because—no point in my coming back, because if the doctor thinks I'm going to be an invalid, he can't cure me."

When I come to work in the morning, I start out in my driveway, and I tell myself this, aloud: "I feel healthy, I feel happy, I feel terrific!" Now, this is not original. I picked it up from somebody else. But I found a doctor, and with two treatments, he has practically cured my back, because I knew somebody could cure it. I had what I thought was arthritis of the neck. When I'd turn my neck, I could hear something grating, and I knew it was two bones. I knew it was calcium—. So I went to this same doctor, and I said, "I've got arthritis of the neck."

And he said, "Well, let's see." And he gave me one treatment, and my neck feels better than it's felt for ten years.

So I don't think there's anything that you can't overcome. I am essentially a happy person. I go to the bank, and without my knowing anything about it, I am humming, singing. And the girl says, "What's the matter with you?"

And I said, "Nothing's the matter. What's the matter?"

And she said, "You're humming. What've you got to be happy about?"

"Well, this is a good day, wonderful day. It's just what you mean.

I have some other things that I tell myself in business. I tell my subconscious mind this, so when I'm not thinking, it will bring it back to me. I have some objectives on family, and I tell myself these objectives, and I write 'em out. And I have some spiritual objectives, and I have some health objectives. And I work on [them] three months at a time, and six months at a time, and five years at a time. And so—.

I've had some real stiff blows in my life. I think the time when I could've been the lowest, one of the lowest times I've ever been in my life—when I could've been, if I'd've let myself—was when I was defeated for the Senate the first time. I tried my best to get in the service with a commission. Everybody was getting a commission. Here I was, a United States Senator, and I couldn't get in for love nor money, at anything. And there I was, without employment, and had to come home, bring my family home, and no money. But I didn't let it get me down. I came home, and I went right to work.

When I came home and totaled up all of my debts in the campaign, I was four thousand dollars in debt in the campaign. I owed the *Reno Gazette* quite a lot of money, and I owed the *Journal* quite a lot of money. And I owed quite a lot of money to various papers over the state. I just wrote 'em a letter and told 'em that I'd send them ten dollars a month each until I could get on my feet where I could make enough to pay off. It totaled four thousand dollars.

One newspaperman wrote back and said, "You owe me three hundred dollars, and here's a bill paid in full." But I paid every dime of that

back, paid it like the cat ate the grindstone, a little at a time, but I paid it back.

So this is a good—a very good life. And I've had a good life. I've lived more than a lot of people, had a lot more experience. There're very few people that've served in the state legislature, both houses of the Congress, and had as much responsibility in church affairs and business as I have had. So this—this is a very good life, very good life.

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